Social Life in England

From
The Restoration to the Revolution
1660-1690

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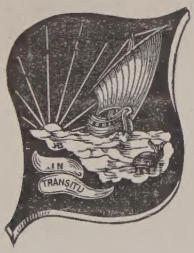
RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

1660—1690

BY

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY

AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."



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SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

FROM

THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION.

1660—1690.

CHAPTER I.

PROBABLY no event in the history of this country ever afforded deeper and more universal satisfaction to the people of England than the Restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers towards the end of the month of May in the year 1660. For that consummation they had passionately yearned in the house of bondage, as the only means of their deliverance from the intolerable yoke of the oppressor. To that event they had looked eagerly forward as the only circumstance that was calculated to avenge the abolition of monarchy, and the calamities of twenty years' duration, by which that abolition had been attended. Charles II. had quitted the realm in the character of a proscribed and a hunted fugitive. He had effected his escape to a foreign shore only by a miracle. His recall was brought about neither by

any effort on his own part, nor by any effort on the part of his tried and trusted friends. His recall was effected mainly in consequence of a general concurrence in favour of such an act by those who had been the chief agents in the accomplishment of the downfall of his father, and so widespread and unmistakable was that concurrence, that it was hailed both at home and abroad as a direct intervention from on high. No sooner did the exile set foot once more on English soil, than a general and exuberant joy seemed to take possession of the souls of men. From Dover to Canterbury his journey partook largely of the nature of a triumphal procession. The streets of every town through which the royal train wended its way were festooned with garlands, "curiously made up with costly scarfs and ribands decorated with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts, and some with gold chains, each striving to outdo others in all expression of joy." The highway that lay between Rochester and Blackheath is described, in the narrative of Lord Clarendon, as being on either side "crowded with such a multitude of people that it seemed one continued street wonderfully inhabited." Upon Blackheath the Army of the Commonwealth had been drawn up to receive and escort the royal cavalcade. Marshalled in battle array, there were to be seen no fewer than 30,000 sturdy martial saints; many of whom but a few short years before had swelled the ranks of that invincible force,

before which all others had been scattered like chaff before the wind; many of whom, with the high praises of God in their mouths, and with a two-edged sword in their hand, had bound even kings in chains and nobles with links of iron; many of whom, like the Israelites of old, had deemed it a privilege to smite, hip and thigh, the family and the cause which now reigned triumphant. To not a few of these veterans the very name of "the Man Charles Stuart" had been one which they had held in the profoundest hatred and contempt. In the formation and in the destruction of governments they had participated. They had been firm in their determination to resist him who was now called upon to command them, with neither sympathy for the dauntless courage that they had displayed on the field of battle, nor respect for the enthusiasm which they had manifested in the cause in which they had played so great a part. The brave prince and soldier under whose command they had conquered in the fight, was now to have his memory profaned by a Parliament which, while he was still in the land of the living, would have trembled and shaken at his nod. Safely and tranquilly the imposing pageant passed on, utterly callous to this last innocent exhibition of that former mighty power by which the liberties of England had been vindicated once and for all, and by the misdirection of which they were once more to be imperilled. Scarcely had the king passed this inglorious sight than he was welcomed by the country

people with a morris dance. Once more the old familiar music of the pipe and the tabor was borne upon his ear. Once more Maid Marian and the Hobby Horse, who had been banished by the dismal tyranny of Geneva, lifted up their heads, and appeared in all their glory. In the sight of all people Charles went on to Deptford, where young damsels, to the number of 100, clad all alike in white robes and scarves, strewed sweet smelling herbs and flowers in his path. As the procession drew nearer to London the popular joy seemed insensibly to change to a delirium.

The splendour of civic magnificence was now to be displayed. While Charles was yet at some considerable distance from the palace of Whitehall, the triumph of his train was swollen by some of the most eminent citizens, "all well mounted, all in black velvet coats, with chains of gold about their necks, and everyone his footman with suit, cassock, and ribands of the colour of his company. The houses were hung with tapestry, carpets, and costly stuffs; bands of music were stationed in the streets, and the conduits ran with claret as he past." So vast was the multitude that followed that seven full hours were consumed in making the progress of the city, "even from two in the afternoon till nine at night."

"I stood in the Strand," wrote John Evelyn in his Diary, "and beheld it, and blest God." Past streets laden with the perfume of all the choicest of Flora's

train, past tapestried houses, and wine-gushing fountains, past civic authorities arrayed in chains of gold, past nobles attired in richly embroidered apparel, the cavalcade reached the rails where Charing Cross had reared its head before the warlike saints in their fiery iconoclasm had demolished it. Within those rails there was to be seen "a stand of 600 pikes, consisting of knights and gentlemen who had been officers in the late king's armies, Sir John Stowell at their head," and shamefully as the sturdy old cavaliers who had borne the heat of the day were recompensed thereafter, it is hardly to be supposed that the king, when he saw these warriors who had so faithfully and so zealously served him and his father, who had hazarded their own lives in his service, could have done so unmoved. At last the distant roar of the guns told the listening ear that the king had entered Whitehall Palace, and simultaneously the vaulted roof of Henry VII.'s chapel echoed and re-echoed to the jubilant strains of the ancient hymn, "Te Deum Laudamus," chanted by a number of the bishops and their long-oppressed reverend brethren. Surely, in all these demonstrations of joy, there was something over and above the idle shouts of a populace intoxicated with excitement. Surely we may reasonably conclude that it was no more than the expression to which national opinion had given distinct utterance that the government of England, after so many vicissitudes, after so many trials, rested at length upon the best and surest

foundation, meet for the establishment of peace and security, of liberty and religion.

So sincere and so general throughout the kingdom was the national exultation at the Restoration, that Charles was frequently heard to say that it could have been from nobody's fault but his own that he had stayed so long abroad when all his subjects wished him so heartily at home. To the impartial observer it would have seemed that the loyalty of the English people had been met with a corresponding confidence on the part of the king, so that both from his own temper and from that of the kingdom his reign might most reasonably have been expected to continue as auspiciously as it had begun. Unfortunately, however, it was not destined so to be. The exact reverse happened, and it was the opinion of Bishop Burnet that all the disastrous occurrences which marked the history of England, from the Restoration till the death of the king, were distinctly traceable to his having been allowed to assume the reins of government without any condition whatsoever. It is true that Sir Matthew Hale had moved that a committee should be appointed to examine the conditions of peace which Charles I. had dictated during the war, in particular at the treaty of Newport. It is also true that Hale had recommended the Commons to deduce thence such proposals as in their judgment should be submitted to the consideration of Charles II. Monk, however, soon represented that in taking

such a step the country stood in imminent danger of being thrown once more into confusion, more especially if the government were to be left in a state of chaos during the discussion of such points. The consequence was that the Commons rejected the proposal with one consent. Nor were they unwise in so doing. It should not be forgotten that in the unconditional reception of the king Parliament had no intention whatsoever either of surrendering the liberties of England, or of imperilling them in the slightest degree. The conditional power, strengthened by all that it had received from the course of recent events, and from the progress of society, was still in the hands of the Commons. Upon them, and upon them alone, the king was dependent. Upon their votes he was forced to rely for those supplies of money which were necessary to defray the ordinary expenditure of the government, and they were far more inclined to make him feel that he was thus dependent, than he was to decline their aid. He was, however, desirous of reigning as an arbitrary monarch. No doubt, if circumstances had permitted, Charles II. would have gladly swayed the rod of empire as absolutely as the King of France. It was his opinion that "government was a much safer and easier thing when the authority was believed infallible, and the faith and submission of the people was implicit," but that sound sense and worldly wisdom, which characterized him in so eminent a degree, refused to permit of his conduct being

influenced by such an opinion. Kingly ease and self-indulgence he loved far too well, and he had resolutely determined that it would be from nought but necessity if he ever again had occasion to seek shelter in a foreign country.

It is deeply to be deplored that a reign which had commenced under auspices so favourable should have proved, in its course, fraught with such deep disgrace, both to the king and to the nation. Even at this distance of time it is by no means easy for the impartial student of those times confidentiy to pronounce which of the two parties was the most to blame, so great was the tergiversation on either side, for which it is absolutely impossible to set up a defence. To the personal misbehaviour of Charles much assuredly is to be attributed. To the profligacy of those by whose counsel he was, to a very great extent, guided, still more is to be attributed. Over and above all else, however, the events which marked the reign of Charles II. may be distinctly traced to those predisposing causes, by which not only the character of the king and of the politicians who were his contemporaries, but of the people and the age had been moulded. The sins of the fathers were visited upon the children. This was the punishment that was meted out to the children of Israel of old times, this was the punishment that always will be meted out to all national hypocrisy.

"I have heard, indeed," observes Dryden, "of some

virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation; Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes general."

The Restoration of monarchical government was the only possible remedy for the evils which had been produced by so long a period of misery and triumphant wickedness. Remedies, however, always operate more slowly than the evils which it is intended by those who apply them that they shall remove. The condition of England, when the nation returned once more to its old love, bore a close resemblance to that of a rich and fertile country after the subsidence of some far-reaching and terrible inundation. Its landmarks were obliterated. Its roads were broken up. Its houses were overthrown. The foundations were laid bare. The toils and hopes of the husbandman were blasted. The fields and gardens were demolished. The abomination of desolation rode triumphantly over all.

To say that Charles II. possessed all the domestic virtues would be to pay him a compliment of the most extravagant character. It is incontestable, nevertheless, that he was possessed of some redeeming qualities which are very nearly akin to them. It may well be believed that, when he found himself once more the monarch of all that he surveyed, his intentions were just, and that his feelings were generous. But he was soon made painfully aware of what an impossible task it was speedily to rectify times which were so sadly out of joint, and to

realize that he had neither the means of being generous, nor the power of being just. When he set his hand to the Act of Indemnity, he informed the Commons that he had been absolutely unable to present his brother with a shilling since he had entered the country, nor to support any table in the palace except that one at which he ate himself. "That which troubles me most," he added, "is to see many of you come to me at Whitehall, and to think that you must go somewhere else to seek your dinner." The Bill which then received his sanction was designated, by those whose hopes it had frustrated, an act of oblivion for his friends, and of indemnity for his enemies. It had received the support of the Earl of Bristol in an eloquent speech worthy of his better days, although even he did not fail to express his opinion that it was defective in many things reasonable, and redundant in many things unreasonable. "This, my lords," he observed, "may appear a surprising motion from a person thought to be (as indeed I am) as much inflamed as any man living with indignation at the detestable proceedings of the late usurped power, so pernicious to the public, and so injurious to my own particular, in whom the motion may seem yet more surprising when I shall have told you with truth that I am irreparably ruined in my fortune for my loyalty, if this Bill of Indemnity to others for their disloyalty should pass. But the ground I go upon is this received maxim as to all

public sanction, better a mischief than an inconvenience, yea, better innumerable mischief to particular persons or families than one heavy inconvenience to the public."

It would hardly be possible to point to an era of English history in which so many causes had combined to injure the character of the nation. It was the very wretchedness of their condition which had wrought the depravity of those adherents of monarchy who, to borrow the language of Clarendon, "had been born and bred in those times when there was no king in Israel." "The uneasiness of their fortunes, or the necessity of frequent meetings together, for which taverns were the most grave places," led them to contract a habit of drinking to excess. For men who were perfectly ready, nay eager, to stake their lives upon the hazard if occasion required, the disastrous consequences of convivial intemperance had no fears. Nay more, it was considered rather politic than otherwise in those who contemplated such a course freely to lead an abandoned and dissolute mode of existence, in order that no suspicions might rest upon them. Ample confirmation of this is to be found in the songs which were most familiar in the mouths of the Cavaliers. The unfortunate John Cleveland, in one of his minor effusions, says:—

> "Come, fill my cup, until it swim
> With foam that overlooks the brim.
> Who drinks the deepest? Here's to him.

Sobriety and study breeds
Suspicion in our acts and deeds;
The downright drunkard no man heeds."

It is to be noted that the vices into which the Royalists had, on their own confession, been led by "pride, poverty, and passion," were all imitated by the vilest of their former enemies when their day of triumph was fully come. They who "formerly would as soon cut a Cavalier's throat as swear an oath, and esteemed it a less sin," now played the part of sinners as complacently as they had previously played the part of saints, "terming us fools," says Captain Hammond, "that we did not turn knaves as they did, and then face about with them." Knavery, which had so long reigned paramount was now abased. The hypocrite's tattered and threadbare cloaks were now discarded, in order that their wearers might attain to that last state of moral degradation in which they not only feel but avow self-indulgence to be the mainspring and to be the principle by which their conduct is to be regulated. An ill-merited prosperity had caused the debasement of some men; but others had their constitutions and estates shattered at one and the same time in consequence of the misery to which they had been reduced, not by reason of their own misconduct, but by reason of the deplorable troubles which had befallen the nation.

There are some grounds for believing that the temporal welfare of the people of England had never been more

in a satisfactory condition than it had been previously to the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. So vast had been the increase of commerce, thanks to the inquietude of neighbouring powers, that the revenue which accrued from the customs had almost doubled itself, and the beneficial effect of this increasing prosperity soon made itself perceptible among all classes of the community. "I think I may truly say," said Sir Philip Warwick, "that there were few good cobblers in London, but had a silver beaker, so rife were silver vessels among all conditions." Twice ten rolling years wrought a terrific change. English pauperism increased to such a frightful extent, that it was computed by competent authority, that at the time Charles II. ascended the throne, there were no fewer than ten thousand persons suffering imprisonment for debt, and that a much greater number were in hiding, or living in perpetual fear of sheriffs' officers before their eyes. With that generation, however, this evil in great measure disappeared, and the nation seemed once more to enjoy prosperity. The pious wish uttered by the great Erasmus, that the English would be as industrious as they were prosperous, had been granted. But despite this, the country continued to be polluted by the vices to which the wretched previous times had given birth. The vices which anarchy had introduced were such as no man could number. The effect of the Rebellion had been to set parents against their children, and children against their parents. The

time-honoured forms in which filial piety had found expression had been denounced as so many remnants of a heathenish and superstitious generation. He who was able to sow the seeds of disunion in a family, he who succeeded in teaching children to despise parental control and to bid defiance to it, the same rejoiced greatly at the service which he had been instrumental in rendering to what he considered to be a righteous and a noble cause. The task of instruction, ever highly assumed and unworthily esteemed, was utterly neglected. Such young men of rank as, in ordinary circumstances, would have proceeded to one of the two ancient seats of learning, were to be found in the ranks of the king's army. After the contest had subsided, and victory had been proclaimed, the ruined fortunes of the Royalists utterly precluded them from educating their children according to their social position, and by the triumphant party the study of classical literature was regarded with a contempt and abhorrence akin to that with which they regarded social amusements and ecclesiastical vestments. Some traces of this were apparent long after the king enjoyed his own again. "What an unfashionable fellow art thou," says one of Thomas Shadwell's "gentlemen of wit and sense"—"that in this age art given to understand Latin!" "'Tis true," replies his companion, "I am a bold fellow to pretend to it, when it is accounted pedantry for a gentleman to spell, and when the race of gentlemen is more degene-

rated than that of horses. If they go on as they begin, the gentlemen of the next age will scarce have learning enough to claim the benefit of the clergy for man-slaughter." Thirty years later one of the questions which were proposed to John Dunton's "Athenian Society" was this:—"Why is the learning of the tongues in so little repute, and persons so difficultly persuaded to it?"

Over the destinies of a nation which had been plunged into such a state of deterioration Charles II. was called upon to preside. Those who regarded affairs only superficially, jumped to the conclusion that the king and his followers had learnt wisdom from their training in the hard school of adversity. In drawing such a conclusion they were most miserably deceived. "Plenty and prosperity," wrote Count Hamilton, "which are thought to lead only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages, whether we will or no, served them for education; nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue." The truth is, that the king towards the close of his exile resigned himself to what appeared to be his fate with a sort of stoical indifference. This he succeeded in doing infinitely more by reason of his easy and cheerful temper than by any regard for virtuous principles. It was that easy temperament which, throughout the whole course of his

reign, enabled him to maintain his hold to such an extraordinary extent upon the popular esteem, and it was that temperament which led him to commit those private vices and political crimes of which by posterity he stands most deservedly condemned.

Thus we have seen that the Restoration of Monarchy in England was brought about by the spontaneous and general movement of a nation which had bitterly repented of its former naughtiness, and, be it added, in a manner which none could have desired more heartily than he who had paid the penalty of vacillation by an ignominious death. But the fervent prayer which Charles I. in his last hours had breathed for the righteousness of the whole realm, and for the honour of his child, was a prayer that was breathed in vain. Corruption had accomplished its work in both, and that corruption, it is easy to see, was at once the consequence and the punishment of the crimes which the nation had committed. There is reason to think that both the private follies and the political sins, of which both he and his successor were guilty, are traceable distinctly to the miserable conditions into which they were plunged by the civil dissensions. If their youth and early manhood had been passed, as in ordinary circumstances it would have been passed, in peace and tranquillity at the court of their father, if they had there been permitted to mingle in fit and proper society which, despite the temptations to which their station was exposed, would have counter-

acted the baneful influence of his moral example, they would at least have received the training of English gentlemen, they would have imbibed old English feelings, and they would have acquired a sound old English taste. Of Ben Jonson, James I. had been one of the most liberal patrons, and he appreciated the writings of Shakespeare more keenly than any of his contemporaries, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of John Milton. If the royal family had passed their lives at court, no one can doubt that they would have been tainted less with French manners and modes of thought. True patriots, who in that age bewailed the manifold and great evils in which the Great Rebellion had resulted, counted chief among those evils the vitiated taste, the debased manners, the shaken and corrupted principles of religion, which had been acquired by the royal family during the long exile into which they had been unwillingly driven. For the contagion of those manners, which were imported wholesale into the country by Charles and his brother in common, the higher grades of English society were fully prepared. It matters little whether in all their scandalous details any reliance can be placed upon the celebrated "Memoirs" of the Chevalier de Grammont or not, one thing is very clear, and that is, that the general view which is afforded in that scandalous chronicle of the interior of the court of Charles II. is beyond all question a correct and faithful one. No greater contrast can possibly be

imagined than that between the frail beauties whose likenesses are there to be seen, and such honourable ornaments of the sex as the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Crawshaw, and Mrs. Hutchinson, who at the Restoration were still alive, beholding with dismay the shameless profligacy of their countrywomen. It is recorded by Sir John Reresby that Charles had this for his excuse, "the women seemed to be the aggressors." "I have since heard the king say," adds he, "they would sometimes offer themselves to his embraces." This was another effect of the civil dudgeon, which, like some giant earthquake, had shaken society to its very foundations. With his strong hand and his mighty arm, with his indomitable energy and decision, Cromwell had succeeded in crushing the levellers, but it was more than even he could hope to do to roll back the levelling consequences of revolution. It happens only too often that men's minds give way with their fortunes. The faint-hearted will stoop to degradation when nobility gives way, and this perhaps constitutes the worst of those evils which make up the train of adversity. Few in number were the Royalist families who were now in possession of estates such as would have enabled them to maintain their position, after all the exactions which had been imposed upon them, when compared with those who had been reduced to the verge of beggary, either during the troubles, or under the sway of Cromwell, who, in consequence of his usurpation, insecurity

and temerity, had been forced tyrannically to rule. How far this ruin extended will be evident from a single circumstance mentioned by Thoresby as an instance of the reverses of fortune, which was that he had two servants, the mother of one of whom and the grandmother of the other were daughters of knights. Though this degradation was involuntarily, in most cases, it certainly was not so in all. "The young women," wrote Clarendon, "conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers, or of officers of the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves upon the divines of the time, or other low and unequal matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents, but everyone did that which was good in his own eyes." So extraordinary was the change in the feminine character, that Englishmen who had hitherto been amazed at the audacious manners of the French people, discovered that their sisters required an excuse which they had not allowed to them. It was the perception of this which caused Peter Heylin to modify the strictures which he had passed upon the conduct of French women in the published narrative of his sojourn among them. "Our English women, at that time," said he, "were of a more retired behaviour than they

have been since, which made the confident carriage of the French damsels seem more strange unto me; whereas of late the garb of our women is so altered, and they have so much in them of the mode of France, as easily might take off those misapprehensions with which I was possessed at my first coming thither." Previously to the outbreak of the Civil War most English women of rank had received a liberal education. Henry VIII., whatever his faults may have been, did not come short of his duty to his daughters in this respect, and to his credit it must ever redound that Queen Elizabeth was nurtured by her preceptor in the literature of classical and mediæval antiquity. When, however, England was plunged into the throes of a fierce civil conflict, there was a sudden and a total cessation of all serious study. Families whose fortunes had fallen found it impossible to continue it. Families whose fortunes had risen affected to despise every accomplishment of which they themselves were destitute. It is true that certain of the more enlightened Puritan women made a pretence of studying the Hebrew tongue, on the ground that they considered it necessary to eternal salvation, but pedantry of this ridiculous and offensive character was the means of heaping odium upon the higher studies, which were now on all sides rejected with the greatest contempt. Men had no sooner themselves thrown learning to the dogs than they endeavoured to persuade their sisters to do the

same. How far they ultimately succeeded may readily be inferred from the remark of a traveller who visited our shores in the succeeding century. "Here in England," said he, "the women are kept from all learning, as the profane vulgar were of old from the mysteries of the ancient religions." For this state of affairs the most ridiculous excuses were urged. Some apologists for feminine ignorance went to the length of asserting, and in inducing others to believe, that the women of England "were too delicate to bear the fatigues of acquiring knowledge," besides being by nature incapable of doing so, "because the moisture of their brain rendered it impossible for them to possess a solid judgment, that faculty of the mind depending upon a dry temperature." And, as if this was not quite sufficient, the apologists for the ignorance of women fell back upon the incontrovertible argument that death and sin had fallen upon the race of Adam solely in consequence of the thirst which Eve had evinced for knowledge. More incontrovertible still was the argument which was deduced from the disastrous consequences which, it was alleged, would inevitably overtake society in the event of women becoming puffed up with their mental acquirements, and which declared that a woman's favourable opinion of herself did not harmonize with that obedience for which she had been created. It is not surprising to find that, while the nation entertained such extraordinary opinions as these, fanaticism should have

arrested the progress of religious instruction, and even have imposed restraints upon any resort to it in public. It is noted by Evelyn in his "Diary," that while the saints inherited the earth under the Protectorate, it was his invariable custom to devote his Sunday afternoon to the catechizing and instruction of his family—both these wholesome exercises, as he honestly confesses, "universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant, of even the common points of Christianity, all devotions being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and national things."

It may be laid down as a sort of preliminary axiom, that all the disgraces which characterized England in the reign of Charles II. were no more than the natural effect of the unparalleled convulsions of that era by which it was immediately preceded. It is but the reiteration of a familiar truism, that the force of the swell is felt long after the waves have lulled themselves to sleep. So greatly did profligacy, which had silently and almost imperceptibly been ripening during the civil commotions, prevail so soon as they had subsided, that were we to estimate the reign of Charles II. only from its history and from its literature, it would appear nothing short of a miracle if the country had not relapsed into that utter degradation which is invariably the precursor of a nation's ruin. What could possibly have been the standard of political morality in an age when the reins

of government were entrusted into the hands of a Bennet and a Lauderdale, when the judicial bench was represented by a Scroggs and a Jefferies, when patriotism found its chief exponents in a Shaftesbury and a Buckingham, when a King of England and all the leaders of Whiggish opinion demeaned themselves so far as to accept the pay of a foreign potentate? Who is he that can tell what would have become of our constitutional liberties had the monarch been a Henry VII., and had the minister been a Strafford? What would have become of the monarchy, if in the ranks of its enemies there had been found men endowed with all the subtlety and craft of a St. John or a Henry Vane, with the dauntless courage and burning eloquence of a Pym, with the stability of character and the calm imperturbable self-demeanour of a Hampden? What indeed? Aptly and forcibly has it been observed by Sir William Temple, that some ages produce many great men and few great occasions; other times, on the contrary, raise great occasions and few or no great men. And that sometimes happens in a country, which was said by the fool of Brederode, who, going about the fields with the motions of one sowing corn, was asked what he sowed. He said, "I sow fools." The other replied, "Why do you not sow wise men?" "Why," said the fool, "c'est que la terre ne les porte pas." To assert, as is often done, that great men are produced by great revolutions, is to assert in haste, and without the exercise

of either reflection or of foresight. That great men are produced by great revolutions is to a certain extent undoubtedly true, but it is in a scourging crop which almost exhausts the soil on which it is reared. Revolutions, it is incontestable, evoke the noble and valiant spirits which have been born and bred in better times, but they rear no great men as their successors.

By no means the least of the evils which followed the restoration of monarchy was that which befell the national literature, of which hardly any department suffered a harder fate than the drama. The theatres had scarcely been reopened than the corruption of the national intellect and feeling made itself distinctly perceptible upon their boards. "I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played, but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad." Thus wrote John Evelyn, in his Diary, scarcely twelve months after Charles had been crowned. Within five years of this the same writer was fain to confess that he repaired "very seldom to the public theatres, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives; witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families and ruin

of both body and soul." No wonder honest indignation fired the breast of the sturdy Puritan, William Prynne, whose fierce denunciations against plays and players had, within the recollection of thousands who were then still alive, been rewarded with the loss of both ears, when he saw in every comedy that was printed, in every play that was represented, more than enough justification for his most vehement anathemas. No wonder in such circumstances he comforted his soul with the reflection that he had not donned the mantle of prophecy altogether in vain. No wonder right-minded English gentlemen of the type of Evelyn ceased to visit the playhouses, when they beheld the gold and precious jewels of William Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson banished in order to make room for the pasteboard and tinsel of John Dryden and Thomas Shadwell. No wonder that right-minded English gentlemen of a similar type shunned the playhouses, when from their boards actresses were heard publicly to declare that they were perfectly disposed to teach the audiences to break the marriage vow. No wonder that when the public smiled approval on such barefaced profligacy the playhouses completely changed their character, and became in effect what Bishop Burnet had no hesitation in calling them the "nests of prostitution." Dramatic compositions, no matter how meritorious in other respects, had absolutely no chance of succeeding with a patentee, much less with the public, if they were not highly seasoned with im-

morality. Men whose private life was unexceptionable never scrupled when writing pieces intended for public representation on the stage, to introduce as much indecency as they possibly could, in order that they might find greater favour in the eyes of those whose patronage they sought to obtain. Dryden, the great master of dramatic poetry, led what may certainly be termed a decorous life, yet his plays are all as bad as they can possibly be when regarded from a moral point of view. Every comedy that he wrote is pervaded by the most barefaced profligacy, and not a profligacy, be it noted, merely of action or of expression, but of sentiment and opinion. Gentlemen "of wit and sense," as they are styled, give utterance on almost every possible occasion that they open their mouths to principles of conduct which are only fit for Billingsgate. Thomas Shadwell was not less decorous in his private life than Dryden; but his writings are abominable. Yet he prides himself very considerably upon the moral purpose with which he had written his plays, and would undoubtedly have been greatly amazed at the verdict which posterity has seen fit to pass upon them. "I will be bold to affirm," he wrote in the preface to his Psyche, "that this is as much a play as could be made upon this subject," the truth being that it is brimful of immorality of the worst kind from beginning to end. After adapting one of Molière's best comedies, and disfiguring it almost beyond the possibility of recognition by what, in his judgment,

were nothing short of improvements, he informs the reader, "without vanity, that Molière's part has not suffered in his hand." He has no hesitation whatever in expressing his conviction that Shakespeare never made more masterly strokes than in Timon of Athens; yet, says he, "I can truly say I have made it into a play." How did he do so? By the introduction of two female characters, one of whom is a mistress whom Timon intends to forsake for another whom he wishes to marry, and the other his intended bride. Timon, in his misfortunes, is jilted by the latter, and the former follows him in private at his death, and, through excessive grief at his loss, makes away with herself. This is an instance both of the character of the public taste and of the presumption and insensibility which in that age characterized all who professed and called themselves dramatists. He who could just pen a stanza, he who was just equal to the task of stringing together any doggerel which he chose to dignify with the title of dramatic writing, considered himself fully competent to effect improvements in the plays of Shakespeare, of Jonson, or of Fletcher. Such presumption was not confined to men of the stamp of Shadwell, or of his successsor in the laureate's crown, Nahum Tate, who, in default of anything more creditable, the biographers record as being a free, good-natured fuddling companion. Against men who were possessed of great intellectual attainments, against men who were as those born out

of due time, a similar indictment must be preferred. Dryden and Davenant, in conjunction, set themselves to the task of adapting Shakespeare's *Tempest* to the court taste, and Dryden produced a rythmical version of Milton's magnificent epic, which shows more than anything else how deeply he had been infected by the spirit of the age. No one can doubt that it was the ease with which the stage adapted itself to the manners and tastes of the court of Charles II. which swelled the torrent of the general corruption. "He that frequents plays," wrote John Dunton, "sports on the devil's ground, and, if he dies on the spot, the devil, as lord of the manor, has a right to him." He must indeed be very blind who cannot in these words perceive something of the self-same spirit which animated the celebrated William Prynne, and those old Waldenses who regarded dancing as the public worship of the Enemy of Mankind, and who persistently maintained that every human being who indulged in such amusement was guilty of a breach of every clause in the Decalogue. Let it not, however, be supposed that it was in the breasts of the adherents of the Genevese creed alone that such feelings of fear and detestation at the profligacy of which the playhouses were the scene were excited. Such was not the case. Similar opinions were entertained by all whose conduct of life and ways of thinking bore any resemblance to those which the majority of people had entertained under the beneficent sway of Queen Eliza-

beth. Every person who had the slightest regard for sobriety and morality avoided a playhouse, as he would have avoided a house on the door of which the red cross bore mute witness to the awful fact that the inmates had been smitten by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and by the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day. The indecorous character of the stage inflicted much less injury than it would have done had it been covered with a thin veil of sentiment. Those dramatic representations at which women desirous of maintaining some character for modesty deemed it incumbent upon them to wear masks were, as may be supposed, studiously avoided by those who really were virtuous. Nor was the fierce onslaught which the sturdy non-juror Jeremy Collier made upon the stage-plays instrumental in producing that immediate effect which has commonly been ascribed to it. If the depravity of manners which the stage in its corruption first imitated and then promoted had been of long duration, England would soon have become a by-word among the nations. Fortunately, it was far too alien to the national character to flourish for any considerable length of time. Even when it reached the zenith of its influence it was to a considerable extent counteracted. The fashions and the follies of the capital did not then, as now, extend so rapidly to the uttermost parts of the kingdom. Nor did its moral and political diseases so rapidly overstep its boundaries. It was, however, from the capital that

foreigners took their estimate of the national manners and the national morals. It was the life of the capital that was reflected most clearly in the writings of the dramatists and of the popular writers, and it was the life of the capital which evoked the strictures of the moralist and the censures of the divine. Consequently, it must be remembered that what was true of the court and of the metropolis was by no means applicable to the entire body politic. Outside of that tainted atmosphere, the "old Elizabeth breeding," at which Dryden affected to sneer, was to be found in those modest and decorous manners, and in those religious principles, which are the best guardians both of domestic happiness and of the public weal. Dryden, unworthily scoffing at such as preferred the dramatic taste of the age of Queen Elizabeth to that extravagant and corrupted taste, for the introduction of which he prostituted his great parts, told them that "they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolished age, and more unlucky to live to a refined one. They have lasted beyond their own and are cast behind ours." Fortunate, indeed, it was for the country that it contained some whose hearts and minds retained their vital sap. If the Restoration era was the age of Shaftesbury and of Buckingham, it was also that of Ormond and Newcastle. If it was the age of Bennet and Lauderdale, it was also the age of Sir William Temple and Sir Matthew Hale. If it was the age of Scroggs and Jefferies, it was also the age of Evelyn and Boyle—

surely among the noblest and best of men. If Dryden wrote comedies fully in accordance with the depraved taste of the court, and if Elkanah Settle wrote tragedies fully in accordance with the taste of the city, let it not be forgotten that a Clarendon composed, during his involuntary exile, a history of the troubles, which for comprehensive knowledge of mankind has never been excelled, and is one of the most precious legacies ever bequeathed by a great statesman to his countrymen. If William Wycherly and Sir George Etherege gave publication to some of the most flagitious dramas which any language can boast, a Milton, "old, poor, sightless, and disgraced," composed in a hovel one of the sublimest epics in the English language or in any other. If the literary market was inundated with a plethora of garbage and balderdash, the offspring of Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown, let it not be forgotten that, in the enjoyment of a green and tranquil old age, the reward of a godly, righteous, and sober life, an Isaak Walton penned for the edification of posterity a series of word-portraits, which will be read so long as the biographical literature of England shall continue to be studied.

At length the fury of the storm abated. The nation, like the prodigal in the parable, came to itself, and began to see the folly of its ways. Death had prostrated the king. So profoundly did this event affect the giddy and heedless aristocracy that, as Evelyn says, "the face of the whole court was exceedingly changed into a more

solemn and moral behaviour, the new king affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery." We cannot wonder that the sudden fate which befell the king should have excited feelings of awe in the minds of his subjects, when we reflect upon the course of life which he had been accustomed to lead until he was smitten with a fatal disorder. "I saw this evening," wrote Evelyn in his Diary, under date of January 25th, 1685, "such a scene of profuse gaming, and the king in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen, luxurious dallying and profaneness." Seven days later it was Evelyn's lot, in common with thousands of others, to witness the official proclamation of James II. "I can never forget," he wrote, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness to, the king sitting and toying with his concubines—Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"[1]

While the great moral principles upon which the entire fabric of social order in an advanced state of

[1] *Diary*, ii. p. 210, ed. 1850.

civilization is necessarily founded remain at all times nearly the same, the modifications that are imposed by law, or which are wrought by custom, in different eras of Society, the duties exacted by the one and the license often obtained by the other, produce occasional accidental ebbs and flows in the morals, as well as in the manners, of private life. To those whose minds have been enlightened, who have learnt from contact with the world to regard its follies with an indulgent eye, and rigidly to adhere to general principles, yet manifesting lenity to individual deviations from them, these form an interesting and not altogether useless subject of contemplation. If that contemplation lead to broader and more general views of human life and character, and if it be instrumental in producing wide speculations, then it achieves its highest purpose. "In general the undercurrent of human life flows steadily on, unruffled by the storms which agitate the surface. The happiness of the many commonly depends on causes independent of victories and defeats, of restorations or of revolutions—causes which can be regulated by no laws and which are recorded in no archives. These causes are the things which it is of more importance for us to know."

In the following pages an attempt will be made, with what degree of success it must be left to the reader to determine, to exhibit some sections of the moral strata of that strange compound which constitutes civilization. An attempt will be made to limn the characteristics

of the times, and to furnish all such as are interested in the progress of mankind with a statement of facts upon which they may rely when instituting a contrast between the past and the present, and with the means of forming their own conclusions from their own judgment of the improvement or the deterioration of the present generation and of giving an answer to the much-vexed question, Are we any much better than they were? The reader may, perhaps, be desirous of knowing how it is proposed that this shall be done. The answer is, that it will be done by recourse to farces and comedies, to fugitive essays, libels and satires, to collections of familiar correspondence, to private memoranda, to novels, and to various accounts of the lives and characters of distinguished persons. By the aid of these and other sources of information, which will be duly specified in their proper places, the characteristics of the English people in the second half of the seventeenth century will be depicted. By these means the reader will possess something of the same command over his seventeenth century ancestors that Captain Lemuel Gulliver says he exercised over the ghosts of the great departed by the favour of the Governor of Glubbdubdrib. They who have so long been silent and insensible to the affairs of the world, will be summoned once more into existence, to revive to human feeling, to mingle again among men, and to add their passions, their wishes, and their complaints to those which swell the living tide of mankind.

CHAPTER II.

The Restoration an Epoch in the History of National Progress.—The Restoration of Monarchy marks an important period in the history of national progress. It was then that England began to manifest the first faint signs of developing herself into a manufacturing and commercial country, and in attempting to estimate the political history of the Restoration, the great features of that progress and the changes in the character of the population by which it was accompanied must always be borne clearly in mind. It is an error to suppose, as many have, that the gradual development of the natural sources of England was a mere accident in her career. Properly considered, it constitutes perhaps the most important feature of her progressive political condition, and he, therefore, who would understand aright the circumstances which have tended to elevate Great Britain to her present position among the nations, must first set himself to the task of understanding the causes of that development. Accordingly it will be the purport of this chapter to lay before the reader a sketch based upon scattered, and in many cases defective

materials, though with some approximation to exactitude, of the state of the industries and of the general social condition and character of the people during the period extending from the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, to the accession of King William III., thirty years later. It should, however, be premised that some of the authorities that it will be necessary to cite in proof of certain assertions, extend all the way through the reign of the Prince of Orange. As, however, there were but very few changes either of invention or of discovery, which it can be truly said marked a new epoch of industry during his reign, such citations will hardly be open to the charge of inappositeness, or be destitute of weight and value.

The second half of the seventeenth century, comprehending the reigns of Charles II., James II., and the first ten years of that of William III., was a period during which the practical application of steam to machinery, and of navigation to canals, were still among the number of achievements that were absolutely unforeseen. It was a period during which the cotton trade lay in embryo. It was a period during which agriculture on a scientific scale was absolutely unknown. It was a period during which the industries of England were in their infancy, and when they were considered to be secure only under the system of protection, a system which either actually prohibited the importation of all goods that had been manufactured in foreign countries,

or repressed them altogether by the imposition of duties of a high and extravagant kind. It was a period during which the population of the country remained almost stationary. It was a period of old staple production which was considered quite sufficient for the national prosperity, a period during which all experiments in fresh fields of enterprise were viewed on every side with the profoundest distrust. Ideas of this kind preceded the dawn of an era of extraordinary and actual development, and long continued to prevail against the political philosophy and the wide scientific knowledge by which that extension was determined. It was the period of transition from the plough to the loom, from the spinning-wheel to the factory, from the use of tools to the employment of machinery. Handicrafts were then intermingled. The shuttle was plied in the valleys where the sheep were sheared. The iron was smelted on the hills where the timber was felled for charcoal. Ships of small burden carried the products of one locality to another, up the estuaries and down the tributary rivers, and where navigation was precluded by natural causes the cargo was borne into the interior by relays of pack horses. The denizens of one county, of one parish, knew nothing of those who inhabited the next parish or the next county, except from hearsay. The inhabitants of almost every district had it within their power to exchange some commodity with their neighbours could they have been brought into com-

munication with one another, but in this they were foiled and hindered by impassable roads and unnavigable rivers. Every county had its own peculiar dialect, the traces of which have since been sought eagerly by the students of comparative philology. The sports of the North Country differed widely from those of the West Country, and the popular superstitions of the southern counties bore very little resemblance to those of the eastern counties. But despite all these material causes of practical isolation, England, even in that age, was possessed of one heart and of one soul. She stood compact by her creed, by her general laws, by her system of local government, by her historical renown. English men and women, in their island home, exulted in their nationality, and demonstrated plainly that though theirs was an island home, possessed of a more extensive seaboard than any other country in Europe, they were an enterprising people who would, if need required, readily seize the wings of the morning and go to the uttermost parts of the earth, to trade, to colonize, to return home laden with the choicest of the natural productions of the earth, and to maintain their supremacy on the seas, as their fathers had in the old times before them. In order that the improvement, which England has effected for herself in the course of nearly two centuries, may be the more fully realized, it will be necessary for us carefully to refer back to the point whence she started on her victorious career.

The Population. — In entering upon the consideration of this subject, one of the first questions that suggests itself concerns the population of England at the accession of Charles II. In consequence of the great dearth of statistical evidence, in consequence, too, of its having been left to a great extent unconsidered in the works of modern historians, that question is by no means an easy one to answer. There have, as might be expected, been many various, and some not a little fanciful computations on the subject. Sir Matthew Hale, in his treatise entitled "The Primitive Origination of Mankind," published in 1677, estimated the population of England as at least six millions. But, as Macpherson has shown, this is clearly an erroneous estimate.[1] Among the earliest proceedings of the first Parliament of William and Mary, was the grant of an extraordinary aid of 68,820*l.* per month for six months, payable in certain proportions by the several counties. During the same session, Parliament abolished the obnoxious impost known as chimney or hearth money, a tax which had been "found grievous to the people of England, by occasioning many difficulties and questions; a great oppression to the poorer sorts, and a badge of slavery upon the whole people, exposing every man's house to be entered and searched at pleasure by persons unknown."[2] It then appeared that the number of houses

[1] Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, ii. p. 68, ed. 1805.

[2] Rapin's *Hist. cont.* iii. p. 52.

in England and Wales, soon after the Restoration, was about 1,230,000, and reckoning six persons on an average to each house, it fixed the number of people at 7,380,000. Some time afterwards, Gregory King, who filled the office of Lancaster Herald, took the number of houses which were returned by the collectors of the chimney money, and having carefully examined them, estimated that the population of England amounted to about 5,500,000.[1] Dr. Charles Davenant, who was permitted by King to peruse his political conclusions, estimated the population of England, in his "Discourses on the Public Revenue and Trade," published in 1698, at not quite 8,000,000. Early in the reign of King William IV., an actuary of great eminence, Mr. James Finlaison, after a very minute investigation of the ancient parish registers of baptisms, marriages and burials, came to the conclusion that when the seventeenth century closed, England contained less than 5,200,000 souls, a calculation not very greatly in excess of that at which Gregory King had arrived.

We shall probably be not far wrong in saying that England and Wales at the Restoration contained a population of little more than 5,000,000.

The West of England.—At the accession of Charles II. the largest and most extensive commercial and

[1] King's *Natural and Political Observations upon the State and Condition of England in* 1696, ed. Chalmers, 1810, p. 36.

manufacturing districts lay in the West of England. It is certain that the five south-western counties, namely Wiltshire, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, then contained the largest number of houses, and it is equally certain that those counties contained the most numerous population. Proof positive of this is furnished in the fact, that in 1689 the assessment of the south-western district was greater than that of any other, the inhabitants being called upon to pay aid to the amount of 10,850*l.* per annum, while the inhabitants of the north-western district of Cheshire and Lancashire were required to pay only 1753*l.* The former district contained 175,403 houses, while Cheshire and Lancashire contained only 64,256. The population of the south-western counties, allowing five persons to each house, was 877,015, while that of the north-western district was 321,280.

The Woollen Manufacture.—Of all the manufactures of the kingdom, none perhaps received greater encouragement than that of wool. Nor is it any exaggeration to say that the most important object of commercial legislation in that age was the encouragement of the English woollen manufacture, a purpose which, in the opinion of the legislators of the age, could be effected in no other way than by the prevention of its exportation, and by the prohibition of the importation of textile fabrics from all countries, with the single exceptions of Scotland and Ireland. It was the

judgment of the most eminent men of the age, certainly of those whose judgment was entitled to any consideration at all, that wool was "eminently the foundation of England's riches." Were it allowed to leave the country unfabricated, or even assuming the form of yarn, it was considered to lessen, if not to destroy, one of the greatest sources of the national wealth. No foreign country was in a position to give a higher price for English wool than Holland, and it was the knowledge of this fact which caused Sir Josiah Child, the greatest political economist of the second half of the seventeenth century, to declare "that they that could give the best price for a commodity should never fail to have it by one means or other, notwithstanding the opposition of any laws or interposition of any power by sea or land."[1] Writers on economy, during the closing decade of the seventeenth century, estimated the entire annual income of the country at 43,000,000*l.*, and the rentals at 2,000,000*l.*, and computed the annual value of wool at 2,000,000*l.*, and the annual value of the woollen manufacture at 8,000,000*l.*[2]

From the days of King Edward VI., and possibly long before, the manufacturers of woollen goods had continued to flourish in the western counties of England. In the reign of that amiable monarch, although the towns of Coventry and Worcester produced "white

[1] *New Discourse of Trade, ended* 1694, p. 147.

[2] Smith's *Chronicon Rusticum Commerciale*, pp. 202–422.

cloths," and "coloured cloths," although the "coloured long cloths" of Norwich, Suffolk, and Essex were deserving of mention in the same breath with "northern cloths" and "Welsh friezes" the counties of Wilts, Gloucester, Somerset, and Devon could challenge comparison for the "whites," the "reds," the "azures," and the "blues," that were produced in them. Nor were "Devonshire kerseys," and "broadcloths called Tauntons and Bridgewaters," less renowned throughout the country. From the beginning of Charles II.'s reign, until the closing year of the seventeenth century, the western counties of England were without a rival so far as the manufacture of cloth was concerned, and in this lay the secret of their comparative supremacy in respect of wealth and of population.

It ought never to be forgotten that in the England of the Restoration era the localization of industry was determined almost entirely by natural conditions. It was the adaptation of the district to the pasturage of cattle that created the clothing industries of the West of England. Long before the time when the cromlechs of Stonehenge and Avebury became objects of mysterious curiosity, the wide, airy plains and grass-covered downs of Wiltshire had afforded pasturage to untold herds of sheep, which had yielded their fleeces to the shears of the shearers. Long before the great religious schism of the sixteenth century, the long woolly coats of the sheep, which browsed on the luscious and

wholesome pastures of the Cotswold Hills, had won a renown for themselves, and the well constructed cotes, with which that hilly district was dotted to shield the flocks from the chill blasts of winter and the piercing winds of the lambing season, had won the commendation of one of the greatest of English antiquaries, William Camden. Among the Mendip Hills a breed of short woolled sheep found a rich pasture, and their wool, which was as fine as that of the Spanish sheep, was employed largely in the woollen manufacture. For the clothier, who inhabited the fertile valley of the lower Avon, ample supplies of wool were thus always at hand, and the waters of that river, with its many tributaries, were adapted in an admirable degree for the various operations of the fulling, the dressing, and the dyeing of the cloth. There it was that the finest cloth was manufactured by the hardy sons of toil. Such towns as Bradford-upon-Avon, Devizes, Frome, Trowbridge, not to mention many others in close proximity, furnished remunerative work of this description. Around these manufacturing towns lay many little villages and hamlets, where the operation of spinning was performed by the hands of women and children, and it was to their cottages that the clothiers of the towns sent their packhorses laden with wool, and returned with the spun yarn ready for the looms of the weavers. The Reverend John Dyer, in his little didactic poem in blank verse, "The Fleece," published in 1757, a poem which Dr. Johnson

saw fit to disparage by reason of the meanness naturally adhering and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufactures, has described very graphically the weaving operations commonly to be seen at that time in the valleys of the Avon, the Aire and the Stroud. There it was that many a young man, like him described in Dyer's verses, erected his own loom, carefully stored his soft yarn, strained the warp along the garden walk or by the side of the highway, smoothed every thread, drove the threading shuttle, from early dawn to dewy eve, along the lines which opened to the woof; took the unrolled web to the noisy fulling mill near some clear gliding river, like the Aire or Stroud, where the rushing waters turned enormous wheels and ponderous hammers; steeped the wet web in the water and dragged it dripping to the grassy bank of the river; wrung out the latent water, and finally suspended it on rugged tenters to expand in the warm beams of the noonday sun. Nor was that all. The surface of the cloth was next skimmed by the shears of the clothier and by the thistle of the curler, and last of all was steeped in the penetrating waves of boiling vats, where the dark purple woad the fustic, logwood, or cochineal, gave its dye to the purple of the prince, to the scarlet of the warrior, and to the black of the priest.[1] No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the woollen trade of the

[1] Dyer's *Fleece*, iii. *passim*.

West of England in the age of Charles II. and the cloth manufactories of the North of England of the present day, where, by the assistance of steam, wool from every quarter of the habitable globe is carded, spun, woven by the power loom, fulled, sheared, and dyed on premises, one block of which will now turn out in the space of six days more cloth than a dozen of the old clothing towns, with their tributary villages, turned out in six months. In the neighbourhood of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, there had settled a very considerable number of clothiers, whose praise was in all the counties by reason of their fine cloths of scarlet and other brilliant colours, to the production of which the pure waters of the neighbouring stream probably contributed as much as the skill of the dyers. It was the fineness and the brilliancy which characterized the broadcloths of English manufacture that caused them to be so highly esteemed in the bazaars of the cities of Persia and China, by Spaniards and Portuguese, by Venetians and Italians, by the dusky Greeks who inhabited the shores of the Levant, and by the swarthy luxurious Moors of Barbary.[1] Nor was the extent of English trade and commerce with France of a less extensive nature. Until within a few years after the accession of William III. and Mary, when the country saw fit to commence hostilities against King Louis XIV. of France, a time at which all intercourse with the two

[1] *Atlas Maritimus.*

countries was sternly repressed, the trade with France was enormous. The boroughs of Lyme Regis and of Weymouth for example, it is recorded, sent heavy consignments of woollen goods to the neighbouring shores of Brittany, and their "cobbs" were always full of small crafts laden with imports of French wines and linens.[1]

Bristol.—That great port, both of the Severn and the West of England generally, and Bristol, the city whence, in 1497, the intrepid Sebastian Cabot, who delighted to call himself "a Bristol man born," embarked in a vessel destined to be the first one of Britain ever descried from those shores of boundless extent on the New World, was the only port of England which could dare to compete with London, or to engage in commerce independently of the capital. Almost every tradesman of Bristol, who was not deficient in enterprise, was what was then termed "a wholesale man;" that is to say, he carried on a sort of inland trade throughout all the western counties, through the instrumentality of carriers, extending his commerce in this manner through all the Midland districts of England, even as far as the Trent. When the sagacious Francis North Lord Guilford paid his first visit to the city of Bristol, in the summer of 1680, he did not fail to observe that every shopkeeper was engaged in some speculation on the

[1] Defoe's *British Merchant;* Roberts's *Social History of the Southern Counties*, p. 540.

high seas. "A poor shopkeeper," wrote his brother, "that sells candles will have a bale of stockings, or a piece of stuff, for Nevis or Virginia, etc." [1] If the enterprise of the Bristol merchants had stopped at this point, nothing would have been better. But, according to North, it was not so. "Rather than fail," wrote he, "they trade in men." The truth was, that the planters in Spain and the West Indies, with whom the tradesmen of Bristol were in the habit of corresponding, required labourers on their plantations, and, provided they got such labourers, they were never very scrupulous of the particular manner in which they were obtained. The consequence was that, in exchange for such commodities as rum, sugar and tobacco, the lees and feculence of society, poor degraded outcasts of society, who had been kidnapped from home and kindred, "small rogues," whom the judges had menaced with the last penalties of the criminal code, and who "before any indictment was found against them," were urged to petition to be despatched beyond the seas, were seized, chained hand and foot, and placed on board vessels bound for China and Jamaica, and there sold into slavery.[2] Nor was kidnapping the only trade in which the opulent merchants of Bristol in that age were wont to engage. Bristol was then the great emporium for the produce of the Transatlantic colonies, and it was from its harbour

[1] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, ed. Jessopp, i. p. 156.
[2] *Ibid.*

that those monarchs of the main, like the adventurous William Dampier, were wont to sail on their piratical excursions, and to enrich themselves with the spoils which they wrested from the Spanish settlements. There was a great deal of outward show in Bristol at that time. "In a word," wrote Roger North, "pride and ostentation are publicly professed; christenings and burials pompous beyond imagination. A man who dies worth three hundred pounds, will order two hundred of it to be laid out in his funeral procession."[1] Both Evelyn,[2] who visited Bristol in June, 1654, and Pepys, who visited it fourteen years later, supply ample confirmation of North's assertion in this respect. Celia Fiennes, sister of the third Viscount Saye and Sele, who visited Bristol early in the reign of King William III., describes the buildings of the town as "pretty high, most of timber work, the streets narrow and something darkish because the rooms on the upper storeys are more jutting out, it contracts the street and the light. The suburbs are better buildings and more spacious streets." . . . "They have little boats which are called wherries, such as we use on the Thames, so they use them here to convey persons from place to place, and in many places there are signs to many houses that are not public houses, just as it is in London; the streets are well pitched and preserved

[1] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, p. 157.

[2] See Pepys' *Diary*, ed. Braybrooke, iv. p. 470; ed. 1850; and Evelyn's *Diary*, ed. Bray, ed. 1850, i. p. 289.

by their using sleds to carry all things about. There is a very fine market place and an exchange set on stone pillars. In another place there is a very high and magnificent cross, built all of the stone or sort of marble of the country, its in the manner of Coventry Cross, a piramidy form, running up of a great height, with several divisions in notches, where is King John's effigy, and several others adorned with arms and figures of beasts, and birds, and flowers. Great part of it gilt and painted, and so terminates in a spire on the top; the lower part is white like marble. Just by the water side is a long rope yard, which is encompassed with trees on either side, which are lofty and shady, therefore its made choice of for the company of the town to take the diversion of walking in the evening." But the commercial activity of the West in the seventeenth century was not confined to Bristol. Taunton was a place of great trade. "Here," wrote Celia Fiennes in her "Journal," "you meete all sorts of countrywomen wrappd up in the mantles called West Country Rockets, a large mantle doubled together of a sort of serge, some are linsey-woolsey, and a deep fringe or fag at the lower end; these hang down, some to their feet, some only just below the waist; in the summer they are all in white garments of this sort, in the winter they are in red ones." At every step the traveller went in Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, he met the countrywomen wearing mantles called "West Country Rockets," large mantles of serge or

linsey-woolsey, which extended in some cases only as far as the waist, in others as far as the feet. In the summer, garments of this kind were usually of a white hue, in the winter they were mostly red, thus giving their wearers a very picturesque appearance.

The Serge Manufacture.—At Exeter, a well-built city, with spacious noble streets, Mrs. Fiennes noted, "that a vast trade was carried on in serges. There is an increadible quantity of them made and sold in the town," she wrote. More money was disbursed at Exeter in a week than in any other provincial city in England. Serges to the value of 15,000 pounds were sometimes sold in the course of a single week. A prodigious quantity of serge was never brought into market at all, but was kept in lined rooms. As soon as the carriers had deposited their bundles of serge in the city, they were laid to soak in brine ; then they soaped them and so put them into the fulling mills, where they were eventually worked dry. Water having been turned on to them again, they were thoroughly scoured, and afterwards spread out to dry in racks strained out, which were so thickly set side by side as to prevent the dresser from passing between them. Extensive fields were in this way occupied almost all round the town. Dyeing was the next process to which the serges were submitted. "I saw," wrote Celia Fiennes in her "Journal," "the several vats they were adyeing in of black, yellow, blue, and green, which last two colours are dipped in the same vat ;

which makes it differ is what they were dipped in before which makes them either green or blue ; they hang the serges on a great beam or great pole on the top of the vat, and so keep turning it from one to another—as one turns it off into the vat the other rolls it out of it, so they do it backwards and forwards till its tinged deep enough of the colour. The furnace that keeps their dye pans boiling is all under that room made of coal fires. There was in a room by itself a vat for the scarlet, that being a very changeable dye."[1]

Plymouth.—The town of Plymouth, although far removed from the condition of that naval station which in the course of succeeding centuries it was destined to be, was in a flourishing state. There were no great houses in the town, but the thoroughfares were good and clean, and the noble estuary of the Tamar and the Plym had long been the chief port for the merchandise of South Devon, as Bideford on the Torridge, and Barnstaple on the Taw, both were for the commerce of North Devon. The streets were very numerous and many of them were very narrow, being inhabited mostly by mariners, "and those which have affairs on the sea, for up to the town there was a depth of water for ships of the first rate to ride." Plymouth, moreover, possessed two quays, one of which leading up into the broad street, was used as an exchange by the merchants, but no mighty fleets

[1] *Diary*, p. 208.

of men-of-war were then visible anchored in the Hamoaze, no docks and victualling yards afforded employment to thousands of workmen, no light of any description warned the mariner of the locality of that perilous rock, "the Eddystone," "where many a good ship hath been split," to use the significant words of Henry Teonge. Not until William III. had been on the throne nearly six years did Winstanley, the celebrated engineer, commence the construction of a lighthouse on that dangerous reef. Begun in 1696, it was finished in 1699, and until it fell a prey to the waves during the raging of the frightful tempest of 1703, lessened considerably the dangers of the Sound. Early in 1691 the construction of the docks was commenced at Plymouth, and this led indirectly to the formation of that great arsenal, which was destined ultimately to eclipse the renown of that which had been established at Portsmouth.

The quiet sequestered coves and bays, the sheltered estuaries and inlets which line the coast, from Beachy Head to Lizard Point, where the myrtle, the rose, and the rural exotics now bloom and thrive in rich profusion out of doors, even in the depth of severest winters, where, owing to the progress of refinement for the last eighty years, to the prettiest marine villas thousands annually resort when tired of Bond Street, and Rotten Row, in search of that vigour which is produced by change of air and scene, or of contrasts to the habits of city, in the

wilderness of nature, were, when Charles II. ruled the land, either carefully avoided by the population or were the resorts of smugglers, or fishermen who earned a precarious livelihood. Only here and there, under the lee of a cliff or on a convenient beach, a fishing village nestled itself. In general the coast showed scarcely any signs of human life.

England's Mineral Resources. — It may be safely affirmed that the western extremity of England was the most ancient seat of her mineral wealth. Long before the Romans were in a position to style themselves the conquerors of the world, long before the notion that Cornwall comprised a vast tract of submerged country, that "sweet land of Lionesse," which Spenser placed judiciously near the confines of the realm of Faery, and of which the Land's End peasantry still delight to dream, as they gaze on the billowy expanse, bounded by the distant outline of the Scilly Islands, had been relegated to the limbo of exploded fallacies, the Phœnicians had succeeded in discovering the mineral richness of the bleak and otherwise barren mountains of the country, and considered their commerce with the problematical Ictis for tin to be of such importance to their prosperity, that for ages they carefully concealed the secret of the situation whence that metal was obtainable. About a mile from St. Austell, Mrs. Fiennes saw the miners engaged in digging in the mines. "There was at least twenty mines all in sight," she

wrote, "which employs a great many people at work almost night and day, but constantly all and every day, including the Lord's day, which they are forced to prevent these mines being overflowed with water. More than 1000 men are taken up about there, few mines but had there almost 20,000 boys attending it either down in the mines digging and carrying the ore to the little bucket which conveys it up, or else others are draining the water and looking to the engine that are draining it, and these above are attending to the drawing up the ore in a sort of windlass as it is to a well. Two men keep turning, bringing up and letting down another. . . . They have a great labour and great expense to drain the mines of the water with mills that horses turn, and now they have mills or water engines that are turned by the water which is conveyed on frames of timber, and trunks to hold the water which falls down on the wheels as an over-shot mill." The mines required a vast amount of timber to support them, and for the construction of the various engines and mills that were used in them. Fuel was consequently very scarce, and turf was consumed in very large quantities.

The Mines of Cornwall.—The copper mines of Cornwall of that date were worked in a fashion similar to the tin mines. The ore was not melted in the county, but was despatched for that purpose to Bristol by sea. The farther the stranger went into Cornwall, the bleaker

and more desolate the scenery became. So troublesome did the country folk find the winds, that they were forced to spin straw, and then weave it into cauls or nets to lay over the thatch on their hayricks and outhouses, with layers of stones placed around, in order to prevent the thatch from being hurled away by the force of the mighty rushing winds, when they blew in from the distant sea. The vicinity of the Land's End, though as deserted as the Peak district in Derbyshire, yielded excellent barley, oats, and rye, but no windmills existed in which they could be ground into flour. All goods were conveyed in crookes of wood like yokes on either side, placed on the backs of "little horses called canelles." "Two or three on a side stand up in which they stow the corn (in time of harvest), and so tie it with cord, but they cannot so equally poise it, but the going of the horse is like to cast it down, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other, for they load them from the neck to the tail, and pretty high, and are forced to support it with their hands, so to a horse they have two people, and the women lead and support them as well as the men, and go through thick and thin." The Falmouth of the seventeenth century and the Falmouth of the present day, were as essentially different as the ships of war produced during each period. But it was even then a well-built important town, and in addition to constituting a good port for small ships, it was the particular town where the Lord Warden of the Stannaries always held his famous parliament of miners, and for the

stamping of the tin. Truro, which had once been a flourishing town, was "a ruinated and disregarded place," although ranking as the chief of the Stannary towns for the stamping of tin, and the assessment of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, and much the same could then be said of all the country round. Yet in the face of this fact it is surely not a little singular that the country should have teemed with rotten boroughs, those boroughs which in after days were included in the memorable schedules of A and B in the first measures of legislative reform.

Rotten Boroughs.—In the House of Commons, England and Wales were represented by 513 members. North Cornwall could not then have numbered a population very greatly in excess of 126,000, yet it was represented by forty-four members. But although containing about a fifteenth part of the whole population of the land, and possessing as much influence in the legislative assembly as if it had contained a twelfth of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, Cornwall reaped no benefit from the inequality, and long continued to be characterized by comparative poverty and sterility.

Cornish Population.—There was one very remarkable difference between the wages of the rural population of Cornwall, and those of the same class in other parts of Britain during that period. Fewer of the inhabitants were collected in villages, and more were scattered in small hamlets and single houses, than in most purely agricultural districts. The further west

the traveller went the more this distinction became apparent. The "church town" in Cornwall, except where it had happened that a mining or fishing population had collected, consisted generally of only a few houses, under the shelter of the elegant but naked-looking church tower. The tillers of the soil dwelt either in the little town places, that is to say farms themselves, or in very small roadside hamlets.

Other Industries.—During the reign of Charles II., and indeed until the close of the seventeenth century, there were to be found in the West of England a greater variety of employments than in any other district in the land. Mining, fishing, farming, sheep-rearing, fruit cultivation, weaving, and seafaring were some of the chief occupations of the population. From a period that may almost be said to lie beyond the commencement of authentic history, the mines of Cornwall had furnished employment to thousands of its inhabitants. The seaboard abounded in traces of the early mining operations. The miners spoke a language intelligible only to themselves, and their various operations were governed by what was known as the tributer system, by which each man received a reward for his labour, differing from the usual system of wage payment.[1] The extensive fisheries of the country were conducted upon the same principle. These

[1] Babbage's *Economy of Machinery, &c.*, p. 177; Carew's *History of Cornwall.*

fisheries were very profitable, but were less so than they might very easily have become. The coasts abounded with oysters, with turbot, with mackerel, with whiting, and with a countless variety of other fish; one species of which was taken in quantities so vast as to constitute a considerable and productive branch of commerce, although Fuller, at the time he wrote his "Worthies of England," in 1662, considered that the shoals were "shifting coast and verging more westward to Ireland."[1]

Cornish Dialect.—Modern English even in that age had not been altogether successful in its contest with the county dialect, which was a dialect of the Celtic and very similar to the Welsh, and is now altogether obsolete. So late as the closing decades of the seventeenth century a remark, which was made by the witty Dr. Andrew Borde, court physician to King Henry VIII., would not have been altogether inapplicable: "In Cornwal is two speches, the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornish speche. And there be many men and women which cannot speake one word of Englysh, but all Cornyshe." Scawen states that towards the latter end of the seventeenth century one Francis Robinson, of Landawednack, a parish situated in the vicinity of the Lizard, had preached a sermon in Cornish.[2]

Orchard and Dairy Produce.—Nothing was so peculiar

[1] Fuller's *Worthies*, i. p. 206. [2] *Observations, &c.*, p. 25.

to the rural economy of the West of England than the culture of apples. Devonshire was commonly known under the appellation of "Cider Land." The farmers adhered tenaciously to all old customs, and never omitted at Yuletide to observe the sacrifice to the goddess Pomona by wassailing, and dashing buckets of cider upon the apple trees in their orchards.[1] Moreover, it was customary for farmers to pay a portion of the wages of those that they employed in cider. Somersetshire was celebrated for its rich cheeses, and as the dairies were conducted on a sort of co-operative system, Thomas Fuller characterized them as "join-dairyes." In the famous village of Cheddar, for example, situated upon the very ridge of the Mendip Hills, a village which even now has the appearance of a continuous garden, cheese was made from pure milk, without either the addition or the subtraction of the cream; the entire population consisted of dairy farmers, who all united in manuring the common, upon the luxuriant herbage of which the short-horned cows were wont to graze. Each cowkeeper took his milk daily to a sort of common room, where its quantity was duly measured and recorded in a book. The cheeses that were made in this way were naturally very large, so that the poorer inhabitants who possessed few cows, were obliged to stay the longer for the return of their milk.

[1] See Herrick's *Hesperides* and Philips's *Cider*, b. ii.

He whose number of cows was not represented by unity received his returns earlier, but even the poorest keeper could always reckon upon receiving that which was his lawful due.[1] Woods and orchards and scenes of luxuriant fertility distinguished Somersetshire as much in that age as they do in the present. The barren and chalky districts of Dorsetshire were inhabited by few. Great unreclaimed wastes stretched in all directions. The chief towns were Lyme and Bridport. The latter might have been an extremely salubrious place, but it was not so. Seated among hills which required only to be tapped to send forth an abundance of water, it was, in common with many other towns, most imperfectly supplied with that fluid. The bad ventilation of the houses of the working-classes, combined with the lack of necessary adjuncts, generated frequent infectious diseases, and completely deprived of its immunity from contagion what was naturally a most healthy and airy abode on a fine dry soil, swept by all the breezes of the ocean. At that time the trade of Bridport was great in such commodities as cordage, ropes, and fishing nets, all of which were fashioned by hand.

Bath.—After the accession of Charles II., the West of England rejoiced, as it had done in the days of the Roman occupation, in the possession of the chief watering-place of the kingdom. The healing springs of

[1] Defoe's *Tour* ii. p. 38, ed. 1724.

the city of Bath, situated on the banks of the delectable Avon, had been steadily growing in favour among the richer health-seeking and pleasure-seeking sections of the community, ever since the conquerors of the world had plunged into their sudatory waters, and had anointed themselves luxuriously with the precious unguents that were then in common use. But great was the contrast between the Bath of the days of the Roman Emperor Claudius, about fifty years before the Christian era, and the Bath of the days of Charles II. Gone to decay were all the stately temples that had been erected in honour of the great Pagan deities. Mouldering in the dust were all the imposing columns, the stately villas, the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-capped towers. Level with the ground were the massive pillars, the exquisite mosaics, and the spacious baths. Never more was the city to own allegiance to Rome. Englishmen had freed themselves from their captors, had regained their freedom, and were resolutely determined that, although the whole world's strength were put into one giant arm, it should never force that lineal honour from them. The Bath of the seventeenth century was a place which, though ranking as a city, and the seat of a bishopric, was really nothing more than a cluster of narrow streets, the houses in which, although built of stone, were mean and badly furnished. John Evelyn visited Bath on the 27th of June, 1654, and this is what he says of it in his

Diary: "We all went to see Bath, where I bathed in the cross bath. Amongst the rest of the idle diversions of the town, one musician was famous for acting a changeling, which indeed he personated strangely. The façade of this Cathedral is remarkable for its historical carving. The King's Bath is esteemed the fairest in Europe. The town is entirely built of stone, but the streets narrow, uneven, and unpleasant. Here we trifled and bathed, and intervisited with the company who frequent the place for health, until the 30th." Eight years after the Restoration the Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, and company, visited the city. "12th, Friday, 1668," wrote he in his Diary, "we come before night to the Bath, where I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and, being weary, went to bed without supper, the rest supping." On the following morning, which was Saturday, Pepys and his friends rose at four o'clock and repaired to the springs to bathe. "And by-and-by, though we designed to have done before company come, such company came; very fine ladies, and the manner pretty enough, only, methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the

water is ; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the spring so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see when women and men here that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath. Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home ; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour ; and by-and-by comes musick to play to me as good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere." Similar testimony was borne by Celia Fiennes, who visited Bath at a much later period. "The wayes to the bath are all difficult, the toun lyes low in a bottom, and its steep ascents all wayes out of the toun. The houses are indifferent, the streets of a good size, well pitched. There are severall good houses built for lodgings, that are new and adorned, and good furniture. There is five baths, the hot bath, the most springs. The third bath is called the cross bath ; the cross in the middle has seats round it for the gentlemen to sit, and round the walls are arches with seats for the ladies, all stone, and the seat is stone. There are gallerys round the top, that the company that does not bathe that day walke in, and looks over into the bath on their acquaintance and company. The toun and all its accomodations is adapted to the bathing and drinking of the waters, and to nothing else, the streets are well pitched and cleane kept, and there are chaires as in London to carry the better sort of

people in visits, or if sick or infirm, and is only in the toun, for its so encompassed with high hills, few care to take the aire on them. The markets are very good of all sorts of provison, flesh and fowl, especially when the season for the company bathing and drinking lasts, great plenty and pretty reasonable the chargeableness of the bath is the lodgings and fireing, the faggots being very small, but they give you very good attendance."[1] Yet all these three visitors—Evelyn, Pepys, and Celia Fiennes—one under the Commonwealth, another under the Restoration, another under the Revolution, viewed only the exterior of Bath. They saw only the shell, and not the kernel. What the inside was like may be learnt from "A History of Bath," by the celebrated architect, John Wood, a work published, indeed, in 1749, but in which the writer describes the state of Bath many years before, and speaks of the recollections of his youth. No better authority could be found to tell how the houses in Bath were furnished sixty years previously than the testimony of one who possessed a vivid recollection of it. Wood takes his readers behind the scenes, and reveals to them the domestic state of Bath under the Revolution. "The boards of the dining rooms," he wrote, "and most other floors were made of a brown colour with soot and small beer, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls

[1] *Diary*, pp. 11–17.

of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs were all of freestone; and these were duly cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or at best with cheyne, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made, and such as were of linen consisted either of corded dimity, of coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash windows."[1] Full many a year elapsed before Bath exhibited any improvement in its outward aspect, before any important changes in its social condition, and before the city ceased to be proverbial for the beggars in which it abounded. Thomas Fuller, in commenting on a certain homely proverb, mentions that Bath was visited by all conditions of men, "the poor for alms, and the pained for ease," and that the beggars came like fowls to the barn door, where there was "the general confluence of gentry."

[1] Wood's *History of Bath*, 2nd ed. 1749, ii. Preface.

The Forest of Dean.—That extensive extra-parochial liberty in Gloucestershire, known as the Forest of Dean, was, in the second half of the seventeenth century, the principal seat of the iron manufacture. At a date reaching far into the remote recesses of a dim and distant antiquity, at a period which it is impossible to fix with certainty, the neighbourhood had been celebrated for its iron ore. Well authenticated tradition asserted that the industry was flourishing in the ages during which the Romans remained in possession of the island. Cinders from the ancient Roman furnaces, thickly strewed as pebbles on the ocean strand, long greeted the eye of the solitary traveller as he bent his steps along the left bank of the river Wye, and deep cavities from which the iron stones had been dug out, and crosses bearing the image and superscription of foreign potentates, stood mute as witnesses of the labours of a mighty race with a civilization, with a culture, and with a conquest peculiarly its own. The task of smelting the iron, which the Romans were only half able to perform, and that by the assistance of the rudest of mechanical appliances, was continued, although still in a fashion far from satisfactory by the miners who lived fourteen hundred years after the Romans had quitted our shores. Acres of the timber in which the Forest of Dean abounded were burnt for charcoal in a country of pit-coal, and the best "sow-iron" was made from the half-smelted cinders which had been raked from

the Roman furnaces. By means of the Severn that sow-iron was dispatched into the neighbouring counties of Worcestershire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Cheshire, where it was soon wrought into bar iron. It was the fine iron which the vale and forest produced that supported the forges of Stourbridge, Dudley, Wolverhampton, Walsall and Birmingham. "I dare say the Forest of Dean," wrote Andrew Yarranton, sixteen years after the recall of Charles II., "is, as to the iron, to be compared to the sheep's back as to the woollen; nothing being of more advantage to England than these two are."[1] Despite this, there were large and numerous iron works in Worcester, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Derbyshire, where much iron was made of metal or iron stone of quite a different nature from that which was found in the Forest of Dean. It was a short soft iron, commonly called "cold shore iron," which was employed chiefly in the manufacture of nails. So vastly did the iron manufacture of the Forest of Dean increase during the early years of the reign of Charles II., that an Act of the year 1668 recited that the wood and timber of the Crown in the whole district had been entirely consumed. Within a short time the manufacture of iron produced great dissatisfaction. In the opinion of many wise men it was thought to be contributory to the national

[1] Yarranton's *England's Improvement by Sea and Land*, ed. 1677, p. 58.

degeneracy. But they who considered themselves in a position to pronounce distinctly upon the question, pronounced distinctly in favour of its continuance. "Say some, and many too who think themselves very wise," observed Yarranton, when writing in 1676 on the subject of the improvement of England by land and sea, "it were well if there were no iron works in England, and it was better when no iron was made in England; and the iron works destroy all the woods, and foreign iron from Spain will do better and last longer. And I have heard many men, both rich and sober often declare these things, and it hath been, and is the opinion of nine parts of ten of the people of England, that it is so, and by no arguments whatever will they be beat from the belief of it, although there is not one word true." And, in order to establish his position, he proceeds fully to demonstrate that at the time at which he wrote, the iron works of England were of greater value, and of even greater practical utility to the nation than the woollen manufacture was, that they afforded employment to quite as many people, and that the benefit which the whole country reaped from it had been entirely under-estimated.

Cambria.—Of the state of Wales during the years which followed the return of Charles II., very little is known. It was a rude and secluded country, the inhabitants of which, dwelling in the mountainous regions, in the midst of wild and imposing scenery, in

regions where, from one year's end to another, nature wore a stern and rugged aspect, and where the march of civilization proceeded with slow and tardy step, were chiefly engaged in pastoral occupations. It is certain that the enormous mineral wealth latent in the vast coalfields of South Wales, if not unrealized by the inhabitants of the Principality, was, at any rate, unworked, and he who had then ventured to prognosticate the grand future which lay in store for the mining industries of the country, would have been regarded at best as a visionary. Locomotion was a thing almost impossible, and the mountain dwellers passed the whole of their lives in the narrow circuit of their native hamlet or town, and frequently lived and died without ever visiting the neighbouring valley, or crossing the range of low hills which always stood before their eyes. Towards the close of the seventeenth century there was a small export trade of coal from Swansea to Somersetshire, Devonshire, to Cornwall, and to Ireland, and there was also the same trade from Neath on the coast of Glamorganshire;[1] but no appropriate machinery was employed in the mines, and the operations of the miners were carried on at a slight distance below the surface of the earth, in pits which could be drained by hand labour with the greatest ease.

[1] Babbage *On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, p. 177.

CHAPTER III.

THE last chapter was concerned chiefly with a review, necessarily brief, and in many respects superficial, of the manufacturing industries and the condition of the principal towns of the West of England, from the accession of Charles II. to the close of the seventeenth century. We shall now take our leave of that district, and proceed straightway to the West and North Midland Counties, in order roughly to ascertain something of their state and their condition, and to marshal the testimony of those who visited them at that time, by way of contrast and comparison to the aspect which they present in the days of Queen Victoria.

The Midland Counties.—There is no more decisive test of the progressive character of manufactures in regions that are adapted to their development, than a rapid increase in the population. Nevertheless, the extension and the improvement of cultivation are not, usually, indicated by any such proportionate increase in the numbers of the people. Were we in search of any corroborative testimony of these observations, we should certainly find it in the West Midland Counties

of England, Hereford, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, the population of which, during the last forty years of the seventeenth century, did not increase by so much as a fourth. The population of the counties of Warwick and Stafford, which, before the end of that period had become seats of the earthenware, iron and hardware manufactures, had certainly increased by fully one-half. In the same way, although, perhaps, not to the same extent, the North Midland Counties, such, for example, as Derbyshire, Leicestershire, and Nottinghamshire, which were rapidly growing into districts for the manufacture of hosiery, witnessed a marked increase in the numbers of the resident population. The population of Lincolnshire, on the contrary, remained almost stationary.

Birmingham.—Among the few towns of importance which the Midland Counties contained at that time, Birmingham ranked undoubtedly as one of the foremost. It had always been one of the nurseries of municipal government. It had always been one of the strongholds of popular freedom. No great baron had ever taken it under his protection. No wealthy burgher had ever called it by his name. No ecclesiastical dignitaries had ever hoarded up the wealth of a powerful and dominant church in its vicinity. Churchmen and laymen alike had avoided so repulsive and unpromising a situation, and never had a mitred abbot selected a spot so lowly for his last resting-place. But although wealthy and

noble strangers were no visitors to the town, yet wealth and respectability became at length no strangers within its gates. Even in the time of King Henry VIII., about 1540, John Leland, when he wrote his quaint "Itinerary," described Birmingham as "a good market town," the residence of "smiths that used to make all manner of cutting tooles, lorimers that make bittes, and a great many nailours, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths who have their iron and sea-coal out of Staffordshire." In the early part of the sixteenth century, the people of Birmingham were engaged chiefly in the manufacture of knives, nails and bridle bits. During the reign of Charles II., the inhabitants produced very little beyond iron tools and agricultural implements. Strangers would have seen the forges lying open to view in the public thoroughfares by the side of the ramshackle shanties, where spades and bags of nails were exposed for sale. Although the townsfolk had supplied fifteen thousand sword blades to the Parliamentary Army during the Civil War, they manufactured but few fire-arms, and it was only in consequence of the encouragement which they received from King William III., that they commenced, during his reign, to manufacture muskets, swords, and military accoutrements, to any marked extent. How great was the insufficiency of the home production of articles manufactured from iron, may be inferred from the table of duties on English imports, in which iron pots, chimney-backs, frying-pans,

and anvils are duly specified.[1] The wide surface of the extensive fields of coal and iron, by which Birmingham in Charles II.'s time was environed, lay in the same condition as the unpenetrated wastes of Australasia. In place of that ruddy glow from a thousand furnaces, which now chases far and wide the gloom and darkness, and illumines the country for miles round, for the inspection of the traveller by the night mail on the London and North-Western Railway, some fitful feeble rays were emitted from a few works, where the iron was being smelted by means of wood fuel. Even the anvils of Bilston, of Dudley, of Walsall, of Wednesbury, and of Wolverhampton, were then employed for nothing but the rudest work of iron manufacture. As yet the brass manufacture had not been attempted in Birmingham. Nor had the town attained to the dignity of being, what the great statesman, Edmund Burke, saw fit to pronounce it in his time, "the toyshop of Europe." Few in number were the articles of convenience and of universal utility with which it supplied England and her Colonial possessions, and fewer in number still were the products of taste and ingenuity which have become so multifarious in these days, and which it may not unfairly be questioned whether any other nation can pretend to rival.

[1] 2 Guil. and Mar. Sess. 2, c. 4; Hutton's *History of Birmingham*, 4th ed. pp. 19–23; Macculloch's *Account of the British Empire*, 4th ed. i. p. 724.

The Potteries.—A circumscribed district of Staffordshire, running north and south in the valley of the Trent, now consisting mainly of a chain of large villages or small towns, was the principal place in England for the china and earthenware manufacture. Burslem, the chief of these towns, was distinguished for the variety and excellence of the clays that abounded in its vicinity. Some of these were utilized for earthenware, but the art of producing the finer sorts appears to have been wholly unknown. Dr. Plot, who published his "Natural History of Staffordshire," in 1686, furnished a very correct account of the state of the manufacture at that time, and from his work it seems that such clays as were prepared were dried in the sun, and from these "sun-kiln potteries" there was turned out a coarse porous ware, known as butter pots. This species of earthenware was highly prized for keeping butter cool, and, according to Plot, was "chiefly sold to poor cratemen, who carried them at their backs all over the country."[1] Under the sway of Charles II., the articles that were manufactured in the Potteries were of more various kinds, but the products continued to be of the coarsest and clumsiest character, being made entirely from the clays found contiguous to Burslem, painted and mottled in a rude fashion, and glazed with lead ore, which was finely powdered and sprinkled on the patterns, before

[1] Plot's *Staffordshire*, c. iii. § 29.

they were placed in the kilns. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, two foreigners of the name of Ellers, introduced a new method of glazing the earthenware, by casting into the kilns quantities of salt, the vapours of which produced a vitrifaction of the clay on the surfaces of the vessel, and so giving them a more equal and beautiful gloss than the former process could afford. But despite this, the coarse white ware produced in Holland, and known as "Delft," was esteemed a luxury among the rich. None but wooden trenchers were seen in the houses of the people. The time had not yet come for the manufacture of porcelain in England. The introduction of tea was the means of creating a demand for the ornamented earthenware, which was imported by the East India Company, but British earthenware long continued to be superior to that of France, which was imported in considerable quantities.

The Glass Manufacture.—The glass manufacture—that is to say the manufacture of green glass, and the commonest window glass—was not one of those which were in a very flourishing condition, as it laboured under an excise which had been imposed upon it by the government. There was, however, in the time of Charles II., a partial repeal of the duties, and they were entirely rescinded before the close of the seventeenth century. A statute, which was passed in 1698, pronounced them to be not only productive of great

vexation and trouble, and of no advantage to the Crown, but as calculated to reduce the duties on coal much more than the duty on glass, and likely to result in the loss of the manufacture to the country.[1] But although the glass manufacture laboured under these disadvantages, it is certain that a considerable amount of glass was produced in England during that period. Mrs. Fiennes testifies to having seen men "blowing white glass and neale it in a large oven by the heate of ye furnace," in a glass-house near Castleton Bridge in Yorkshire, and to having passed "many glass-houses where they blow broad glass," in the course of her progress from Wolverhampton to Stourbridge. Both Newcastle and the City of London at that period contained several glass-houses. Colonel Jack, the hero of one of those romances of Daniel Defoe which bear upon them all the impress of veracity, is made to say, concerning himself and his companions in adversity, "As for lodging, we lay in the summer-time about the watchhouses, and on bulkheads and shop doors, where we were known; and in winter we got into the ash-holes and nealing arches in the glass-house called Dallow's Glass House, in Rosemary Lane, or at another glass-house, in Ratcliff Highway."

Leicestershire.—The county of Leicester enjoyed the reputation of being the richest of all the counties of

[1] X. Guil. iii. c. 24.

England. It abounded in "red land, good corne of all sorts, both fields and inclosures," among which stood "many little towns which gives great pleasure of the travellers to view." The entire shire consisted of rich deep land, which was ploughed by ploughs without wheels. The town of Leicester itself possessed five gates, several large streets, a spacious market-place, a good market cross, and a town hall. Two hospitals, for an equal number of aged poor, and a library stood in the town. Most of the houses were constructed of timber. Those that were built of brick were comparatively few. That part of the town which was called the Newark, contained several stone and brick houses, chiefly inhabited by lawyers, and there was also the Guildhall where the assizes were held twice in each year, and the sessions quarterly. The town folk rejoiced in the possession of a water house and a water mill, which turned water into deep leaden tubs or cisterns for their use. Some of the streets contained wells, whence water was drawn by a hand wheel for the common use of the town.

Nottinghamshire.—Nottinghamshire, during the reign of Charles the Second, contained a population of about 7000 souls, and, in addition to being a very rich and fruitful county, was celebrated far and wide by reason of "the strongest and best ales, that looked very pale but exceedingly clear," which were made in large quantities by the country folk, and were con-

sumed by them with great avidity. "The town of Nottingham," wrote an English tourist of the latter half of the seventeenth century, "is the neatest town I have seen, built of stone and delicate, large and long streetes much like London, and the houses lofty and well built. The market-place is very broad, out of which runs a very large street much like Holborn, but the buildings fine, and there is a piazza all along one side of one of the streetes, with stone pillars for walking, that runs the length of the streetes, which is a mile long. All the streetes are of a good size all about the town and well pitched; there are severall good houses in the town. There are three or four large houses of the Duke of Newcastle's, with the castle which is a fine thing, stands very high on a hill."[1] Bricks and tiles were made in large quantities in the town, but the weaving of stockings by means of frames constituted the staple employment of the inhabitants. So far back as 1589 a Nottinghamshire divine, of the name of William Lee, had constructed a stocking frame, having twenty needles to the inch, at Calverston in that county, and had taught his brother as well as some of his near relatives how it might be used. But Lee's invention was discountenanced, upon the ground that it would deprive hundreds of the industrious poor of their only means of subsistence. Failing to secure any support or recognition of

[1] Celia Fienne's *Journal*, pp. 55, 56.

his invention in his own country, Lee, on receiving an invitation from Sully, the celebrated Marquis de Rosny, a special envoy to the Court of England, accepted it, and worked with some other men at Rouen, in Normandy. Owing to unforeseen circumstances he subsequently lost the royal favour and died in great poverty at Paris in 1610. In 1669 there were 660 knitting frames of Lee's model in England, but of these there were only two in the town of Nottingham, and not above 100 in the whole country.[1] Celia Fiennes, visiting Nottingham not long after the Revolution, was an eye-witness of the weaving of stockings, which she considered "a very ingenious art." "There was a man," she wrote, "that spunn glass and made severall things in glass—birds and beasts. I spunn some of the glass and saw him make a swan presently with divers coull'd glass."

Conjointly with Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire was the seat of the manufacture of stockings. The town of Derby, situated on the banks of the river Derwent, constituted a spot eminently favourable for the early institution of that, as well as of other manufactures. Numerous fulling mills stood on the river, and a thriving trade was carried on both in malting and in ale brewing. But Derbyshire was also in that age a great mining tract, although its mines, like those of almost every other county, were then worked with hardly any

[1] Felkin's *History of the Machine Wrought Hosiery and Lace Manufactures*, p. 67.

mechanical aid whatever. Derbyshire abounded in steep hills, and although the surface of the country wore a barren and forbidding aspect, it was rich in veins of marble, of iron, of copper, of lead, and of coal. Perilous and indeed tedious was the task of the miner in such times. Square narrow cavities, called grooves, gave access to the pits, and in the angles of these grooves were inserted pieces of wood. Through these cavities the miners lowered themselves into the pits, and raised themselves again when they had obtained as much as they were able conveniently to bear. The town of Chesterfield was the centre of the coal-mining district. "Went to Chesterfield six mile," wrote Mrs. Fiennes, "and came by the coale mines where they were digging. They make their mines at the entrance like a well, and so till they come to the coale, then they digg all the ground about where there is coale and set pillars to support it, and so bring it to the well, where by a basket like a hand barrow by cords they pull it up—so they let down and up the mines with a cord." Such was the condition of mining in the age before the invention of the steam engine. The craggy hills in the neighbourhood of Buxton were worked principally for marble, copper, tin and lead. "They digg down their mines like a well, for one man to be let down with a rope and pulley, and so when they find oar, they keep digging under ground to follow the oar which lies amongst the stone. In the mine I saw there was three or four at work, and all let

down thro' the well; they digg sometymes a great way before they come to oar."[1] The lead mines of Derbyshire had always been worked under the impression that they would yield silver, for the extraction of which such facilities have been afforded by recent developments of chemical science. Before the close of the seventeenth century, it is satisfactory to note that one of the greatest impediments in the way of trials of such experiments was removed. Henry IV., having his anger kindled against the professors of the Spagiric art, or the alchemists, as they are more generally styled, enacted a statute which made it a felony for any British subject "to multiply" either gold or silver; in other words, to attempt the extraction of gold and silver by refining metals. Thus, for centuries, men who in the study of metallurgy had attained to the highest proficiency, men who had bestowed their whole time and attention upon chemical science, were prevented from even daring to exercise their skill by this senseless legislative enactment, which, thanks to an enlightened policy, was, early in the reign of King William III., erased from the Statute Book. To every thinking man it must be patent that the sins of the legislators have been many. The collective wisdom of the State has repeatedly been the means of thwarting and deranging an enormous deal of individual enterprise in the body politic, and of retarding the advance of knowledge, and

[1] Celia Fienne's *Journal*, p. 82.

the improvement of appliances. The case which was just cited is only one out of the many sins committed by the legislators of a bygone age, and the folios of the Statute Book, were they submitted to even the most cursory investigation, would reveal the existence of countless others.

But although Derbyshire was a great mining county, it was also a county which possessed one of the greatest mineral spas in England. That Spa was Buxton, the thermal springs of which had been considerably resorted to by all classes, both for health and for pleasure, from the Reformation. Whether the existence of the baths was, as many have supposed, discovered by the Romans, it is difficult to say, nor is there any necessity for pausing to inquire ; but it is at least certain, that in the time of Charles II., the healing properties were well understood by the gentry of the adjacent counties, and would doubtless have been so to a much greater extent had the locality been more easy of access. Early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Shrewsbury had erected a convenient house for the reception of visitors. Ten years after the accession of Charles II., that house was demolished by William, the third Earl of Devonshire, who erected a new and enlarged edifice on its site. But the accommodation which was provided for visitors was of the very worst description. Thomas Browne, a younger son of the famous Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the well-known

"Religio Medici," undertook a tour through Derbyshire, in company with his brother, in the autumn of 1662. In due course the travellers reached Buxton, where they were disappointed in their hope of finding fodder for their steeds, "although," as Browne says, "besides a little barley it bee the onely corne that grows in the countrey; harvest being not begun here, for all the sun had sunk below the equinox, and left these hills to be covered with frosts each morning." It is specified, as if it were something very singular, that the better sort of people in the town wore shoes on their feet and bands round their necks on the seventh day. "Wee had the luck," says Browne, in the quaint diction peculiar to the period at which he wrote, "to meet with a sermon which wee could not have done in halfe a year before by relation. (I think there is a true chappell of case indeed here, for they hardly ever goe to church.)"[1] The travellers could find no better accommodation than a low room with bare rafters, and no better fare than oat cakes, and what the people called mutton, but which the visitors thought tasted uncommonly like dog's flesh. Nor had Buxton improved by the time that William III. became King of England. "The house thats call'd Buxton Hall," wrote the indignant Mrs. Fiennes in her *Diary*, "which belongs to the Duke of Devonsheer, is where the warme bath is and well, its the

[1] See *Tour in Derbyshire*, in *Works* of Sir Thomas Browne, ed. by Wilkins, 1836, i. p. 34.

largest house in the place, tho' not very good ; they are all entertaining houses, and its by way of an ordinary, so much a piece for your dinners and suppers, and so much for our servants besides ; all the ale and wine is to be paid—besides the beer they allow at the meales is so bad, that very little can be dranke. You pay not for your bed roome, and truely the other is so unreasonable a price, and the lodgings so bad, two beds in a roome, some three beds and four in one roome, so that if you have not company enough of your own to fill a roome, they will be ready to put others into the same chamber, and sometymes they are so crowded that three must lye in a bed. Few people stay above two or three nights, its so inconvenient. We staid two nights by reason one of our company was ill, but it was sore against our wills, for there is no peace nor quiet with one company and another going into the bath or coming out; that makes so many strive to be in this house because the bath is in it. Its about forty foot long, and about twenty or thirty foot broad, being almost square. There is ten or twelve springs that bubble up that are a little warme, its not so warme as milk from the cow."

It has long been admitted, by those most competent to judge, that no tract of land in the British empire can lay a greater claim to be considered more fertile than the fenny county of Lincoln. At the close of the seventeenth century, that county numbered about 40,590

houses, and contained a population of about 203,000 souls. Like the hardy Hollanders, the men of Lincolnshire had always been engaged in an intermittent struggle with the devastating waters of the ocean. Vast tracts of land had been redeemed from the dominion of those waters by embankments, even from the time of the Roman occupation, when that immense area, known as the Lincolnshire level, has been recovered, on the one hand from the upland waters by the Cardyke, and on the other from the ocean by the Old Sea dyke, and other great banks along the coast. The work which the masters of the world had commenced, which the skilful monks of the middle ages continued, which spirited adventurers resumed under the first Stuarts, which was retarded by the rapacity of unwise legislators, and by civil dissensions, was resumed again eight years after the Restoration and formed a special subject of legislation in 1697. The city of Lincoln itself was, in that age, as in this, a quiet, peaceful city, perched on a lofty elevation. "It stands on a very high hill," wrote a contemporary visitor, "and looks very fine; at the entrance the houses stand compact together. The streets are but little, but its a vast hill to ascend into the town where the minster stands, by that means its very perspicuous and eminently in view a great many miles off. . . The houses are but small and not lofty, nor the streetes of any breadth."

The celebrity which the counties of Chester and

Worcester had enjoyed during many ages for their saline springs, increased in a marked degree under the Restoration. Long before the Romans had set foot on our shores, the ancient inhabitants of this island had turned the "wyches" of Droitwich, a small town of Worcestershire, to very profitable account, and antiquarians have since conclusively demonstrated that a road, which has been traced from that locality across the country to Lincolnshire, was constructed by the ancient Britons and improved by the Roman invaders. Until the accession of William III., however, the brine springs of Droitwich were a monopoly in the hands of the burgesses, and not the least important service rendered to the good of the country was the removal of that monopoly by a judgment in an important law suit. Coeval with the springs of Droitwich were those of Northwich and Nantwich in Cheshire, where the first bed of rock salt was discovered in 1670. This salt was carried to the waterside in Wales, and to those rivers which flowed with the tide, and boiled in some of the salt water when the tide was in. This process produced as strong and good salt as that of other localities.[1] Unlimited as was the supply of salt in England, its manufacture was of the most imperfect description so much so indeed, that the only kind which was considered fit to appear on the tables of wealthy people was

[1] *Diary* of Celia Fiennes, pp. 147–189.

that which was imported. No gabelle existed, as in France, for the prevention of the free consumption of salt, but the nauseous taste and the deleterious effects of that which was produced in England necessarily restricted its use. So blind to this defect were legislators in that age, that they imposed a duty upon the article not long after the accession of William III., and, so great did fiscal rapacity become in the succeeding century, that the salt duty was augmented to twelve times the value of the article which was taxed.

The Cotton Manufacture.—That branch of industry which, in numerous ramifications and sub-divisions, is comprehended under the name of the cotton manufacture, which has exhibited the power of the human mind and of human skill, which has enriched the community, and raised the condition of the people to a degree of comfort to which their forefathers were wholly strangers, may be said to have slumbered in the womb of time. The manufacture, although probably introduced into England about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and extensively carried on, as has been supposed, in the neighbourhood of Manchester about the year 1641, according to Lewis Roberts's book entitled the "Treasure of Traffic," had not reached such a state of efficiency under the Restoration as to be capable of producing cloth made of cotton alone. The population of Lancashire in 1689, assuming the existence of 40,202 houses, and allowing for five inmates to such

house, was about 201,010. In 1851 the same county had a population not greatly in excess of 2,000,000 souls.

In the reign of Charles II. the use of the vegetable fibre was hardly known. Neither Liverpool nor Manchester possessed any water communication. In the fourteenth year of the reign of Queen Victoria the cotton wool was brought from North America, from Brazil, from Egypt, and from India, in quantities estimated at 1,000,000,000*l.*, and was worked by machines of elaborate contrivance instead of by the fingers of men's hands. In barren districts, where the human foot scarcely ever trod in the Caroline age, huge factories for the conversion of wool into yarn, and for the weaving of yarn into cloth by mechanical power, have arisen in the Victorian age. What were then villages, each possessed of a few hundred residents clustered around a venerable parish church, are now enormous towns containing thousands of inhabitants. The products of the industry now furnish 20,000,000 of English-speaking people with fabrics of wonderful cheapness, and of a beauty far surpassing the painted calicoes of the East. Foreign countries have purchased the products to an annual amount in specie of more than 40,000,000*l.* The manufacture has furnished direct employment to half a million of people in the factories, and to thousands of engineers and machinists in connection with the mills. To crown all this most miraculous development of the cotton industry, where one

individual subsisted in the Caroline era, twenty subsist in the Victorian age.

Manchester.—Having thus glanced roughly at Lancashire as it existed before the cotton era, let us go a little more into detail. Let us take Manchester for example. Manchester is now a city, containing a population, in 1861, of 185,410 souls. Manchester, in the early part of the reign of Charles II., was reckoned to contain 6000 people.[1] The original trade of the place was in those coarse woollen fabrics which were vended in various parts of the north of England ; but under the Restoration it became noted for the manufacture of fustians, mixed stuffs, and small wares, such as leather laces, shoe ties, and strips of leather dyed in various colours, and known as Congleton points.[2] In the second half of the seventeenth century the manufacturers of Manchester had entered only on the second period of their gradual advance towards opulence and luxury. Few or none possessed incomes of 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a year, until after the Revolution. Even the prosperous manufacturers practised the most rigid economy in living. Occasionally they received apprentices to reside with them in their houses from families who were in a position to pay a moderate premium. From an indenture bearing date of 1695, it appears that the premium paid was 60*l.*, and

[1] Baine's *History of Lancashire*, ii. p. 617.

[2] Aikin's *Description of the Country round Manchester*, ed. 1795, p. 157.

that the young man was bound for seven years. All apprentices were required to perform a vast amount of servile work, such as turning warping mills, and carrying packages on their shoulders from one place to another, and the like. The social condition of the town in that age was very primitive. Long before six o'clock in the morning the masters, accompanied by their apprentices, began the work of the day in their warehouses. At seven there was an interval for breakfast. The food consisted only of one large dish of oatmeal porridge, boiled very thickly and seasoned with salt. By the side of this dish stood a basin of milk, into which both the master and his apprentices dipped their wooden spoons, and consumed the mess as quickly as if they had not a moment to live. When their repast was concluded they resumed their work in the warehouse. Apprenticeship in that age was only another term for slavery. Many a young man found it so unbearable that he either ran away before his time had expired, or, if he remained till the expiration of his indenture, enlisted in the army or went to sea. No efforts were made to render the evening hours agreeable to apprentices at home, and the consequence was that, treated more like menials than pupils, denied the common necessaries of life, they gambled and drank in taverns and alehouses. The amount of finery which Manchester belles disported in that age was assuredly not very considerable. Aikin relates that in 1693 a manufacturer, while visiting London, learned that one of his customers, a mercer

in Manchester, was bound in a large sum to a London tradesman, who was expected to become bankrupt. Whereupon the prudent manufacturer wrote to his wife, advising her to go and dun the mercer, adding, "if thou canst not get money, take goods—thou may'st buy thyself a silk mankean and petticoat."

Liverpool.—Liverpool, the great seaport—'the other eye of Lancashire," as it has been quaintly styled—was little better than an overgrown village, possessing a population of not more than about 4000 persons.[1] Leland, when he made his tour through the kingdom at the beginning of the sixteenth century, had found Liverpool in a flourishing condition. "Irish merchants," wrote he, "resort thither as to a good haven, and much Irish yarn bought by Manchester men and other merchandize is sold there. The customs paid at Liverpool are small, which causes the resort of merchants." It is somewhat singular, that after that date the town should have declined so greatly indeed, that in the language of a petition which the inhabitants presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1571, praying to be relieved from the payment of a subsidy, it is styled "her Majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpool." For a period of nearly a century afterwards the commerce of the port languished in obscurity. When the Civil War broke out, the townspeople sustained a siege of four weeks' duration from the forces commanded by Prince Rupert

[1] Aikin's *Description*, p. 335.

in 1644. In consequence of the negligence of some, or the treachery of others, it was compelled eventually to surrender, but was subsequently retaken by the Parliamentary forces. Not long after the Restoration, the dormant energies of the port were resuscitated by the lamentable calamities which befell the capital, which compelled many of the citizens to abandon it as a place doomed to destruction, and to wander far in quest of an abiding place among strangers in a strange land. Charles II. had been seated on the throne scarcely five years before London was visited by the most appalling epidemic of which our annals afford any record, upwards of 100,000 persons falling victims to its ravages. The plague carts had no sooner ceased to go their ghastly rounds, than a conflagration, unparalleled in its nature, and unequalled in its extent, lay the entire city in ashes from Southwark to Aldersgate, and from the Tower to Temple Bar. In these events originated the commercial prosperity of Liverpool. While the terrible misfortunes had been succeeding each other, the commerce of London, in addition to that of all the ports situated on the east side of the island, was paralyzed by a desperate war with Holland, during the progress of which the Dutch succeeded in obtaining the command of the Channel, and, sailing up the mouth of the Thames, burnt the town of Sheerness. The issue of all this was that " many people coming from London, in the time of the sickness, and after the fire, several

ingenious men settled in Liverpool, which caused the trade of the port to the plantations and other places. This so enlarged the trade of the port, that from scarcely paying the salaries of the officers of customs, Liverpool, before the close of the century, possessed the third part of the trade of the country, and paid the king upwards of 50,000*l.* a year in customs."[1] From that time onwards the prosperity of Liverpool began to increase more rapidly than that of any other seaport in the empire. Richard Blome, an eminent antiquary, who visited Liverpool, in 1673, found that the parish church, though very capacious, did not suffice to contain all the inhabitants, who were very numerous, there being among them "divers eminent merchants and tradesmen whose trade and traffic, especially unto the West Indies, made it famous; its situation affording in greater plenty and at reasonable rates than most places in England, such exported commodities proper for the West Indies; as likewise a quicker return for such imported commodities; by reason of the sugar bakers, and great manufacturers of cottons in the adjacent parts; and the rather for that it is found to be the convenient passage to Ireland, and divers considerable counties in England with which they have intercourse of traffic." Blome also found, at the period of his visit,

[1] Baine's *History of Liverpool*, p. 323; see also the curiou *Moore Rental*, published by the Chetham Society, which gives a curious account of Liverpool in the second half of the seventeenth century.

that a town house was in process of erection, that a free school was in existence, and that generally the port was in a most prosperous condition. No bridge spanned the Mersey. No steamers were in existence. No magnificent landing stages adapted themselves to the ebb or flow of the tide. Neither harbour, quay, nor dock was in existence. The trading ships anchored in the offing, and their cargoes were borne to them or from them by means of boats.

While Manchester was occupied in the manufacture of fustian, Warrington was noted for the great quantity of coarse linens and checks that was extensively made in the town and neighbourhood. The flourishing condition of these manufactures in that period is the more remarkable, seeing the vigorous opposition that it had to encounter. Men were of one mind in this, that the Deity had ordered all the industrial occupations of England in the way best calculated to serve her ascendancy over men of every tongue and nation, and that one most acceptable sacrifice meet to be offered up to Him was the produce of the sheep-fold. The task of growing flax and fabricating linen goods, it was further urged, might well prove ample compensation to the sister country for the injustice of which she had been the victim as regarded the absolute prohibition of the importation of her cattle,[1] but let England engage in no other manufacture save of wool, that which had been

[1] 18 Cat. ii. c. 2.

for so many centuries the support of her people.[1] It was thus that men wrote and believed until their minds had been purified of prejudice, and emancipated from ways of thinking to which their forefathers had been habituated during the middle ages.

Yorkshire.—At the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the archiepiscopal county of York contained a population numbering no more than a seventh of that which was the entire population of the land from the Restoration to the close of the seventeenth century.[2] Yorkshire had ceased to occupy that conspicuous place in the history of the country which it had occupied for some centuries. Yet it would be a very great mistake to suppose that throughout that period the country was not making a steady, though as compared with later times, a slow progress in the development of those natural resources and manufactures which form one of the chief glories of modern Yorkshire, and with which its name is now inseparably connected throughout the civilized world. The results of that development; the rise and vast increase of the manufacturing towns; the black streams and watercourses; the tall chimneys that everywhere rise beside them; the iron forges and cloth works; the vast coalfields; the teeming population; the network of railways, radiating in all directions;

[1] See a tract dated 1671, cited by Smith in his *Memoirs of Wool*, i. p. 384.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs*.

these mark the great points of distinction between the Yorkshire of Charles II. and the Yorkshire of Queen Victoria. During the present century the enormous progress of the woollen manufacture has been the means of raising five villages—Bradford, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Halifax, and Leeds—to the rank of large thriving towns, teeming with a mighty population. These towns have created the importance of the West Riding, and are still the main sources of its wealth. Even in the time of Henry VII. the woollen manufacture had become one of some importance in Yorkshire, particularly at Wakefield, Leeds and Halifax. As yet, however, it was only the coarser kinds of cloth that were fabricated in those districts, and it was not until after the Revolution that any great stimulus was given to the manufacture, or that that of worsted was introduced at all. Halifax was probably one of the earliest centres of the cloth trade, and its famous gibbet was first erected in 1541, for the especial punishment of such offenders as appropriated to their own use the cloth which was hung to dry on "tenters," and often left suspended on them for days and nights at a time. The last execution for this offence took place at Halifax ten years before the Restoration, but afterwards such culprits became amenable only to the common law. From the downfall of Puritan ascendancy, until the close of the century, cloth still continued extensively to be made in the district, but as neither factories nor spinning

machines had been invented, the manner in which the manufacture was performed was not a little primitive and laborious. The wool was spun, not merely in the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Halifax, Bradford and other towns, but among the high hills and lowly dales of Craven, and the romantic valleys lying between Skipton and Richmond. It was among the inhabitants of these villages that the wealthy West Riding worsted manufacturers employed their agents, who received the wool, distributed it among the peasantry, and received it back as yarn. No machinery was employed save the ancient one-thread wheel, the plying of which constituted the chief evening care of many a busy housewife during the balmy summer evenings, or the long dark nights of winter. Possessed of their yarn, the manufacturers engaged the services of weavers, who, at the times appointed, rendered them tales of camlets, russets, serges, tammies, and calimancoes, which in due course found their way into the booths of the merchants or the vats of the dyers.[1] Thence, so soon as they were quite ready, the fabrics were conveyed by the merchants to the open street markets of such towns as Leeds and Halifax. The great cloth market of Leeds was, in the time of Charles II. and William III., held on the bridge which spanned the River Aire, the various

[1] James's *History of the Worsted Manufacture*, pp. 166–167; and *History of Bradford*, pp. 220–221.

pieces of cloth being suspended by the sellers over the parapet.[1]

Ralph Thoresby, the historian of Leeds, in speaking of the spacious thoroughfare known as Briggate, towards the close of the seventeenth century, described the cloth market from personal knowledge. "The famous Cloth-Market," he wrote, "the life, not of the town alone, but these parts of England, is held in this street, *sub die*, twice every week, viz. upon Tuesdays and Saturdays early in the mornings. The Big-end-shots have made as great a noise among the vulgar, where the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a poggin o' porage, and a trencher of either boil'd or roast meat for two-pence, as the market itself, amongst the more judicious, where several pounds' worth of broadcloth are bought, and, generally speaking, paid for (except the water lengths, which cannot then be determined) in a few hours' time, and this, with so profound a silence as is surprizing to strangers, who, from the adjoining galleries, etc., can bear no more noise than the lowly murmur of the merchant upon the Exchange at London. After the signal is given by the bell at the old chapel by the bridge, the cloth and benches are removed, so that the street is at liberty for the market people of other professions."[2] The comparative opulence of Leeds, even in

[1] Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*.

[2] Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*, ed. Whitaker, p. 17.

that age, did not fail to strike very forcibly the observant stranger. "This is esteemed the wealthyest town of its bigness in the country," wrote Mrs. Fiennes. "Its manufacture is the woollen cloth, the Yorkshire cloth in which they are all employ'd, and are esteemed very rich and very proud. They have provision so plentiful that they may live with very little expense, and get much variety; here if one calls for a tankard of ale which is allwayes a groate, its the only dear thing all over Yorkshire; their ale is very strong, but for paying this groat for your ale you may have a slice of meate, either hott or cold, according to the tyme of day you call, or else butter and cheese grabs into the bargaine. This was a generall custom in most parts of Yorkshire, but now they hav almost changed it, and tho' they still retains the great price for the ale, yet make strangers pay for their meate, and at some places at great rates, notwithstanding how cheap they have all their provision. There is still the custome on a market day at Leeds, the sign of ye Bush just by the bridge, anybody that will go and call for one tanchard of ale and a pintt of wine and pay for thes only shall be set to a table to eatt with 2 or 3 dishes of good meate and a dish of sweetmeates after."[1] We can hardly be surprised that such a mode of living, combined with unremitting attention to the various duties of that state

[1] Celia Fiennes' *Diary*, p. 185.

of life to which they had been called, should have been the means of enabling the clothiers and woollen manufacturers of the West Riding, to borrow the quaint language of Fuller, "to proceed gentlemen, gaining estates for themselves, and worship to their estates."

There were two other towns of Yorkshire which enjoyed much celebrity after the Restoration. These towns were Sheffield and Hull. Sheffield was still the centre of the old Yorkshire iron trade. That extensive district, known as Hallamshire, abounded as much then, as it does now, in coal and iron; and the five streams which now meet at Sheffield, the Don and the Sheaf, the Porter, the Loxley, and the Rivelin, were turned to good account long before their banks were crowded, as they now are, with wheels, tilt hammers, and grinding mills. It is possible that iron was worked there in very primitive days; but it is certain that the rude knives, "whittles," or "thwytels," made at Sheffield, the prototype of the Transatlantic bowie-knife, were renowned from one end of England to the other, even in the age when Chaucer flourished, since the forester in the "Man of Law's Tale," wore "a Sheffield thwytel in his hose," and ably sustained their reputation for centuries afterwards. Nevertheless, the cutlers of Sheffield long failed to make any very marked progress, either in workmanship or in enterprise, and during the reign of Charles II., and indeed until the end of the seventeenth

century, their craft did not attain that smoke-shrouded dignity which it has since attained.

The port of Kingston-upon-Hull, which had a history reaching back to a very remote period, possessed a trade and commerce which was very considerable. Even in the time of the illustrious antiquary, William Camden, the port had won considerable renown by reason of its trade and shipping, its stately edifices and massive fortifications. "Ut magnificis ædificiis," wrote Camden, "firmis propugnaculis, navibus instructissimis mercatorum copia et rerum omnium affluentia sit nunc emporium hujus tractus longè celeberrimum."[1]

After the cessation of the Civil War the commerce of Hull extended itself to an unprecedented extent, and before the close of the seventeenth century bade fair to rival, if not to excel, the greatest trading towns of England, the capital alone excepted. During the whole of that period the town was without a dock, nor did it succeed in obtaining one until nearly a century later. Yet a considerable commerce went on notwithstanding. On the northern shores of the River Humber its commerce included shipments to London, to Holland, and to the coasts of the Baltic, of heavy consignments of the cotton, woollen and linen fabrics of Lancashire and the West Riding, of the hardwares of Sheffield, and of the lead of the Derbyshire mines. Its imports consisted chiefly of iron, copper, flax and

[1] Camden's *Britannia*, p. 647, ed. 1607.

linen, and the exports of corn and flour far exceeded those of any other British port at that period. Besides these, the people of Hull were still engaged in one hazardous but profitable branch of trade, "the trade to Greenland and the Greenland seas, in the fishing for whales there," and though that trade, according to the preamble of Act of 1692, was then "quite decayed and lost," there is every reason to believe that the port of Kingston-upon-Hull employed more ships in it than any other port in Great Britain, save London.[1]

Northumbria.—Of the state of the northern counties at this period it is difficult to speak, and yet it is impossible not to speak. That region was destitute of any connection with the general history of England, and languished in comparative neglect, and almost contempt. Cumberland and Westmoreland, which together join in forming the extensive region which marks the north-west of England, were both in a state of semi-barbarism. Civilizing influences had not penetrated very widely into their midst. The population was by far the smallest of any of the English counties, the two put together containing not more than 21,000 houses, and 106,000 inhabitants, and contributing very little more than the county of Rutland to the "Aid" of 1689. It was popularly supposed that the Fells of Westmoreland had never been passed. Kendal was a good trading

[1] Tickell, *History of Hull*, ed. 1796, pp. 868–873.

town, built entirely of stone, and consisted of one very broad street, in which stood the market cross. The townspeople had achieved some reputation for the linsey-wolseys that they made, and the leather that they tanned. But although Kendal was the largest town, Appleby, ten miles distant, was the county town where the sessions and the assizes were held. Penrith was a fairly large town, containing a good market for the cloth, both hemp and woollen, which was spun in the country. Whitehaven was a port used chiefly for shipping coals to Ireland. The copper mines of the Derwent Fells, which had been worked in quest of gold, in the age of Queen Elizabeth, had been abandoned. The black lead mines of Borrowdale, the working of which had been commenced about the same epoch, were being still worked, although necessarily on a small scale, seeing that the demand for pencils was not by any means great. The city of Carlisle contained its ancient cathedral, its double iron gates, and massive stone walls. Its streets also were very broad, and kept in cleanly condition. Some remnants were still visible to the eye of the casual visitors, of the impregnable castle, and the walls of prodigious thickness, but the number of houses was small, and the population was very insignificant. Neither Northumberland nor Durham could lay any pretensions to the greatness that is now the common heritage of both. Both counties teemed with coal pits. Both counties were making real and

solid, though very slow progress in all the elements of social prosperity. Travellers in the north of England in that age were wont to consider Newcastle the great centre of the commerce of Northumberland, as a noble town, and that which most resembled London of any place in England. Its buildings, which were neither large nor lofty, were constructed mostly of brick or of stone. Its streets were very broad, very handsome, and very well pitched. Many of them contained fine conduits of water, which ran into large stone cisterns for the common use. The quay was a very fine and broad one, and the merchants congregated upon it in great numbers. The shops were good, and of distinct trades, which, as one of the travellers whom we have followed in her observant course, says, was then "the custom in most country towns and cittys." Nor did commercial and mining enterprise prevent the opulent inhabitants of Newcastle from embellishing the town with many of the accommodations of civilized life. There was, we are told, "a very pleasant little bowling green a little walke out of the town, with a largel gravel walke round it, with two rows of trees on each side, makeing it very shady." There were also "a fine entertaineing house," and "a sort of spring garden where the gentlemen and ladyes walked in the evening."[1] But it must not be forgotten that the in-

[1] Celia Fiennes' *Diary*, p. 177; Brand's *History of Newcastle*, ii. pp. 490–502.

dustries of Newcastle and the immediate neighbourhood were in a very flourishing condition. As early as 1619 Sir Robert Mansell, Vice-Admiral of England, had been induced, doubtless owing to the cheapness of coal, to erect glass-works on the banks of the Tyne. From the Restoration onwards the glaziers of Newcastle formed no inconsiderable proportion of the numbers of the townspeople.[1] Even then the gigantic coal-mining industry was slowly emerging into existence. Sir Francis North, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, while on the Northern Circuit in August, 1676, in company with the Baron of the Exchequer, and the Honourable Roger North, was impelled by curiosity to visit the celebrated coal mines in Lumly Park, which were the greatest in the north of England, and produced the best coal. Roger North states that these collieries possessed only one drain of water, which was drawn by two engines, one containing three stories, and the other two, and that all the pits for two or three miles together were drained into those drains, the engines being placed in the lowest places, in order that there might be the less way for the water to rise. In that age the sinking of a pit was often the work of an entire year. Much danger was experienced from the damps, or foul air, which killed insensibly, and the sinking of another pit, that the air might not stagnate,

[1] Brand's *History of Newcastle*, ii. pp. 42–46.

was held to be an infallible remedy. Failing that, recourse was had to trials by dogs and candles, by which the presence of foul air was soon detected.[1] At Newcastle, where Lord Guilford was very handsomely entertained, he gleaned much curious information from the lips of the aldermen concerning the coal works, and was much struck with a railroad which the colliers had ingeniously constructed for the conveyance of the coal from place to place. "The manner of the carriage," wrote Roger North, who was himself an eye-witness of this road, "is by laying down rails of timber from the colliery, down to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting the rails; whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."[2] The towns of Tynemouth, Gateshead, South Shields and Sunderland were all, more or less, participating in the mining and manufacturing prosperity of Newcastle during the reign of Charles II., but their expansion made more gigantic strides after the passing of a private bill in the tenth year of the reign of William III., "for the encouragement of a new invention of Thomas Savery, for raising water, and occasioning motion in all sorts of mill-work, by the impellant force of fire."

[1] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, i. p. 361, ed. 1808.

[2] Ibid. p. 265.

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKABLE as is the contrast between the industrial counties of England during the forty years that followed the recall of Charles II., and their condition in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a contrast of which the two preceding chapters will have afforded some demonstration, more remarkable still is the contrast that exists between the state of those shires, to which the term of purely agricultural may be applied, then and now. It is to a slight investigation of that contrast that the present chapter will be devoted.

In that age, as in the present, it was the eastern, the north-eastern, and the midland counties of England which constituted the chief hives of husbandry. No better index to their progressive condition can be found than the returns of the population which they severally contained. An inspection of these returns reveals the fact, that at the Revolution, the aggregate population of the counties of Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire and Berkshire, was about 700,000 souls. At the close of the eighteenth century the population of those counties did not exceed 1,050,000. At the Revolution about 582,000

persons populated the counties of Hertford, Buckingham, Oxford, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford and Cambridge. At the end of the eighteenth century, those counties contained very little more than 640,000 inhabitants. The three eastern counties contained, in the reign of Charles II., about 582,000 souls. It is to be observed, however, that the aggregate population of these fifteen counties had increased from nearly 2,500,000 at the commencement of the present century, to about 4,500,000 at its close.

Agriculture.—The art of agriculture, like everything else in England, from the Restoration to the Revolution, was in an incredibly retrograde condition. In the reign of Charles II., and indeed in that of William III., the quantity of land that was under cultivation, both in England and the Principality, was very little more than in the reign of James I. During the reign of Charles II., the legislative assembly passed one solitary enclosure act. It passed no other until the succeeding century. He who now travels through the eastern counties, where the eye beholds perhaps the finest agriculture in the country, where almost every square inch of the soil is turned to profitable account, and where the fields are cultivated down even to their very hedge roots, would scarcely believe that in the second half of the seventeenth century, by far the greater part of those counties was not very far removed from that state in which it had been left by nature. Yet so it was. For mile after mile the weary

eye of the traveller rested upon nothing but a dreary succession of bleak moors and barren wastes. In the interior very little was to be seen save quaking marshes and fallow land. The chief part of each farm consisted of unmanured land, very little better than moorland, from which, during the winter, the poor pinched cattle could scarcely gather herbage enough to keep them from absolute starvation. The extent of land which was enclosed was a patch of ill-cultivated ground on which oats and barley were grown, but the principal crop consisted of rank weeds.

Of the comparatively small quantity of corn that was raised in England at that period, fully nine-tenths were grown in the three eastern counties. The cultivation of clover, of turnips, and of potatoes, was miserably small. Field turnips were cultivated to a considerable extent in the time of King William III., but their cultivation received no encouragement whatever. Andrew Yarranton advocated the cultivation of clover in a book which was published some years before the Revolution, but none appeared to understand, or even troubled themselves to understand, the peculiar worth of green crops. A quarter of a century before Yarranton's book appeared, a writer had commended to the attention of those who were interesting themselves in agricultural science, the alternate system of husbandry; in other words, the sowing of turnips or of clover after the wheat crops had been garnered. But men in that generation followed the

example of the deaf adder, by stopping their ears to the voice of all charmers, however wisely they charmed, and by adhering more tenaciously than ever to the ways in which their fathers had trod before them. The consequence was that the old system of fallows, a system which was the cause of more than half of the land that was under cultivation lying idle, rose more than ever into favour. Even the horse-boring husbandry which Jethro Tull afterwards tried his hardest to introduce, and to merit the public favour, was regarded only in the light of a costly experiment, and resulted only in bringing its originator, and that undeservedly, to the verge of beggary. Scarcely one farmer in a hundred, in that age, recognized the value of manure, and hardly one in a thousand possessed any practical acquaintance with the system of folding sheep upon ploughed lands. Nor were any pains ever taken to fatten cattle, since it was as much as could possibly be done to keep them alive.

East Anglia.—It must be observed that the comparatively large population of the cities of London and Westminster in the second half of the seventeenth century, exercised a very marked influence upon the agricultural industries of the eastern, the south-eastern, and the south-midland districts of England. Those populous cities needed no small quantities of corn for their consumption, and, as a direct consequence of this, a very large amount of wheat was raised throughout the districts, in which

locomotion was the most easy of accomplishment. Six years after the Revolution, the Lancaster Herald, Gregory King, whose testimony has been repeatedly adduced in these pages, estimated that the annual produce of wheat, oats, barley, rye and beans in the entire realm, amounted to 10,000,000 quarters, and that of these quarters wheat constituted only a fifth part. By far the largest proportion of the wheat that was thus raised was dispatched to the important towns. Very little found its way into the rural districts themselves. Rye bread, barley bread, and oat cake, these were the food which formed the chief subsistence of the peasantry. The eastern counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and the south-eastern counties of Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, possessed ready communication by means of water with the capital of the Thames below London Bridge. The counties of Surrey, Berkshire, Buckingham and Oxford, possessed similar facilities by the Thames above London Bridge. Thus the transit of grain was rendered not very difficult of accomplishment, but despite the existence of every natural advantage, such transit was attended by much cost, and by the sacrifice of great labour, two conditions which added very considerably to the price at which it was sold to the consumer.

Norwich.—Our review of the state of agricultural science in the eastern counties, must not altogether dim our eyes in respect of the few towns of importance, situated in their

midst. The reputation of no town in East Anglia stood higher than that of Norwich, the capital of Norfolk, the most ancient manufacturing centre in the kingdom, the seat of an extensive diocese, and a city and county within itself. During the Civil War, Norwich had been fortified in the popular cause, and even in the time of King William III., its battlements were still impregnable, its towers were still whole, and its twelve gates were still very little the worse for wear.[1] At that period the population of Norwich did not exceed in number 28,000 persons, but among these were certain of great eminence in the arts and sciences. One of the leading inhabitants of Norwich at that time, it should not be forgotten, was the celebrated physician, Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "Religio Medici," and the "Vulgar Errors," whose spacious house and garden were a cabinet of varieties. The fame of his medals, books, plants and natural objects, was such that people came from far and near to obtain a sight of them. Early in October, 1671, John Evelyn, visiting Norwich in company with Lord Henry Howard, called upon Sir Thomas Browne, and in his Diary he mentions that he found "that famous scholar and physitian," surrounded by a perfect paradise of curiosities, notably, "a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country (especially the promontory of Norfolk) being frequented, as he said, by

[1] Celia Fienne's *Diary*, p. 120.

several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and a variety of water-fowl." After feasting their eyes in this cavern of antiquarian delights, the communicative physician conducted his visitors through the streets of Norwich, pointing out to them, as he did so, all the principal objects of interest. Evelyn tells us that he carried away with him the impression that the city of Norwich "was one of the largest, and certainly after London one of the noblest in England, for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared," and that Sir Thomas Browne assured him that the people of Norwich "had lost the art of squaring the flints in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses and walls were built." When we read on the same authority that by far the greater number of the thirty-six churchyards in which Norwich abounded at that period ("though some of them large enough) were filled up with earth, or rather the congestion of dead bodies, one upon another, for want of earth, even to the very top of the walls, and some above the walls, so as the churches seemed to be built in pits," we cannot wonder that epidemics scourged the inhabitants of the city with the frequency that they did.[1] One great attraction of Norwich was the court which was held by Lord Henry

[1] Blomefield's *Norfolk*, ed. 1806, iii. pp. 404–410.

Howard, the Earl of Norwich, as he was styled, in the ducal palace, described by Evelyn, who saw it in 1671, as "an old wretched building," situated on the banks of the river Wensum. Whenever the earl and his suite returned from their sojourn in the capital, the citizens accorded them a welcome similar only to that of a monarch returning from victory. The custom was that the mayor and corporation should go forth to meet him at St. Stephen's gate, that all the bells of the various parish churches should chime forth merry peals, that the castle artillery should be discharged, and that the whole court should attend upon him in order, within one hour of the time that he entered his abode.[1] There it was that the Christmas season was one incessant time of festivity; then it was that open house was kept for all those who were on pleasure bent. Edward Browne, eldest son of Sir Thomas Browne, spent the Christmas of 1663-4 at the ducal palace, when the revels were presided over by the Duke of Norfolk's brother, and has left of it a glowing description. There were dances every night, and entertainments for all who cared to come to them. "He built up a roome on purpose to dance in," wrote Browne, "very large and hung with the bravest hangings I ever saw; his candlestick, snuffers, tongues, fireshovels, and andirons were silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing, and

[1] Blomefield's *Norfolk*, ed. 1806, iii. p. 414; Fuller's *History of the Worthies of England*, p. 274.

three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which would holde fourteen persons, and coste five hundred pound, without the harnesse, which coste six score more.[1] The guests quaffed liquor out of drinking vessels of pure gold, and the gates were opened, and such a number of people flock'd in, that all the beere they could get out in the streets, could not divert the stream of the multitudes till very late at night." Seven years later, Charles II. and his Queen, the Dukes of York, Monmouth and Buckingham, with many other noblemen, visited the city, and were magnificently entertained at the duke's palace, where they lodged, and after attending divine service at the cathedral, and reviewing the trainbands, were feasted by the mayor and corporation at a cost of 900*l.*[2]

Nor was Norwich at that date less renowned for the pageantry which characterized the election of its mayors. The Guild day was the mayor's day, and the Guild Street in which the mayor lived was decorated in accordance with the quarter of the city in which he resided. If he resided in the aristocratic quarter of the city, the street was garnished with green boughs, triumphal arches, and banners suspended on ropes, which stretched from roof to roof. If he abode in the lower wards, among the weavers, the dyers, the bombazine dressers, and other

[1] *Journal of Edward Browne*, in *Works* of Sir T. Browne, ed. 1836, i. p. 44–5.

[2] Blomefield's *Norfolk*, iii. p. 413.

handicraftsmen, the old traditional ornaments were displayed. Tapestry was suspended from the windows, or, if that could not be procured, carpets and rugs were substituted. Pictures and other paraphernalia were hung outside the houses, and very frequently the plate, the family spoons, and the punch ladles, glittered among the wreaths of green rushes and "sweet seg" which were supplied in endless varieties. Effigies of Darby and Joan, the time-honoured emblems of domestic felicity, sat pipe in mouth, with the tankard of "fyne of pocras," "Claret wyne," or "Sobyll bere," in front of them, their proportions varying considerably, from colossal here to pigmy there. Bowers of all shapes and sizes, constructed of leaves and flowers, and screening commodious benches, lined the wayside. Through this diversely coloured avenue the mayor in procession passed in triumph to the cathedral, the crowd which gathered around his carriage being cleared by a set of men known as the Whifflers, clad in a quaint dress, and bearing blunted swords, with which in stern silence and with fierce countenance, they made desperate cuts at the populace. The Whifflers were followed by the dragon, with which St. George, the patron of the principal Guild, clad in complete and glittering armour, well mounted and attended by his henchmen, contended at the order of the mayor. After much turmoil, amid the braying of trumpets and the shouts of the populace, the monster dragon was vanquished and led captive by

the Lady Margaret, who, mounted on a palfrey richly caparisoned and led by a henchman, was welcomed from the windows and balconies by the waving of kerchiefs, by the fluttering of flags, by the ringing of the church bells, by the firing of cannon, and by the music of the city waits and other minstrels.[1] After the service of the cathedral had terminated, the corporation listened to a long Latin oration, pronounced by one of the scholars of the Free School. This oration was followed by a luncheon at the Guildhall in the market place, and the day closed amid feasting and merry-making.

Within a day's march of Norwich lay the ancient borough and sea-port of Yarmouth, then, as now, the capital town of the English fisheries, situated on a sandy isthmus, formed by the river Yare, which, instead of pursuing its course directly to the sea, took its way parallel to the coast, in a channel formed in a huge bank, thrown up and abandoned by the powerful and devastating waters of the ocean. In that age the town of Yarmouth was enclosed by the quay, and was shut in by walls and towers, vestiges of which are yet abundant. Lower down the river bank might have been seen houses of considerable dimensions, fit residences for dignified and wealthy burghers. During the Great Rebellion the borough was one of the chief strongholds of the Roundhead party, and well authenticated tradition

[1] Ewing's *Notices of Pageantry of the Corporation of Norwich*, 1850.

long asserted that in one of those houses a conference was held of the principal military officers and Parliamentary leaders, whose deliberations resulted in a firm determination that King Charles I. should expiate his perfidy and faithlessness to the nation by an ignominious death upon the scaffold. Here and there, among the streets, rose the lofty sails of the old windmills that Robinson Crusoe tells us he saw, and which were in existence even in the days of the Plantagenets, when the bold mariners of the Cinque Ports ran their galleys on the beach, and dried their fishing-nets on the sands.[1] But the chief attraction at one season of the year was the great free fish fair that was held annually, on the feast of St. Michael, on Yarmouth sands, when a motley crowd of Frenchmen, Flemings and Hollanders, with their quaint antiquated crafts, assembled together, when the bold sailors of the southern coast, gathered from the North Foreland to Beachy Head, encamped upon the sands in rude tents and temporary booths, and when a throng of merchants from all parts of England plied a busy traffic. Among them all moved the dignified bailiffs with their standard bearers, their brazen horns, and their sergeants with white rods enforcing discipline and order, or coming to high words and desperate blows with the rival representatives of the neighbouring town. In

[1] Fuller's *History of the Worthies of England*, p. 246; Palmer's *Perlustration of Yarmouth*.

these days, the herring fishery, like most other English industries, has developed, despite many hindrances and much injudicious interference from official bodies, into a state of practical efficiency. In the second half of the seventeenth century, the fisheries of Yarmouth, though boasting of hoary antiquity, were in a condition the reverse of efficient. Nevertheless they furnished an enormous export of cured herrings to the ports on the distant shores of Holland, the Mediterranean, and the Baltic, in addition to supplying all the towns and villages with a very cheap article of food.

For many miles round Norwich, the inhabitants of every town and village were engaged almost entirely in the spinning of yarn for what was known as the stuff weaving trade, which had been pursued in the vicinity for a period of more than 400 years. It mattered little in which direction the traveller bent his course through Norfolk, whether to the right hand or to the left, whether to the north or to the south, to the east or to the west, he met "the ordinary people knitting, four or five in company, under the hedges," and found the country "full of spinners and knitters."[1] In strange contrast to the inconceivable listlessness and laziness of the peasantry in some other English counties in that age, stood the business activity both as regarded manufactures and sea-faring occupations of the people of Norfolk.

[1] Celia Fienne's *Diary*, p. 122.

In point of fertility and productiveness the county of Cambridge took very high rank. Of that vast expanse of fen land which was known under the designation of the Bedford Level, fully half, comprising nearly the whole of the middle and a considerable portion of the south-west, lay in that county. During the last century and a half or more much of this extensive tract has, by the expenditure of infinite labour in the cutting of drains and in the raising of banks, been transformed either into rich meadows fit for the fattening of cattle, or into arable land upon which has been grown some of the finest oats in the kingdom. But in the time of Charles II. and William III. half that tract was a desert, which was subject to frequent inundations. Every farmer in the neighbourhood frequently lost all the fruit of the year's labour. This in time produced a most discouraging effect, and at last they became so benumbed by poverty and adverse circumstances, that the most skilled and able instructors in husbandry would have failed utterly in their efforts to make anything of them. The bogs were left unreclaimed. The swamps were left undrained. Lands easily capable of cultivation were allowed to remain unenclosed. As there were hardly any residents possessed of much enterprise, or even of much wealth, many a long year elapsed before any remedy for so deplorable a state of affairs was found. Ely and the surrounding neighbourhood presented the appearance of an extensive tract of fen and marshy land. "Its

mostly lanes and low moorish ground," wrote Mrs. Fiennes, "on each side defended by the ffendiks, which are deep ditches with draines. The ffens are full of water and mudd; these also encompass their grounds, each man's part ten or a dozen acres apiece or more, so these dieks are the fences. On each side they plant willows, so there is two rows of trees runns round the ground which looks very finely to see a flatt of many miles, but it must be ill to live there."

Retrograde as was the county of Cambridge when regarded from an agricultural point of view, there was one respect in which it was able to rear its head with lofty complacency. Within its confines stood a seat of learning of which any nation might be justly proud. In sixteen colleges or societies, each linked to the past by indissoluble ties, the study both of the exact sciences and of classical antiquity was pursued with an ardour and a zeal as great as it was wide. There it was that within studious cloisters and ancient halls, the succession of well-known divines, sometimes called Latitudinarians and sometimes Cambridge Platonists, with quietness and confidence, were sowing those seeds which were to result in the carrying forward to its sterner issues the religious and civil struggles into which England had been thrown during the preceding age. Regularly as the autumn came round two most noteworthy exhibitions were to be found in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge. One of these was the Newmarket races,

and the other was Sturbridge fair. To a sort of summer palace at Newmarket Charles, accompanied by a crowd of dissipated courtiers, and the more decorous James II. and William the Silent, with their more sober followers, never omitted to turn their steps.[1] Under the sway of these three monarchs the character of the races remained essentially the same. The thunders of denunciation, the torrents of invective, the floods of eloquent declamation, which had been directed by the Puritans against these races, had had power neither to stay nor to check them. On a spacious heath, several miles in length, the finest racecourse in the kingdom, a scene of folly and vice, of reckless gambling and of insane profanity, was yearly enacted. Thither came the highest nobility and the gentry of the kingdom to rub shoulders with cutpurses and pickpockets, with sharpers and bullies, with jockeys and trainers—"so eager, so busy, upon their wagers and bets, that they seemed just like so many horse coursers in Smithfield; descending from their high dignity and equality to picking one another's pockets." The inns were proverbial for their accommodation. The innkeepers were proverbial for their extortion during the period over which the races extended.[2] Newmarket was even then laying the foundation of that connection with the fortunes of the British turf for which it has so long been famed.

[1] *Magna Britannia*, i. p. 254.

[2] *Saville Corr.* ed. Camden Soc. p. 271.

The Grand Duke Cosmo, while staying in England in 1669, was invited by Charles to attend the horse racing at Newmarket, "an amusement taken by the court several times in the year, great numbers of ladies and gentlemen crowding thither from London and from their country-houses in the neighbourhood."[1] Count Megalotti, in his narrative of the travels of Cosmo III., furnishes a very minute account of the horse racing. Sir John Revesby, writing in his "Diary," under the date of March 22nd, 1684, says that "the diversions the king followed at Newmarket were these:—Walking in the morning till ten o'clock; then he went to the cock-pit till dinner-time; about three he went to the horse races; at six to the cock-pit for an hour; then to the play, though the comedians were very indifferent; so to supper next to the Duchess of Portsmouth's till bed-time; and then to his own apartment to bed."[2] The mode of life of the ordinary visitors to Newmarket in that age was tame and prosaic to the last degree, judging from a description of it given by a blackleg named Prig, a character in Shadwell's comedy of the "True Widow." "Newmarket's a rare place," says he, "there a man's never idle: we make visits to horses, and talk with grooms, riders, and cock-keepers, and saunter in the heath all the forenoon; then we dine, and never talk a word but of dogs, cocks, and horses; then we

[1] *Travels*, p. 201.

[2] *Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 300.

saunter into the heath again; then to a cock match; then to a play in a barn; then to supper; and never speak a word but of dogs, cocks, and horses again; then to the door porter's, where you may play all night. Oh, 'tis a heavenly life! we are never idle." Our native horses were highly esteemed. Chamberlayne, in his "State of England," in 1684, boasted of the superiority of English horses, saying, "for war, for coach, for highway, for hunting, there are nowhere such plenty of horses."[1]

Great as was the celebrity of Newmarket for its horse races, even greater still was the celebrity of the little hamlet of Sturbridge, distant about a mile and a half from the town of Cambridge, by reason of its annual fair, at that time unequalled in England, if not in Europe. That fair, even in the time of Charles II., boasted a very respectable antiquity, although its origin had been wrapped in an impenetrable obscurity. Opened on the 28th day of September, it continued for fourteen days afterwards, under the jurisdiction of the University, and was attended by traders and dealers of every description from all parts of England.[2] Thither the clothiers of Kendal, of Lancashire, of Yorkshire, and of the western counties trudged with their goods to drive bargains, and thither, too, repaired shoals of lazy and dissipated people, in order to avail themselves to the

[1] *Present State*, p. 8.

[2] *Magna Britannia*, i. p. 252.

full of the incentives to vice which were there to be found. Thence it was that the entire country beyond the River Trent was supplied with hops, which were grown chiefly in the counties of Kent and Surrey, besides the comparatively small crops yielded by the Midland counties. That a commodity of no mean bulk should have been conveyed from two distant counties to an obscure inland common, and transported thither to districts even more remote, affords indubitable evidence of the indomitable energy which Englishmen displayed in that age, an energy which triumphed over every obstacle, over bad roads and defective water carriage.

On the East Anglian seaboard were situated two ports, both of which were in a very flourishing condition. Ipswich was one of these, Harwich was the other. Ipswich was in a very flourishing condition by reason of its colliery trade and its cloth trade. Harwich was in a still more flourishing condition by reason of the influx of strangers, who entered and quitted the country at its gates in their passage to and from Holland, and from the northern parts of Europe; by the convenience afforded by its spacious harbour; by its thriving fisheries; by the extensive public works that were carried on by the Government, and by the large garrisons that were maintained both there and at Languard Fort on the Suffolk shore. For many a long year after the Restoration Harwich continued to be one of the busiest of ports. Twice in each week coaches

ran between the port and the capital for the purpose of conveying London passengers to and from this celebrated place of landing and of embarkation. No town of any importance occupied a site on the Essex shore of the River Thames. Nor was the case very different on the south-eastern shore. Woolwich had "a dockyard of the king's, with magazines and stores for the convenience of his navy." Gravesend was "a major towne, pretty large, but yielded no other trade than what the merchant ships continually lying there afforded it, and there was a castle and block house on either side of the river where all merchant men were stopt and searcht, paying some duties to the castle." Sheerness, on the Island of Sheppey, had not yet been fortified. The banks of the Medway were not lined with artillery, and thus the danger which menaced the greatest naval arsenal of England, Chatham, was very great. Rochester was busily engaged in shipbuilding, for which two large dockyards had been constructed. The archiepiscopal city of Canterbury was a very flourishing one, containing a large number of French people who found "good trading in the weaving of silks," and several paper-mills "which despatched paper at a quick rate." Reculvers was a small town, containing a church, having "two spires in front, a great landmarke for sailing over the flats."[1] Margate was a small port, deserted by all until

[1] *Journal* of Thomas Browne, *Works* of Sir T. Browne, ed. Wilkins, 1836, i. p. 136.

after the Revolution, when King William III. caused it to emerge from its obscurity by reason of his frequent landings, and besides possessing "a peere where small vessels may come in at half tide, and ly dry," was "remarkable for the North Down Ale brewed there." Ramsgate and Broadstairs were two other obscure ports, the former boasting only of the honour of having been the spot first trodden by Julius Cæsar and the conquering armies of Gaul. The inhabitants of these little villages long continued to answer to the description of William Camden, who wrote early in the seventeenth century, "amphibious creatures, who get their living both by sea and land. . . . The selfsame hand that holds the plough steers the ship."[1] Deal was a good thriving place, inhabited by ships' masters and seamen, and "alltogether sustained by the concours of shi ps dayly arriving there," and by those who manufactured cordage, sail cloth, and other requisites for shipping. The port and parliamentary borough of Sandwich contained a few guns, but it was "a sad old town, all timber building," entered by a gate, and so run to decay that, except one or two good houses, it was a ruin. In earlier days Sandwich had ranked among those ports denominated the Cinque Ports, but in the second half of the seventeenth century its harbour was completely choked with sand. The reputation of Dover as a port was still as great as that of earlier days, when the

[1] *Britannia*, p. 51.

renowned King Arthur, if legend may be credited, held his court there. Deriving its importance from its proximity to the Continent, the improvement, and the preservation of its harbour, were in that age considered of the utmost importance, not only to the prosperity of the town itself, but for the kingdom in general, and accordingly upon it much time, expense, and talent were bestowed. The octagonal watch-tower of the castle, remarkable as being the most ancient specimen of Roman architecture which Britain could show, still formed a conspicuous object for miles round, and still served as a landmark to guide the mariner to the shores of England. Not the least of the regal memories that clustered around Dover was that of the 27th of May, 1660, when Charles II. landed on its strand to take possession of the throne of his ancestors. Folkestone presented the appearance, not of a thriving watering-place, but of a miserable fishing village, containing about a thousand inhabitants. Rye, one of the Cinque Ports, had once possessed a good haven for ships. In the time of Charles II. that good haven was choked up with sand, which the inhabitants, who were mostly fishermen, were too lazy to remove. Winchelsea, another of the Cinque Ports, had once been a place of considerable importance, and had possessed one of the finest harbours on the southern coast, but in the Caroline age it was fast hastening to a decay, which more than one contemporary visitor declared would need

only the lapse of a few years effectually to be accomplished. This ruinous condition was distinctly traceable to the inexorable ravages that the wild and wasteful ocean had effected on the coast line. The sea having receded, had left all the Cinque Ports desolate and forlorn, mere shadows of the greatness which had once been theirs.

Tunbridge Wells.—In scanning thus hastily the state of the county of Kent, we must be careful not to lose sight of Tunbridge Wells, the great mineral spa of the south-east of England. To-day the locality may not unfittingly be termed a town of villas, consisting of four extensive districts, Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Mount Sion, and the Wells. In the second half of the seventeenth century this favourite watering-place was an inconsiderable village, where the villa was as yet unseen, and where the scream of the engine whistle was as yet unheard. There it was that the leaders of the mode, the gay and handsome of both sexes, the gallant courtiers, the rich London merchants and their families, the great ecclesiastical dignitaries, and an immense number of gentry, and Continental visitors, were accustomed, when tired of the great Babel of London, annually to repair during the summer months, in order to drink deep draughts of the chalybeate wells in which the locality abounded. There it was that all the fashions, all the vices, all the conveniences, all the evils of London life succeeded effectually, sooner or later, in finding their way.

The life of Tunbridge Wells in the season was the exact counterpart of the fashionable life of the capital. To lounge in the market, and to chaffer with the higlers; to raffle in the toy-shops for silver, china, and wooden ware; to gamble in the lotteries at the coffee-houses or at the hazard boards in the tavern; to attend the bowling-greens on Mount Sion, or to hear sermons on Mount Ephraim; to pass the morning hours on the Pantiles and the evening hours at the dancing saloon; such was the daily round of occupation of the visitors to Tunbridge Wells.[1] Correspondence was transmitted to and from the capital every day except Saturday, the recipients of letters being required to pay one penny extra for the convenience of having them brought to the Wells from the post town of Tunbridge, four miles distant. Nor was "the conveniency of coaches every day from London for 8*s*. apiece during the whole season, and carriers twice a weeke," accounted the least among the many privileges which visitors to Tunbridge in that age were permitted to enjoy. The company were accommodated with lodgings in little, clean, convenient habitations, which lay straggling and separated from each other, half a mile round the Wells, where the company met in the morning. A prominent feature of the resort was a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which the visitors walked while they were drinking the waters.

[1] Celia Fienne's *Diary*, pp. 109–111.

On one side of this walk ran a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, and stockings. On the other side of the walk was the market, where young country girls, attired in white aprons, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sold game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. Deep play and intriguing formed the staple of amusement. When night drew nigh the visitors assembled on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, they danced all kinds of dances on the turf. "Everything there," wrote the Chevalier de Grammont from personal knowledge, "breathes mirth and pleasure: constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place." [1]

The maritime county of Sussex, like that of Kent, was noticeable in the seventeenth century for the destruction and removal of extensive tracts of land on its coast by inroads of the sea. Then, as now, the ocean was silently, but incessantly, carrying on the work of destruction, with but few exceptions, along the whole line of the coast. Hastings, half a century before the accession of Charles II., had possessed, as one of the towns enjoying the rights and privileges granted to those ancient communities known as the Cinque Ports, an excellent harbour, but the pier having been ruined

[1] *Memoires de Chevalier Grammont*, part ii.

by a storm in the reign of Elizabeth had never been restored. Within the recollection of many persons still living, Hastings, by reason of the salubrity of its air, and the smoothness of its beach, has become a fashionable marine residence. In the time of Charles II. Hastings was inhabited by a few hundreds of fishermen. Brighthelmstone, or, as it is now generally designated, Brighton, was a mere fishing village, which having been often plundered by bands of French marauders, was fortified with walls and batteries. On the coast thereabout the sea had made considerable inroads, and much disintegration of the cliff continued throughout the second half of the seventeenth century, notably in 1665. Indeed so many houses were swept away that the inhabitants were granted a brief in order that they might raise subscriptions throughout England for the construction of embankments, which as fast as they were made were swept into the ocean.

Hampshire was, in the age of Charles II., the most profusely wooded county of England. The great tract known as the New Forest was still but thinly populated, and a perambulation of it so late as the twenty-second year of King Charles's reign resulted in the discovery that it comprised upwards of 92,000 acres. Portsmouth, which had become the principal naval arsenal in England, still maintained that position, and was steadily increasing in the strength, the facilities, and the consequence which befitted its position. During the Civil War

the townspeople had decided for the Parliament, and had provided a garrison of Roundhead troops, but it was not until the close of the civil struggle that the dock-yard establishment began to present the means of greater service to the navy. After the cessation of common hostilities the attention of the Government was increasingly directed towards an extension of these means, and accordingly with that object the construction of storehouses and docks was begun. "Portsmouth is a very good town," wrote a traveller in that age, "well built with stone and brick; its not a large town, there are walls and gates about it, and at least eight bridges and gates without one another with ditches which secures it very strongly to landward, to the sea the fortifications are not so strong; there is a platform with guns and pallissadoes. There is a good dock for building ships, but about a mile off at Kedbridge are the best ships built."[1] After Portsmouth the next port of importance on the Hampshire seaboard was that of Southampton, the strength of which in the Caroline age was failing by reason of the dismantled condition of its castle, the neglect of its fortifications, and the removal of its guns, although, by most people, it was considered "the best scittuated port for shipps to ride and take their provision in and so capable of tradeing." Moreover, we are told that the Southampton of the second half of

[1] Fienne's *Diary*, p. 42.

the seventeenth century was "a very neate cleane town, and the streets well pitch'd and kept so, by their carrying all their carriages on sleds as they do in Holland, and permit no cart to go about in the town and keep it clean swept." Proceeding still further along the southern coast the voyager passed the island or peninsula of Portland, off the coast of Dorsetshire, where the celebrated stone quarries employed numbers of hands in the quarrying and exportation of stone, and the island of Purbeck, whence vast quantities of limestone were exported to different parts of the country.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING in the three preceding chapters attempted to examine the state of England during the first half of the seventeenth century, let us turn for a time from the beaten track of statistics, and from the consideration of bills of mortality and population returns, in order to explore a region less known, but far more interesting, and far more worthy of illustration. This chapter, and the one by which it is succeeded, will be devoted to a sketch, necessarily slight and imperfect, of the actual state of provincial society in England, from the Restoration to the Revolution, and the development of modern manners. Before the reader will be laid a large number of scattered facts illustrating from various points of view the habits, manners, customs, conditions and opinions of the different classes of the people by whom rural England in that age was inhabited.

In the year 1688, Gregory King, the Lancaster Herald, calculated a "Scheme of the Income and Expense of the several families in England;" a scheme in which he supplied the number of families in each degree as well as the number of persons. To place

entire reliance upon that document would be absurd, yet great dependence can be placed upon it, seeing that its conclusions were practically endorsed by some of the most eminent contemporary political arithmeticians. The census of 1851 comprised a minute return of the infinitely varied occupations of the people, and that which was taken ten years previously exhibited a general classification which is more available for some points of comparison with the "Scheme" propounded by Gregory King, 160 years previously. By this comparison the changes that had been wrought in the component parts of English Society, in the lapse of a century and a half, are demonstrated in a most striking degree. An examination of this scheme shows, in the first place, that England in the second half of the seventeenth century, contained 160 lords temporal, 800 baronets, 600 knights, 3000 esquires, and 12,000 gentlemen who were in possession of independent means. The income of an esquire was fixed at 450*l.* per annum, and that of a gentleman was fixed at 280*l.* To 40,000 "freeholders of the better sort," whose incomes were fixed at 91*l.* each, must be added 120,000 freeholders of the lesser sort, each possessing an income of about 55*l.* per annum, and constituting the class known as yeomen, many of whom farmed their own land. At the census of 1841 upwards of 500,000 persons were returned as independent; but fully three-fourths of these were

women, and the returns of the population ten years later, which are far more minute, demonstrate plainly that a considerable number of persons were then in receipt of annuities, and that most of them were also women. This class had been created by the facilities which had been afforded to the nation for investing in the Government funds and other stock. But such facilities, it is scarcely necessary to add, were hardly in existence in the times of Charles II. and of William III. According to King's scheme, no fewer than 10,000 persons were employed in the civil service of the realm, one half being engaged in the higher departments, and the other half being engaged in the lower. In that age corruption pervaded every department and every branch of each department of the civil service. In the legislative assembly a great variety of subordinate placemen and minor officers of the government were then allowed to sit. Boroughs were exchanged for various equivalents; some for money, others for preferment, others for titles. Seats in the House of Commons were sold like so many stalls in a cattle market, and thus the number of placemen was exceedingly numerous, and places were considered to be the very best investment that such as desired to enjoy sinecures could possibly make.

In the reign of King William III., it was estimated that England contained as many as 2000 eminent merchants and traders by sea, each possessing an

income of 4000*l.*, and that she contained as many as 8000 lesser merchants, each of whom possessed an income of 200*l.* There were, it was believed, 50,000 shopkeepers and tradesmen each in possession of an income amounting to 45*l.*, and 60,000 artisans and handicraftsmen who each earned 38*l.* per annum. In 1841 the number of adult males, who were engaged in commerce, trade, and manufacture, was in excess of 2,000,000, while the number of miners and other labourers exceeded half a million.

England in 1686 contained 150,000 farmers, who each possessed an income of 42*l.* 10*s.* In 1841 the farmers and graziers of England numbered 309,000. According to the estimates of Gregory King, there were 364,000 labouring people and out-servants, besides 400,000 cottagers and paupers. The number of agricultural labourers and gardeners in 1841 amounted to about 1,200,000.

At that period the navy contained 5000 naval officers, and 5000 common seamen. In 1841 the navy of the Queen's and merchants' service was returned as comprising 220,000 men and boys. It was computed that the English army in 1688 contained 4000 officers and 35,000 common soldiers. One hundred and thirty-one thousand officers and men comprised the British army in 1841.

We come now to the clerical order. That order in 1688 consisted of 2000 clerks in holy orders, who were

styled "eminent clergymen," each of whom possessed an income of 72*l.* per annum; and of 8000 clerks in holy orders, whose income in each case amounted to 50*l.* According to the census of 1851, the Anglican clergy numbered 18,587, the Protestant Nonconformist ministers 8521, and the Roman Catholic priests 1093. In 1688, 15,000 "persons in liberal arts and sciences," each possessing an income of 60*l.*, were to be found in England. The legal profession in 1841 comprised 17,454 persons, and the medical profession 22,187 persons. Besides these, there were, it was computed, as many as 143,000 persons of education, who were engaged in pursuits of a miscellaneous character, and of these fully 34,618 were women.

The study of statistics, except to statisticians, is a dry and repulsive task, and some apology is therefore due to the reader for the foregoing summary of Gregory King's "Scheme," which, if it serve no other purpose, will have served at least this, roughly to demonstrate the numerical strength of the population of England between the Restoration and the Revolution. So far as it is possible to pronounce from a perusal of the data afforded by Gregory King, the rural population of England in the time of King William III. was considerably more than 3,500,000.

When entering upon a consideration of the proportions of the various degrees of English society, as are presented by the approximating scheme of King pub-

lished in 1688, and the more accurate census of 1851, it should never be forgotten that in the second half of the seventeenth century, it was by no easy stages that the people were able to go from one employment to another, and that the pathway to worldly advancement was the reverse of a smooth one. The husbandmen, the ploughmen, the operative, in fact all who were engaged in any mechanical operation, in that age seldom by any chance rose above it. Where they were born, there they lived, and there they were buried. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, an attempt was made by the Commons to bring about some relaxation of the laws of settlement, in the full knowledge and avowal of the fact that such restraints created paupers, by preventing the people from seeking and from obtaining employment where the need of it existed, and by insisting upon their starving on the parochial pittance in places where it was an utter impossibility for capital to support labour.[1] It is hardly necessary to add that the clumsy machinery for rectifying the evil could not be put into force, and that the state of servitude prevailed to as great an extent as ever, long after the seventeenth century had passed away. Nor were the obstacles that stood in the way of the artisan or the shopkeeper for elevating himself from a low position to a higher one, less formidable. The rigid way in which the State enforced the laws which related

[1] 8 and 9 Guil. iii. c. 3.

to apprenticeship, practically tied men down for life to the particular branch of industry to which they had served an apprenticeship of seven dreary years' duration. Moreover, the numerous city guilds, the companies, and the freedoms generated a practical monopoly, to remove which was one of the hardest tasks imaginable. It is undeniable that men of considerable talents succeeded in elevating themselves to high positions, despite their mean birth and defective education, but they were necessarily few and exceptional. The rise of the plebeians was always viewed with an unfavourable eye by those who were born in the purple. Traces of this feeling are apparent to the casual reader of the literature which made its appearance in England in the interval which separates the Restoration from the Revolution. One of the greatest political superstitions of that age, was that which asserted that the wealth of the body politic was derived from the great riches of the titled gentry, and that the unsparing liberality with which they circulated their money, was the principal reason why "cooks, vintners, innkeepers, and such mean fellows, enrich themselves; and that not only these, but tailors, dancing masters, and such trifling fellows, arrive to that riches and pride as to ride in their coaches, keep their summer houses, to be served in plate, be an insolence unsupportable in other well governed nations."[1]

[1] Chamberlayne's *Present State of England*, 1687, p. 43.

The titled gentry, whose expenditure was profuse, were informed by many through the media of pamphlets and dissertations, that the course which they were pursuing was beyond all question the right one, and productive of the most favourable effects. The consequence was, that out of charity to those by whom luxuries were supplied, hundreds of country gentlemen joined the ranks of the town rakes, permitted all their estates to fall a prey to ruin, and all their poor dependents acutely to feel the disastrous consequences of their profligacy. It was the entire reliance which so many of the commonalty allowed themselves to place upon the landed proprietors, which bound them in chains far more galling than those which had been imposed under the feudal system centuries before. While a capricious patronage was extended to them, they were powerless to demand abiding protection.

A further analysis of the scheme of Gregory King will enable us to arrive at some view, though in a very considerable measure unsatisfactory, of the component parts and conditions of the rural population of England between the Restoration and the Revolution. It has been assumed that the incomes of the aristocracy, independent of the incomes of those who occupied what was styled "greater offices and places," were derived from their landed estates. That aggregate income amounted to something less than 6,000,000*l.*

sterling, and was appropriated to 16,600 families, who in all numbered about 154,000 persons, or from nine to ten in each family. This was an excess of five in each family above the usual rate of families, and it will show that 83,000 servants and retainers were maintained in those great households. In addition there were 40,000 "freeholders of the better sort," each of whom possessed an income amounting in the aggregate to more than 3,500,000*l.* Each of these freeholders, it is further assumed, had two in his family beyond the average that gave another 80,000 dependents. The aggregate income of 120,000 "freeholders of the lesser sort" was about 6,500,000*l.*, and these maintained 60,000 in their households beyond the usual proportion. Thus there were 220,000 persons directly maintained by the expenditure of the classes whose income was derived from independent services, in other words, of the classes that did not depend upon industrial operations for their means of support, or only in part. Those households subsisting upon a total revenue of 16,500,000*l.* comprised about 1,100,000 persons, and one-fifth of the entire population. The income which was derived from the land was very nearly equal to the total income of the other accumulating classes, that is to say, of the clergy, of the lawyers, of the physicians, of the naval and military officers, the civil officers, the merchants, the men of science and letters, the traders, the artizans, and the farmers. These

possessed an aggregate revenue from their industry of 18,000,000*l.*, and maintained about 1,600,000 persons. The independent classes, and the dependents, and the other accumulating classes, comprised one half of the population, each person deriving 12*l.* for his annual support. The remaining population, which amounted to almost 3,000,000, possessed an income of 9,000,000*l.*, or 3*l.* for the annual support of each person.

From the Restoration until the close of the seventeenth century, the enclosed land of England was estimated at only one-half the area of the entire kingdom. It is probable that since that period passed away there have been enclosed ten thousand square miles of land, which then consisted of heath, of morass, or of forest, and it was from that vast tract of land, which was capable of yielding something to spade cultivation, that the squatters who are mentioned by Gregory King succeeded in gaining their scanty livelihood.

The agricultural labourers were poor, desponding, gaunt, and haggard. They were badly fed and wretchedly clothed, and lived in what were called cottages, but what were in reality despicable huts, with their cattle. Their wages varied in various localities from four shillings to seven shillings a week, without food, and the average in all probability was five shillings. How to live on such a sum as that was a problem by no means easy to solve. The unmeasurable distance which separates the prices of almost all com-

modities in that age, from the prices of almost all commodities in the present age, will at once be obvious. Wheaten bread was never eaten by the agricultural population, nor was rye bread always to be obtained. Every description of clothing was dear. Great difficulty was experienced by women in obtaining linen for themselves and for their children. Neither tea nor sugar was in use among the lower classes. Indeed, the mode of living was, as Robinson Crusoe would have said, "most brutish and insufferable," one to which a parallel is found only among savage nations. Butcher's meat was seldom tasted. Salt for the curing of meat was not easily to be obtained, and when it was was always of a most unwholesome kind. The peasant's home is, in these days, at least habitable, in that age it was almost uninhabitable. One chimney, one unglazed window, a roof thatched with straw, and four bare walls, afforded shelter from the summer's heat and the winter's cold, but that was all. Of comforts there were none. The cottage had no flooring, save that which was furnished by nature. A composition of lime and sand was beheld by the neighbours of him who enjoyed such a refinement as a luxury to be envied. The mud walls were rarely covered with any coat of plastering; there was no ceiling under the straw roof, and when the hovel contained any other chamber it was accessible only by means of a ladder, or by a post indented with notches for the reception of the feet in climbing up to

it. The doors and windows never closed sufficiently to exclude the rain or the snow, and in rainy weather puddles were scattered over the inequalities in the mud floor. Nor were the furniture and domestic utensils comparable in any respect with those which the households of the humblest cottagers are now found to contain. The paucity and clumsiness which were apparent in that age present a striking contrast to the comparative abundance and convenience which are now exhibited. In place of feather and flock beds, of blankets, of sheets, and of quilts, straw beds and single rugs for covering were the rule. Benches and foot stools occupied the place of chairs and tables. Wooden trenchers and iron pots occupied the place of earthenware plates and dishes, gridiron, frying pan and saucepans.

So long as the primeval curse shall remain on the soil, the forerunner of enjoyment will be labour. By the sweat of the brow of those who subsist on its produce, the earth must be tilled, and its kindly fruits preserved to the use of man. In the most polished, as well as in the most rude, states of society, there ever have been, there ever will be, some upon whom the tasks of hewing of wood and drawing of water must devolve, upon whom such offices as demand the exertion of muscular strength, more than the exercise of mere talent or genius, will be imposed. Yet it is undeniable that knowledge and talent will always have a constant and necessary tendency to draw from the lowest classes

of labourers some of their numbers, and to elevate them to positions far superior in point of comfort and ease to those which are enjoyed by their fellow-men. As these persons progress in property and increase in enjoyments, others in turn occupy their station, and become elevated in some slight degree above those who formerly were their equals. This process continuing step by step, each rank gradually advances a little, and each continually draws recruits from those who stand slightly below it. Considerations of this kind in the present day are accepted by all, and denied by none, save idiots and fanatics. But in the seventeenth century it was impossible for the English peasant to elevate himself above his position by education. Nor could he hope to make his humble station in life more endurable by any participation in the scanty stock of learning that was then diffused through the land. Equally pitiable was the condition of his sons and daughters, if he had any. Conceived and born in ignorance and squalor, in ignorance and squalor they remained until their lives' end. Education was simply a monopoly of the wealthy. Here and there charity schools existed, but such institutions were not for the sons of the poor. Children suffered from the ague, and died from the ravages of small pox, in the absence of capable medical assistance. The parochial doctor, whose aid might be invoked, when hope's last spark had fled, was at best a quack whose skill and knowledge would have

moved the contempt of Thomas Sydenham, and whose conceptions of the human frame would have called forth the derision of William Harvey. The ignorance and superstition of the peasantry were appalling, in comparison with the present age. Over life and over death, over days and over seasons, portents, auguries, and charms, witches and sprites, ghosts and goblins, according to the popular view, exercised a boundless influence. The most remarkable beliefs then dwelt in the popular mind respecting supernatural influences born of heaven or hell, to which all flesh was more or less exposed. The old men dreamed dreams, and the young men saw visions. There was a strong tendency on the part of all classes of society to acknowledge magical agency, and to look up to and to find support in it. Full confession was made on all hands of belief in the invisible presence of evil spirits which were to be feared, and against which the natural and the supernatural were to be marked for succour, help and comfort by all that were in danger, necessity and tribulation. Combined with this superstitious reverence was an intense love of many sports that are now regarded, not unjustly, as essentially cruel and barbarous. Wrestling, cudgelling, cock-fighting and bull-baiting were the chief of these sports, which, it is almost needless to add, were considered the natural recreations of all who professed and called themselves Englishmen.

He who should suppose that the farmers and the

small freeholders of England, from the Restoration to the Revolution, stood on a higher elevation than the class which we have just been considering, would fall into a very grave error. Those classes of society were undoubtedly in a more favourable position for obtaining what are regarded as the necessaries and the comforts of human existence, but their social position was almost on a par with those who were their dependents, and who received from them a scanty wage. From any very extensive communication with the world they were excluded. From markets and from fairs they seldom absented themselves, but the prices at which grain and cattle were to be bought or sold were the sole themes that engrossed their attention, from the time they came in till the time they went out. The only guide of their actions in any transaction whatsoever was the local rate. In these days the farmers as a class are men of cultivation, of refinement, of enlightenment. They are readers and students. The published journals of the Highland, the Bath and West of England, and the English Societies, advise them at regular intervals of all the new lights which have been cast both by observation and by experiment upon the present advanced system of husbandry. In many a farmhouse rows of shelves have been fitted up for the reception of the encyclopædias, the dictionaries, the rural hand books, the books of the farm, the muck manuals, the chemical catechisms, and the veterinary guides, which in count-

less numbers are annually poured forth from the press. Of all these, the English farmers of the second half of the seventeenth century knew absolutely nothing. There were no current prices, by means of which they could know how to sell or to retain, in accordance with the average prices of the country. Of a sudden rise in the price of food they were powerless to take any advantage whatever, owing to their limited command of manual labour, and to their complete lack of machinery, which would have been infinitely more effectual than manual labour. Even their bargains were hurriedly and improvidently made. All speculation in corn was forbidden by the laws which were enacted against forestalling. Legislation also interfered with the exercise of natural foresight against years of scarcity. Harvesting operations had scarcely concluded before the produce was placed in the market, for the purpose of securing without delay the funds necessary for accomplishing the work of another season. For a time the pinch of poverty and the pangs of hunger were not felt. Then came the end. Frightful scarcities of food followed one another in rapid succession, bringing countless other calamities in their train. For the reception of any improvements in the cultivation of the soil, those who might have benefited by them displayed no eagerness whatever. The same clumsy implements which their forefathers had employed ; the hack for breaking the clods of earth

after ploughing; the clotting beetle for breaking the clods after harrowing; the clotting beetle for wet clods; the weeding nippers, and the paring shovel for clearing the ground and destroying the weeds; accurate representations of which may be seen in Gervaise Markham's "Farewell to Husbandry"; these were the only implements of which all English farmers in the post-Restoration era could and would make use. Farm-house hospitality in that age was of a rough-and-ready character. All meals were taken in common in the great kitchen. The domestics ate and drank at the same board as their masters and mistresses. Stone floors, trenchers and drinking horns occupied the places of carpets, of china plates, and of glasses. A large settle, with a high back for protecting the family from the wind, which penetrated through numberless cracks and crevices, was the most valuable piece of furniture in the common apartment. The kitchen was adorned with pewter plates for the family, and with trenchers for the servants. Only horn or tin cups were used for drinking. So scanty were the supplies of spoons, knives, and forks, that in hundreds of farm-houses each guest was expected to bring his own knife, while a block of wood was placed by the side of the plate or trencher to serve as a substitute for a fork. At meal times the elder members of the family crowded round the table, and the children ranged themselves on the floor, while the cats, the dogs, and the fowls filled their bellies with the bones and the crumbs that fell at intervals from the

platters. Primitive as was their social condition, we should be wrong in concluding that the farmers were a low and degraded class. Far from it. They were a sturdy race of men, aglow with the independence which they had inherited from their fathers, inheriting many crude and erroneous ideas, and many deep-rooted prejudices, yet withal made of stern stuff, just such men as supported John Hampden when, with an eloquence to which the walls of the legislative assembly had long been strangers, he thundered against the imposition of ship money, just such men who conquered in the fights of Marston Moor or Naseby Field, just such men who, at a much later date, gave in their whole and undivided allegiance to the Brunswick dynasty, and whose hearts beat high when they were apprised that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte had triumphed over all his enemies, and beheld one-half of Europe lying at his feet.

Turning now to that respectable portion of the community in part occupying and in part letting their own estates, the country gentlemen, we shall find them in their style of living, and in all the comforts of refined life, the very opposite of their nineteenth century successors. The country gentlemen of that age in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred were senseless upstarts, and uncultivated boors. Heraldry knew nothing of their ancestors on either side. Although of the dignity of a squire and addressed as worshipful, they drank and swore. Sobriety and temperance they reckoned among the number of the seven deadly sins.

Their religion consisted in railing against all governments that were not planned on tyrannical principles. Nominally they were Anglican Churchmen, but their life in general was of a character so scandalous that they would hardly have been owned even by their nursing mother for Churchmen. Against the French, the Italians, the Scotch, the Irish, the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and indeed all Nonconformists, they manifested an unconquerable aversion. Much as they were given to hospitality, it was of no refined and delicate kind. Boiled beef and parsnips, bacon and beer constituted the chief viands that they placed before their guests. Hard drinking began the moment that the ladies retired, and continued until the evening hours drunk and disorderly. Oats, pigs, foxes, the stable, the kennel, and the tap-room absorbed all the energies of country gentlemen, and overlaid their minds with the coarse crust of their associations. If they had attended either of the two universities, any slight polish that their characters might have received from intercourse of letters or of fashion disappeared when they came into possession of their estates. Beyond foxes and dog kennels before dinner, and punch and October ale after dinner, they had no thoughts. Grooms and stable boys were not those who were likely to appreciate scraps of Virgil and Homer, of Cicero and Xenophon.

That all country gentlemen of that age were alike is contrary to fact. They were not all brutes, and it would

be a monstrous misrepresentation to say that they were. At that period Longleat, which was "a most magnificent country house," was the seat of a private country gentleman ; and Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the much-admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors, and it may reasonably be believed that the taste of this higher class of gentry proportionately influenced the whole class. The celebrated Count Lorenzo Megalotti, afterwards Secretary to the Academy del Cimento, and one of the most learned and eminent characters of the Court of Ferdinand II., accompanied Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, in his travels through England during the reign of Charles II. in 1669, and wrote a narrative of their journeys. From these excursions Cosmo gained very high notions of the residences and manners of the English gentry, to say nothing of the nobility, whose seats he visited. In Cornwall, in Devonshire, and in Dorsetshire the Grand Duke visited the seats of several prominent country gentlemen, and, instead of finding them to be places where every prospect pleased and only man was vile, he experienced nothing but the greatest courtesy and respect ; especially was this the case at Plymouth, Exeter, Axminster, and Salisbury. So far from seeing nothing but the "litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of bedchambers, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes growing close to the hall door," the writer

describes their pleasure gardens in just the same manner as he might at the present day, and even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument the rolling-stone, "by which the walks of sand, and smooth grass plots covered with the greenest turf," were kept in an order which evoked considerable surprise, even in one who was the possessor of one of the noblest villas in all Tuscany. Mrs. Fiennes again, who, in her peregrinations through England at a much later period than the Grand Duke Cosmo, has left most minute accounts of the interiors and exteriors of the houses she visited, of the handsome courts, the fine fruit gardens, the rich flower gardens, the shaven grass plots in which many of the English country gentlemen were wont to take their pleasures, and which it was their peculiar pride to dress and to adorn. As regards the interior of the seats of the country gentlemen, and their modes of living and domestic economy, it is undeniable that even the best were much less polished than those of our own day, although, perhaps, they were in certain respects far more stately and costly. It is also to be noted that they were considerably in advance of the gentry of any other nation in Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century. Chateaubriand, for example, in the "Memoirs" of his life, gives an account of the paternal castle of Combourg, where his youth was spent. That seat was the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, and is mentioned by the celebrated Madame de Sevigné as an important country

house, yet it will scarcely be credited that so late as the time of Louis XVI., or more precisely between 1770 and 1780, the household furniture and the mode of living of the inmates of that chateau were certainly of a kind far below those to which the English gentry were accustomed between the Restoration and the Revolution.[1] Fashion possesses nothing of stability. That which is considered in one age as the highest excellence often becomes in the succeeding age an object of contempt and derision. It is thus with dress, with furniture, with domestic embellishments, with manners, and with customs. The present generation rejoices in the possession of handsome rich gildings, and exquisitely cut glasses. Our seventeenth century ancestors were content with tapestry, with furniture of solid ebony and oak, adorned with those splendid carvings on the mantels and wainscots which, after being rejected and concealed from gaze, are now highly prized, and have become the chief ornaments in the corners of our halls and drawing-rooms.

A very fair estimate of the character of the English gentry of the second half of the seventeenth century is contained in a contemporary work, entitled "The History of the Royal Society," which was composed by Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, and first published in 1667. The right reverend author, in recommending

[1] See Chateaubriand's *Memoires d'Outre Tombe*, 1849, i. pp. 98 *et seq.*

to country gentlemen the cultivation of the arts of peace, affords a fair estimate of what the intellectual and social condition of many in that age must have been. "In truth," says he, "the usual course of life of the English gentleman is so well placed between the troublesome noise of pompous magnificence and the baseness of avaricious sordidness, that the true happiness of living according to the rules and pleasures of uncorrupt nature is more in their power than any others. To them, in this way of life, there can nothing offer itself which may not be turned to a philosophical use."[1] Again, in reference to the contrast which many of them presented to their forefathers, he makes the following observation :—"They are now bred up and live in a quite different fashion. The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved; they conversed with few but their own servants, and seldom travelled farther than their own lands. This way served well enough to keep up their state and their port, but not to help their understanding. For the formalities of life do often counterfeit wisdom, but never beget it. Whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education; now the vast distance between them and other orders of men is no more observed; now their conversation is large and general; now the world is become more active and industrious; now more of them have seen the use and

[1] Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, 4th ed. 1734, p. 405.

manners of men, and more apply themselves to traffic and business than ever."[1] The bishop then proceeds to assign some reasons for this beneficial change. "The alteration," he says, "has been caused in our memory either by so many families being advanced to the highest degrees of nobility for their excelling in arts, of the gown, or by their frequent intermarriages with citizens, or by the travels of the king and the royal family, or else by the Civil War itself, which is always wont to be the cruelest tyrant or the best reformer; either utterly to lay waste, or to civilize and beautify and ripen the arts of all countries. And still we have reason to expect that this change will proceed further for the better, if our gentlemen shall more condescend to engage in commerce, and to regard the philosophy of Nature."

Nothing has hitherto been said of the women of the age. But it would be most unjust to conclude that they were all mere animals, destitute of all grace and refinement. Macaulay, in a highly-coloured passage of his "History," has drawn a sketch of them, which, though perhaps true in the main of a very considerable number of them, could certainly have not been true of all. For example, on one page the writer observes, in reference to the country gentleman of the period:—"His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to cook

[1] Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, 4th ed. 1734, p. 407.

the repast, . . . were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marygolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty."[1] Further on the writer states, in reference to the literature which the lady of the manor and her daughters perused in their hours of leisure, that it consisted only of "the Prayer-book and the receipt-book." "Never was female education at so low an ebb." In former times, English women of education had bestowed some study upon the great masterpieces of classical antiquity, and at a much later period they possessed some acquaintance with the language and literature of France, of Italy, and of Germany. "But during the latter part of the seventeenth century the culture of the female mind seems to have been entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit."[2] It may well be believed that such was really the case in as many as three cases out of four; but there is a danger of losing sight of the very important fact that, during the second half of the seventeenth century, and, indeed, until far on into the reign of George III., the orthography of the

[1] *History of England*, ed. 1849, i. 321. [2] *Ibid.* i. 394.

English tongue remained practically in an unsettled condition. The orthography of some of the greatest national bards, notably Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, fluctuated considerably even in the printed editions of their works. The inspection of a copy of a great epic like "Paradise Lost," printed in London so late as 1668, reveals the existence of many words that are spelled, not merely in an unsettled fashion, but in a grotesque fashion. People of rank were unable correctly to spell the commonest words in the language, and those beneath them in social position did so in a fashion still worse. Those who will consult any of the published correspondence of the period will find that men who had received a liberal education, who had passed from a public school to one of the two great seats of learning, spelled abominably. Some of the worst specimens of educated people's orthography are to be found in a volume of letters which were edited by Sir Henry Ellis for the Camden Society. Among them are a number of letters which passed between two English bishops, men of undeniable talents and learning, and surprise would be greatly lessened, after reading them, at any orthographical delinquencies, negligences, and ignorances, on the part of English ladies in the age which followed the recall of Charles II. Rachael Wriothesley, Lady Russell, wrote letters that are simply admirable, yet they are to a certain extent disfigured, as her biographer observes, by "many grammatical errors, and often

defective orthography."[1] Nor is the published correspondence of Lady Fanshawe, of Mrs. Hutchinson, of Mrs. Godolphin, and of others of whose literary accomplishments we possess indubitable evidence, free from this reproach. The spouse of Lord Clarendon, who was a Miss Backhouse, and the daughter of a private gentleman, complains, in writing to one of her correspondents in 1685, in a very lively strain of "the many female pens at work manufacturing news in Dublin to be sent to London, and returned again with interest." "I begin to think," she wrote, "our forefathers very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever learned Latin if I had not forgotten it."[2] Here is a lady of rank, not only evincing that she was unacquainted with the Latin tongue, but bearing testimony to the fact that the ladies of a former age were utterly ignorant of the caligraphic art.

Summarily viewing the English gentry of the Caroline age, it may be said that their genealogies were at once their strength and their weakness. Their family pride was the means of keeping them from meannesses unworthy of gentlefolk; but it by no means follows that they were always instrumental in preserving them from excesses which resembled very closely those of the most ignorant churls. It happened only too often that

[1] Berry's *Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.

[2] *Clarendon Corr.* i. p. 305.

they imagined that their rank afforded them a sort of plenary indulgence to cast off altogether the common bonds of respectable society; yet notwithstanding we should run in great danger of misconception were we to conclude that during the thirty years of profligacy which preceded the Revolution, and which narrowly escaped resulting in the total annihilation of the old English character, there were none who walked in the midst of the fire unhurt, none who struggled manfully against the vortex of profligacy, into which the upper classes of society, almost with one consent, appeared to fling themselves. Great as was the contempt that was felt in the minds of many for the family ties, much as men despised the marriage vow, faith in those early days, "ere one to one was cursedly confined," as Dryden said in his poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," did not constitute an article of the belief of every English gentleman and gentlewoman. To the barbarous hospitality by which gentlemen were induced to "think it is one of the honours of their houses that none must go out of them sober"[1] there were some exceptions. Gilbert Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury, in that candid narrative of the events of which he had been an observant and a shrewd eye-witness, "The History of My Own Times," attributed the sensuality 'in which the uneducated fine gentlemen' of the

[1] Burnet's *History of My Own Times*, vi. p. 199.

Restoration lived to sloth and ignorance. In his opinion, the Englishman of that age was "the most successful rake in the world." Without hesitation, Burnet pronounced the gentry of the times through which he lived to be very bad indeed. "They are, for the most part," he wrote, "the worst instructed and the least knowing of any of their rank I ever met with." They were both ill-taught and ill-bred. Their demeanour was haughty and insolent. They possessed neither patriotism nor what is usually termed public spirit, and they would most gladly have hailed a return to tyrannical government, provided they could have had a share in such tyranny. In contracting their marriages they looked only to fortune.

The clergy have now to be considered. In the most vivid and most graphic of all the histories of England, hardly any passages are so vivid or so graphic as those in which Lord Macaulay has depicted the condition of the Anglican clergy between the Restoration and the Revolution. Great as are the merits of that narrative, many mistakes and some exaggerated statements abound in it, and its readers must be on their guard against believing in their entirety the vivid representations of so entertaining a writer. It is incontestable that the worldly estate of the great body of the parochial clergy was a needy one, and that of their condition and character throughout the whole of the second half of the seventeenth century a very low opinion was held.

The revenue which each of the six and twenty lords spiritual enjoyed was probably about three times as much as that of an esquire. The income of "each eminent clergyman," as estimated by Gregory King, was a little more than one-fourth of that of a gentleman. The lesser clergymen ranked, as regards the annual means for the support of their families, below the small freeholders, slightly above the farmers, and not very much above the handicraftsmen. Had these incomes been taken on the average of the 10,000 livings, it would probably have left the greater number of the parochial clergy dependent on a pittance not much above that of an ordinary peasant. Such being the case, it is no wonder that the clergy in general were careless and undevout, and that they produced a most injurious effect on those to whom they ministered in spiritual things. Poverty is no degradation to those who preach the Gospel of Christ. Miserable, indeed, would it be if wealth were necessary to the ministry of a religion which made the poor of this world rich in faith, a religion of which the original preachers were Galilean fishermen, and who, like their Master, had oftentimes no place on which to rest their weary limbs save the ground that they trod. A clergy may be very ill-endowed, and yet, by a judicious system of organization, by a moderate discipline and by a proper provision for its education, it may command not only the love of the poor, but the respect of the rich. But if the ranks of a clergy are

recruited from the poorer classes of society, and left in indigence, without education, without superintendence, without organization, and without discipline, then, in the long run, it is certain to become both despicable and despised.

In the second half of the seventeenth century the Anglican clergy were by no means an illiterate body of men. He who was admitted to holy orders generally received the rough training of a grammar or public school, and thence proceeded at a much earlier age than is now usual to one of the Universities upon an exhibition or a sizarship, the latter of which entailed certain duties of a menial character. If fortune favoured him, he entered on his career as a chaplain in the household of a squire or nobleman, where he received board, lodging, a horse and thirty pounds a year, and might think himself uncommonly well off if he were treated by the family with any degree of the respect which they paid to the butler or to the footman. Levites was the term applied to divines of this class, who were expected not to be above digging occasionally for an hour or two in the kitchen garden, casting up accounts, performing the operations of letting blood and drawing teeth, and discharging the offices of a farrier. When a chaplain left the household of his patron it was nominally to enter on the duties of a cure of souls, but in reality to live the life of a yeoman farmer, labouring by the sweat of his brow in the field and farmyard, to extract from the benefice the means of subsistence. To drive the plough through the field ; to feed the noisy hogs

and poultry; to rise early, and late take rest, and to eat the bread of carefulness—this was the lot of the rural clergyman in the times of Charles II. and his immediate successors. His wife, who was generally a woman of low birth, mended his cassock and spun the wool which the fleeces of the sheep yielded, while his daughters scoured the brick floor of the kitchen. But although the condition of the clergy was low, it was fully in keeping with the character of the times. Heber in "His Life of Jeremy Taylor" has this passage:—"In the time of our ancestors, the interval between the domestics and the other members of a family was by no means so great, nor fenced with so harsh and impenetrable a barrier, as in the present days of luxury and excessive refinement. As the highest rank of subjects was elevated then at a greater height than they now are above the most considerable private gentry, so the latter constituted a far more efficient bulk in the great chain of society, and a far easier gradation existed between the nobles and that class of men from whom their own domestics were taken. There was in those days no supposed humiliation in offices which are now accounted menial, but which the peer then received as a matter of course from 'the gentleman of his household;' and which were paid to the knight or the gentleman by domestics chosen in the families of his own most respectable tenants; while in the humbler ranks of middle life, it was the uniform and recognized duty of the wife to wait on her husband, the child on his parents, the

youngest of the family on his elder brother or sisters. But while the subordination of service was thus perfect and universal, this very universality softened its rigours. The well born and well educated retainers of a noble family were admitted by its head to that confidence and familiarity which their rank and attainments justified. The servants of the manor house were usually the humble friends of the master and mistress, whose playmates they had been during childhood, and under whose protection they hoped to grow old. We have been most of us impressed with the tone of equality assumed by the valets of the old French comedy, and the jovial familiarity of Furnace, Amble, and Order in Massinger's 'New Way to pay Old Debts,' is a well known and probably an accurate portrait of that species of graduated intercourse which once connected the aristocracy and the throne itself, with the humblest orders of society, and in the abolition of which it may be reasonably doubted whether all parties are not rather losers than gainers."[1] The import of this passage is, that the social position of the higher domestics was never more elevated in the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth centuries than it was in succeeding times.

It has often been asserted that the English Church between the Restoration and the Revolution numbered scarcely any persons of noble descent among her pastors. But this was not so. Several persons of noble descent,

[1] Heber's *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, pp. 7–8.

who were admitted into holy orders during that period, are mentioned by Barnabas Oley in his preface to George Herbert's "Country Parson," and even he by no means enumerated all. "At the close of the reign of Charles II.," he says, "two sons of peers were bishops; four or five sons of peers were priests and held valuable preferment, but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the body. The clergy were regarded as on the whole a plebeian class, and indeed for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants." Chamberlayne, in his account of the State of England, in 1694, makes the following observation in respect of the number of persons of noble birth who had exercised the ministry of the English Church:—"Nor is the present age wholly destitute of this honour. Witness the present Bishop of London, Dr. Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton; Dr. Fielding, uncle to the Earl of Denbigh; Dr. Fane, late brother to an Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Finch, son to the late Earl of Winchelsea; Dr. Montague, uncle to the Earl of Sandwich; Dr. Annesley, uncle to the Earl of Anglesea; Dr. Granville, late Dean of Durham, brother to the Earl of Bath; Mr. Berkeley, son to the Earl of Berkeley; Mr. Finch, brother to the Earl of Nottingham; Dr. Booth, brother to the Earl of Warrington; Dr. Crew, Bishop of Durham, son to the late Lord Crew; Dr. Grahame, brother to the Lord Viscount Preston, Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Knight and

Baronet, Bishop of Exeter; and many others, now living or lately dead."[1] Besides these, it is certain that there were, Sir William Dawes, Sir George Wheeler, together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Grey of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandois, to whom may be added near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Marquis of Kent, Dr. Fiennes, son of Lord Saye and Sele. The Hon. J. North too, and Sir L. Playters, were both in holy orders. Among the sons of knights may be named, Bishops Ferne, Steinham, and Hyde (who was promoted by his kinsman, Lord Clarendon, first to the Deanery of Winchester, and next to the See of Salisbury); Crofts also, Dean of Norwich, brother to Lord William Croft, of Suffolk; and Dean Honywood. Another charge which has often been brought against the post-Restoration clergy is their mean birth. It is true that the writer of the account of the English travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo asserted that many of the occupants of the English sees in his time were "of low birth, in consequence of certain customs which have been introduced into the kingdom;"[2] there is reason to believe that as a stranger and a foreigner he may have been led into error. Against this observation may be placed the testimony of a highly cultivated layman of the age, Robert Nelson. Nelson was the author of a singularly interesting and instructive biography of Dr. George Bull, who, early in the reign of Queen

[1] *State of Britain*, 1694, p. 369.

[2] *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, Appendix A.

Anne, was elevated to the See of St. David's, having been ordained in 1655 by Dr. Skinner, the ejected Bishop of Oxford, and whose erudite defence of the Nicene Creed is justly ranked among the masterpieces of English theology. After mentioning that Bull was descended from an ancient family of a good reputation among the gentry of the country of Somerset, Nelson writes as follows :—"By this it appears that Mr. Bull was by extraction a gentleman, an advantage which he the less vaunted because he was engaged in a profession which is not only highly honourable in itself, but confers the greater degrees of honour on those who are the best born."[1] Nor is the testimony of Jeremy Collier, the non-juror, without considerable weight in regard to this point. "In this country of ours," wrote he, "persons of the first quality have been in orders. . . . To come a little lower and to our own times, and here we may reckon not a few persons of noble descent in holy orders. Witness the Berkeleys, Comptons, Montagues, Crews, and Norths ; the Annesleys, Finchs, Grahams, etc. And as for the gentry, there are not many good families in England but either have or have had a clergyman in them ; in short, the priesthood is the profession of a gentleman."[2] During the period which followed the Restoration, many clergymen married women who were members of ancient and respectable families. Fuller married a sister of Thomas Roper

[1] Nelson's *Life of Bishop Bull*, ed. 1713, i. pp. 7, 8.

[2] Collier's *Short View of the Stage*, Lond. 1698, pp. 135, 136.

Viscount Baltinglass. Burnet, before his elevation to the episcopate, on two occasions chose a spouse of noble birth. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Cassilis ; his second wife was Mrs. Scott, who was descended from a younger branch of the family of Buccleugh on the father's side, and related to the principal families in Sutherland on the other. Dr. Bradley, Rector of Ackworth in Yorkshire, married Lord Savile's daughter. Dean Herbert Astley married Barbara, daughter of John, only son of Sir John Hobart. Eaton, who was dispossessed of Bedford Rectory, had married a sister or daughter of Sir P. Oldfield. Dr. D. Horsmansden, Rector of Ulcomb, married a daughter of Sir W. St. Ledger. Rawson, the restored Rector of Haby, had married a daughter of Sir R. Nevison Gibbons. Priest, Vicar of Exeter, had married a near relative of Lord Spencer.[1]

It is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory estimate of the ecclesiastical revenue of England between the Restoration and the accession of James II. By Gregory King the entire income of the parochial and collegiate clergy was reckoned at only 480,000*l.* a year, and by Davenant no more than 544,000*l.* per annum. Dean Prideaux computed that the whole income of all the church lands and glebes in England and Wales amounted to 100,000*l.* per annum, which, computing the value

[1] Sir T. Browne's *Works*, iv. i. 7 ; Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, *passim*.

of all the lands of both, that is, the whole realm, at 15,000,000*l.* per annum, was about a hundred and fiftieth part of it.[1] The subject, it is evident, is wrapped in great obscurity, but the number of parishes can be ascertained with greater certainty, seeing that Chamberlayne, in his "State of Britain" for the year 1684, estimates their number at 9725; and in a later edition of the same work in Anne's reign, their number is given at 9913, of which 3845 are churches impropriate. Archdeacon Oley, in his preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," speaks of the Church of England as "one having eight or nine thousand parishes, and perhaps as many clerks or more." The probability is that about one benefice in forty yielded 100*l.* to its possessor. "As to the revenues of the inferior clergy," says Miege, in his "New State of England" under their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, in 1693, "they are (as in all places) unequally divided; some having a very plentiful, some but a competent, and others but a small maintenance. Some 200*l.* or 300*l.* per annum or more; others 100*l.* or thereabouts, and some much short of that."[2] Even the most cursory perusal of Dr. Walker's account of the sufferings of the clergy shows clearly that, at the time when the Civil War broke out, there were a very considerable number of livings in England which afforded 100*l.* or 200*l.* a year, and that many yielded considerably more; indeed Walker

[1] Prideaux's *Original and Right of Tithes*, pp. 81–83.

[2] *New State of England*, ii. c. 23, pp. 226, 227.

considered a living a small one when it produced 40*l.* or 45*l.* The chaplains in gentlemen's families frequently received a stipend of 30*l.*, and 20*l.* was probably nearer the average, as Evelyn mentions that he gave his chaplain, Mr. Bohn, 20*l.* in money, besides other things.

The clergy of the post-Restoration period have often been charged with illiteracy and ignorance. Speaking generally, no charge could be more unfounded. Eachard, in his "Sober Vindication of the Clergy of England" from the imputation of folly and ignorance, proves that the more studious among them were well acquainted with the works of Plato, of Plutarch, and of Cicero, in addition to books of divinity. He who desires to form a notion of the actual state of letters among the rural clergy in the second half of the seventeenth century should consult the "Diary" of Ralph Thoresby, the celebrated Yorkshire antiquary. From that record it will be manifest that, wherever Thoresby went, the clergy, both in town and country, were those with whom he chiefly associated, those to whom it was his practice to communicate the result of his researches, and those from whose manuscripts he made copious notes. For example, under date of January 25th, 1683, he has left the following record:—"Morning went to Wakefield, thence with Mr. R. Beavot to Ackworth, where kindly entertained by honest Parson Bolton, whose library kept me company some hours." It will be found, too, on referring to Walker's account of the suffer-

ings of the parochial clergy under the Great Rebellion, who were not then in possession of cathedral preferment, many of whom were reinstated in their rectories and their vicarages at the Restoration, notices are very numerous of the depredations which the saints made among their libraries. Sometimes he refers to their skill in the writing of the Greek and Latin Fathers, sometimes in the Oriental and Eastern tongues, sometimes in other departments of polite literature. Mr. Chase possessed manuscripts and a library, the value of which he estimated at 500*l.* The library of Mr. Willington was worth 600*l.* Mr. Raynolds was plundered by the fanatics of plate, goods, books and papers, to the value of 1500*l.* Mr. Jones lost "a study of books which were of great value." Dr. Seward was deprived of his manuscripts and of his study of books, which was very valuable.[1] In the neighbourhood where George Bull resided before his elevation to the episcopate, there was no lack of country parsons who were scholarly and studious. During his tenure of the rectory of Suddington, in the county of Gloucester, his mode of life was probably such as is described in the pages of his biography: "I cannot find," says Robert Nelson, "that after he entered into holy orders he was ever addicted to any serious pleasure, which is often necessary to unbend the mind, and to preserve the body in health and vigour. If there was anything that looked like a diversion, it was

[1] Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, ii. pp. 217, 269, 280, 340, 400.

the enjoyment of agreeable conversation: the best that neighbourhood afforded he was always master of, because he was a welcome guest wherever he made any visits. But what he chiefly loved was to receive learned and godly men at his own house, especially those of his own profession."[1] There were, however, many exceptional cases in semi-barbarous districts. In Derbyshire Sir Thomas Browne tells us that he found the clergy extremely ignorant. Young divines again, as Burnet remarks, could hardly be expected to be in possession of large libraries. It is probable that the London chaplains possessed few opportunities for reading, and it was this circumstance which induced Dr. Tenison to found a library for their benefit. Further proof that libraries were not exceptional in the household of the rural clergy of England, in the second half of the seventeenth century, is to be found in the fact that the period, comparatively speaking, was one of remarkable literary activity. Bishop Beveridge for example, who held the vicarage of Ealing in Middlesex from 1660 until 1672, produced the "Institutiones Chronoligicæ," which were published in London in 1669, and his "Pandectarum Canonum," an additional work of great value in two folio volumes. Simon Patrick, during his tenure of the incumbency of Battersea, at that time a mere country village, composed two of his best known works, his "Mensa

[1] Nelson's *Life of Bull*, p. 84.

Mystica" in 1658, and "The Hearts Ease" in 1659. It was in a country vicarage that Archdeacon Fullwood composed his "Roma Ruit," among the ablest controversial productions of the age, in 1679. John Samuel Kettlewell, one of the most eminent divines of the times, composed at Coleshill his "Help and Exhortation to Worthy Communicating" in 1682, and his "Practical Believer" at the same place in 1687. Gabriel Towerson wrote his beautiful work on the Church Catechism at Welwyn Rectory, in Hertfordshire, between 1676 and 1680. Thomas Fuller wrote his "Worthies of England" at Cranford Rectory. Matthew Scrivener, a priest, composed, in 1672, an erudite work, entitled "Apologia pro Ecclesiæ," in vindication of the Fathers against Jean Daillé. Puller composed his "Moderation of the Church of England," which was published in 1679, at Sawcombe, in Hertfordshire. Richard Sherlock, during the period in which he held the rectory of Winwick, wrote his excellent treatise, entitled "The Practical Christian." John Norris, a divine whose works are held in the highest estimation by the students of metaphysical divinity produced his "Discourses on the Beatitudes" at Newton St. Loe in 1690, and his "Discourses on Divine Subjects" at Bemerton in the following year. All the works which have been mentioned were, it is incontestable, important, and some of them are of the highest order. There were others which well deserve to be men-

tioned, although perhaps in some respects vastly inferior to those which have already been named. Anthony Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxionenses," decribes Walker as a very eminent writer in the age in which he lived. Walker wrote many books, and of these "The Doctrine of Baptisms," which was written at Colesterworth near Grantham, is perhaps the best. The works of Fulman, of Bentham, of Samways, of Vaughan, of Bragge, and of Falkner, all of whom were parochial clergymen, receive commendation in the pages of Walker's work.[1]

The nobility, the lords temporal, the first Estate of the Realm, between the Restoration and the Revolution constituted, as they had always done, a most important portion of the rural population of England. By far the most numerous section of them lived quietly for the greater part of each year in the mansions upon their great estates. In the aggregate their income was equivalent to fully one half of the whole body of the esquires. As lords-lieutenants of shires, the entire militia force of the kingdom was practically within their control. No hundreds of gentry, wearing their liveries, attended them to county meetings as had been the case in the most palmy days of the feudal system; no thousands of vassals could they summon within a few hours' notice. That state of things had passed away. It belonged only to the remote

[1] See Walker's *Attempt towards recovering an Account of the Numbers and Sufferings of the Clergy*, fol. ed. 1714, pt. ii.

past. It was never to return. Nevertheless, it was they who mainly swayed the course of political action under the constitutional system. Their direct power, which as born legislators they exercised, was far greater than that which is wielded by their nineteenth century successors, and yet it is no exaggeration to say that, as a body, they were absolutely incapable either of taking wide views of the destinies of their fatherland, or of cherishing any very abiding interest in the social condition of the people. Entire dissociation of themselves from the proletariat they found impossible. To find shelter in exclusive pretensions was by no means easy; and if it had been so, it would have been dangerous. These circumstances will explain how it was that the Revolution was headed by the English nobility, and how it was that they imparted a strong aristocratic tinge to that event. They made no attempt whatever to proportion parliamentary representation by the numbers of those who were represented, or by the amount which they paid in taxation. They possessed no very clear ideas respecting the changes which the rise of the trading classes had been instrumental in accomplishing. They did not exert themselves in the slightest degree on behalf of the suffering and degraded poor. They seldom or never trained their own children to discharge the important duties to which they were born. They allowed them to receive instruction in dancing, in fencing, and in riding, but

they allowed them to grow up ignorant of the geography and the history of their native land. Had it not been for the brilliant talents and indomitable energies of four or five peers, who, by their knowledge, their good judgment, and their integrity, atoned for the shortcomings and deficiencies of their brethren, the Upper Chamber, from the Restoration onwards, would have been utterly effete.[1]

A deeply interesting account, which is preserved in Roger North's "Life of Lord Guilford,"[2] shows how some of the nobility of the age lived in a style of princely yet unostentatious magnificence. Guilford, on concluding the judicial year of 1680 at Bristol, visited the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, where he stayed a week. The duke had, we are told, upwards of two thousand pounds per annum in his hands, and this he managed by stewards, by bailiffs, and by servants. "He bred all his horses which came to the husbandry as first colts, and from thence, as they were fit, they were received into his equipage." His Grace had as many as two hundred persons in his household, and for all of them he took good care to provide. Nine tables were laid every day. For the accommodation of a very considerable number, an immense banqueting saloon was constructed, with a kind of alcove at one end, which was reserved exclusively for the accommodation of persons of dis-

[1] Burnet's *History of My Own Times*, vi. p. 207.

[2] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, ed. 1808, i. 256, 257.

tinction. Every guest was conducted to the table reserved for his proper rank. The chief steward, with the gentlemen and pages, occupied one. The master of the horse, the coachmen and livery servants, sat at another. The under steward, the bailiffs and the servants, took their place at a fourth; and the clerk of the kitchen, the bakers and the brewers, sat down in company at a fifth. Special tables were assigned to the inferior servants. Nor were the women allowed to take their repast in the same room as the men. They had an apartment to themselves. The duchess's chief maid sat down with the gentlemen; and the housekeeper with the maids, and certain others. Hardly a detail of the household management escaped the attention of the duchess, who, every morning of her life, undertook a tour of inspection through the different apartments, noting what was amiss in the machinery, and causing it to be rectified without delay. All the provisions were brought from foreign countries. Soap and candles were manufactured on the premises; the malt was also ground there, and all the liquor which was consumed at the duke's table was brewed from malt that had previously undergone the process of being dried in the sun on the leads of the mansion. Nor are we left to conjecture the way in which their lives were spent, and of the way in which the duke and duchess entertained their guests. The day ordinarily began with breakfast in the gallery of the duchess, which opened into the gardens. Next a stag was

hunted, or a visit was paid to the gardens and the parks to view the several sorts of deer. If the chase was followed, the duke ordered horses for all the company. Punctually at half-past eleven, and at six o'clock in the evening, the bell sounded for prayers, and as the church stood very near, the best company went through a gallery which led to one of the aisles, where the duke and duchess could see them all. In the evening the ladies indulged in pastimes in a gallery on the other side, where the duchess had a number of gentlewomen, who were commonly engaged in embroidery and fringe-making, since all the beds of state were begun, completed, and ended in this establishment. Admirably were the table arrangements carried out. The meats were of the finest quality and were delicately prepared. Gentlemen waited in place of livery servants. The choicest viands graced the oblong table of the host, who, with the duchess and his two daughters, sat at the upper end. No intemperance was countenanced, nor were the guests allowed to sit at the table drinking healths and fumigating the apartment with tobacco, as in that age was too commonly the case. If the gentlemen signified their desire to drink a glass of wine, it was soon brought from the vaults and handed to them on a salver. This was the mode of entertainment in which Lord Guilford and his suite participated during an entire week. The duke was always consulting the advice of his guests concerning

some new project of building, of walling, or of planting, which he had under consideration. Nothing was forced or strained, but, on the contrary, easy and familiar, as was the ordinary wont of his Grace and his family. This illustration will suffice to show that a considerable proportion of the nobility and gentry of England, in the age which followed the Restoration, were not disproportionately debased below their natural place in the scale of society, and that though society was in many respects heterogeneous, though the country gentlemen then farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the management of their estates, though their wives and daughters were then more engaged in works of domestic utility than perhaps they are now, though necessaries of every kind, both for the farm and for the mansion, which are now supplied by the great manufacturers were then made at home, though the greatest changes have been effected in the modes and habits of life, human nature, as in both cases, remained one and the same.

The festive season of Christmas was kept in regal style throughout the country. Distinction, for once in the year, lowered its crest. The host and his tenants met on terms of perfect equality. There were great mirth and ceremony almost everywhere, but probably in few places like Thrybergh, near Rotherham in Yorkshire, the seat of Sir John Reresby. In Christmas, 1682, the baronet entertained upwards of

200 persons at his seat; among these being his poor tenants, the farmers, the better sort of tenants, the neighbouring gentry, clergy, and tradesmen. "For music," says he, "I had two violins and a bass from Doncaster that wore my livery, that played well for the country; two bagpipes for the common people; a trumpeter and a drummer. The expense of liquor, both of wine and others, was considerable, as well as of other provisions, and my friends appeared well satisfied."[1] Similiar festivities were kept up at Thrybergh in the Christmas of the next but one year, seeing that under date of December 27th, 1684, Reresby makes the following entry:— "I returned to Thrybergh, by God's mercy, in safety, to keep Christmas amongst my neighbours and tenants. I had more company this Christmas than heretofore. The first four days of the new year, all my tenants of Thrybergh, Brinsford, Denby, Mexborough, Hooton Roberts, and Rotherham dined with me; the rest of the time some fourscore of gentlemen and yeomen with their wives, were invited, besides some that came from York; so that all the beds in the house and most in the town were taken up. There were seldom less than fourscore, counting all sorts of people, that dined in the house every day, and some days many more. One New Year's Day chiefly there dined above 300, so that whole sheep were roasted and served soup to feed

[1] *Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, c. ix. pp. 266–267.

them. For music I had five violins besides bagpipes, drums and trumpet."[1] Throughout the land it was the same. The exhilarating wassail bowl and the boar's head, crowned with garlands gay, and rosemary were not wanting. The yule log crackled on the hearth. The sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum porridge, the capons, the turkeys, and the geese, smoked upon the hospitable board. The wandering minstrels patrolled the streets blithely, singing the ancient carols, and countless forms of amusement were provided for all.

Many curious customs were observed by the peasantry in different parts of England. Thus, in certain parts of Staffordshire it was customary for the country people to take the fern seed when it had arrived at its maturity, which happened before harvest or haytime, to cut it up, and burn it in peats for the sake of the ashes, which they powdered, rolled into balls, and sold or used during the year for washing or for scouring.[2] Men, women, and children, smoked pipes of tobacco in Cornwall. In Lincolnshire, and the fen districts, on the walls of the ordinary people's houses and the walls of the outhouses, cow ordure was plastered up to dry in cakes, which the country people employed as fuel. In Cornwall the peasantry used hardly any wood for their fires, supplying its place with bushes of furze.

An age, almost wholly ignorant as the seventeenth century was, might well believe the grossest super-

[1] *Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, c. ix. p. 310.
[2] *Diary* of Celia Fiennes, p. 136.

stition. To foretell the future, to raise the dead, to hold communication with familiar spirits, to make gold and silver from other metals; all this, according to popular belief, was to be accomplished by human agency. The science of astrology, which even the strongest intellects of the time universally revered, was considered worthy of implicit confidence as the most scientific and satisfactory source of divination. The profession, if not lucrative, was certainly one which conferred honour on all who were connected with it. The Great Rebellion had no power to crush it. Puritanical prejudice was impotent to arrest its progress. Even the most devout veterans of the Lord Protector and Fairfax, did not scruple to seek assurance of receiving the victory over all their enemies from the heavenly bodies. On one occasion two eminent professors of astrology were entertained with high honours at the head-quarters of the Roundhead army. When Charles II. returned, the science enjoyed greater popularity than ever. No frolic was more acceptable to the courtiers of the Merry Monarch, than that of prying into the secrets of their city neighbours, by assuming the disguise of fortune-tellers. The Earl of Rochester, in particular, showed marked success in gratifying his passion for intrigue by this sole stratagem. Truly plenteous was the harvest that the great Plague which ravaged London in the saddest summer that its citizens ever saw, yielded to the impostors who

pretended to the ability of predicting future events. In the pages of almost every contemporary writer, some reference will be found to the singular fatalistic spirit which took possession of the souls of men while that dire calamity lasted, a spirit which, as may well be conceived, by generating hopeless despondency in the bosoms of many persons, and a presumptuous confidence in others, added very considerably to the numbers of the victims of the disorder. Despite the very imminent danger to which all who communicated with the London citizens at that time were exposed, the thirst of gain actuated multitudes of fortune-tellers to repair to London to encourage the infatuation and to turn it into pecuniary emolument. Though such reckless avarice cost many of them their lives, their credit was supported until the abatement of the malady afforded people some leisure for calm reflection. It was not so very long after this event that a pamphlet of a prophetical character, which had been published in 1651 by the celebrated astrologer, William Lilly, immortalized as "Sidrophel" by Butler in his "Hudibras," was considered to have received such remarkable fulfilment in the great conflagration of 1666, that the legislative assembly ordered the writer to appear before them, and publicly requested him to favour them with his opinion relative to the national prospect in the immediate future. Success had not deprived the seer of discretion, and fearful lest the

reputation which he had so suddenly and so unexpectedly acquired should be compromised, he favoured the senators of England with a prediction possessing all the ambiguity of one of the ancient oracles. Astrology, after the accession of King William III., gradually lost favour in the eyes of the English people, and though until the close of the seventeenth century it was still publicly professed, the greater number of men of sense treated it with but very scanty respect. That it flourished in the rural districts strongly and firmly, need scarcely be said. Witchcraft was so deep-rooted that it was accounted next to blasphemy to question its existence. Trials, revolting and harrowing in all their details, were constantly held of persons suspected of practising witchcraft. The witch, according to the English popular conception of one in the seventeenth century, was a malicious, spiteful old woman, who had sold her chance of salvation in the life of the world to come, for the joy of blighting her neighbours' crops, destroying their cattle, and revelling in the hours of darkness in their cellars and larders. Tales of her enormities were passed from mouth to mouth, and gained rather than lost by constant repetition. Her familiar spirits, it was said, were a cat, a toad, and, in certain cases of peculiar atrocity, a blue-bottle fly. She assumed any form she liked. She was transported whithersoever she desired. The demon to whose service she had dedicated her powers was a deformed satyr, who combined the lowest

animal passions of humanity, with the stupidity, the ferocity, and almost the outward resemblance of a wild beast. In 1604, the very year after his accession to the throne of this realm, James I. set his hand to an act of parliament for the detection and punishment of sorcerers. From that time the persecution of witches became of common occurrence in England. If the statistics do not lie, not fewer than 40,000 persons were put to death for witchcraft in England alone. The madness reached its height in 1634, the year in which occurred the memorable case of the Lancashire witches, the result of which was that eight persons utterly guiltless of the offences that were laid to their charge, were sentenced to death on the incoherent lies of a youth. The great Civil War, instead of checking the progress of this odious persecution, greatly increased it. Magic and witchcraft constituted in the eyes of the Puritans two of the most abominable offences of which mortal man could be guilty, and to the end that the practice of such arts might be exterminated, the utmost rigour and severity were employed. During the years 1644 and 1645, an infamous wretch, named Matthew Hopkins, succeeded in earning a most comfortable subsistence in the successful exercise of the detestable profession of a witch-finder. The eastern counties had rest only when the impostor got his deserts. The people of Suffolk, who had long been tormented by his presence, insisted upon trying him by his own favourite test of

the water ordeal. The experiment proved unfavourable to him, and he was unhesitatingly put to death by the rabble on the spot. During the Commonwealth there was an interval of repose. No doubt so beneficial a change is to be ascribed to the sound sense and humanity of Oliver Cromwell, who, though guilty of a few acts of ruthless severity, displayed in most cases a respect for human life which was singularly absent in some of the gloomy republicans who were his contemporaries. This improvement, it is satisfactory to note, continued after the Restoration of Monarchy. The persecution of persons suspected of witchcraft, like long sermons, whining prayers, and canting hymns, was associated with the house of bondage, from which the nation had then only recently been liberated, and consequently was viewed with marked disapproval. Witch trials, it is undoubtedly true, continued at intervals to be held here and there throughout the country, but in most cases the judges were strict in requiring undeniable evidence, and consequently convictions were of comparative rarity. It cannot, however, be forgotten that, in 1664, the excellent Sir Matthew Hale, after a trial conducted with his customary patience and impartiality, though by no means with his customary sagacity, condemned two unfortunate women to death as witches at the assizes at Bury St. Edmunds, and in both cases the law was suffered to take its usual course. Pious judges had a

perfect horror of condemning witches, but popular clamour demanded it, and they were forced to comply. The judge who dared to pronounce against the popular opinion, that the devil himself had power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he was pleased to divert himself with the farmers' cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, or who dared to contest other similar errors of a foolish and ignorant rabble, was instantly denounced as a blasphemous atheist. The result was, that in order to mark their regard for religion, the judges were forced to hang the poor witches. Roger North, in his "Life of Lord Guilford," relates that it was once the unpleasant duty of Judge Raymond, when on circuit, to try two old women at Exeter for witchcraft. The whole city rang with tales of their preternatural exploits. Even the horses which drew the judge's carriage, it was said, could not proceed a step by reason of the spells which the witches had cast upon them. The two old women confessed under the wildest self-delusion that they were witches, and that they had had dealings with the devil. One of them, named Temperance Lloyd, on being asked whether she had ever seen the devil and of what shape and colour he was, answered, "Black, like a bullock!" In her examination before the magistrates she had given a different account, and had affirmed that he had appeared to her "in the shape or likeness of a black man of about the length of her arm; that his eyes were very big, and that he hopped

or leaped in the way before her." The file of information which had been taken by the justices was a farrago of nonsense from end to end. "This informant," ran one clause, "saith he saw a cat leap in at her (the old woman's) window when it was twilight; and this informant further saith, that he verily believeth the said cat to be the devil, and more saith not." The case was submitted to the consideration of a jury, who convicted both the old women, and one of them was hanged.[1] In March 1687, a poor old woman was condemned to death as a witch at the assizes at York. "Some that were more apt to believe those things than I," wrote Sir John Reresby, "thought the evidence strong against her. The boy who said he was bewitched, falling into fits before the bench when he saw her, and then, on a sudden coming to himself, and relating very distinctly the several injuries she had done him. But in all this it was observed the boy had no distortion, no foaming at the mouth, nor did his fits leave him gradually, but all of a sudden, so that the judge thought fit to reprieve her. However, it is just to relate this odd story. One of my soldiers being upon guard at eleven o'clock at night at Clifford Tower Gate, the night the witch was arraigned, hearing a great noise at the castle, and coming to the porch, there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined by moonshine, turned first into

[1] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, i. pp. 265–269; see also Howell's *State Trials*, viii. p. 1018.

the shape of a monkey, then of a turkey-cock, which moved to and fro by him. Whereupon he went to the gaol and called the under-gaoler, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down and creep under the floor, where there was scarce the room of the thickness of half-a-crown. This I had from the mouth both of the soldier and gaoler."[1] Abraham de la Pryme says that, in February 1692, he visited a man who declared that he had lost a number of cattle by witchcraft. "He told me," says he, "that he was once, about thirteen years ago, with several others, set to keep a witch in a room, and sayd that before them all she chang'd herself into a beetle or great duck, and flew out of the chimney and so escaped. He told me also that a neighbour of his, as he was once driving a loaded waggon out of the field, they came over against the place where a witch was shearing and that then of a suddarn (tho' there was no illway or anything to throwgh a waggon over), the waggon was in a minnit thrown down, and the sheaves became as so many piggs of lead, so that nobody could for two hours lift them upright."[2]

Equal credit was placed in the astrologers and the fortune-tellers, who, in many cases, were thieves and housebreakers in disguise. The fortune-teller went everywhere and swindled everybody. He was regarded as a pope whose lightest word was to be received with

[1] *Memoirs*, pp. 369-370.

[2] *Diary*, ed. Surtees Soc. p. 22; see also the *Memoirs* of A. Barnes, *Ibid.* pp. 387-388.

the respect due to an oracle. He was the standard by whom everybody else was to be measured, a Colossus under whose legs petty men peeped about to find themselves dishonourable graves. Abraham de la Pryme relates that one of these fellows, "a very handsome, genteel young man, every bit like a gentleman born, visited a town in Yorkshire in 1695, did incredible mischief in the parish, and robb'd the people of five pound, and subsequently broke into a house at Barnsly-on-the-Moor and stole everything that lay within his reach."

CHAPTER VI.

In the present chapter, and in the one which succeeds it, we shall enter into a consideration of the actual state of the rural population of England during the second half of the seventeenth century. We shall consider briefly the state of education, the habits of life, the manners and opinions of the great masses of the population. The marshalling of all the materials requisite for presenting such a portraiture of the social condition of the country at that period, is assuredly no easy task, for those materials must be sought in many unpleasant and recondite sources. In the records of prisons, in long-forgotten books, scarce pamphlets, and rare tracts, in squibs and satires, many of them the reverse of interesting, and nearly all gross and offensive to persons possessed of the slightest delicacy of taste, but yet invaluable for their facts and references, is it alone possible to discover information of the peculiar kind. More than forty years ago, one of the most illustrious of British historians confessed to his readers that he felt positively ashamed to say to what depth he had been compelled to descend in search of materials. He stated

a necessity which is common to every writer who undertakes the labour of research. Nevertheless, it is only from such sources, even more than from the quarries of court intrigue and of parliamentary warfare, that the skilled analyst can hope to extract the materials wherewith to rear his historical edifice.

If it were possible by means of the spells of enchantment to see the England of the Restoration, we should experience no inconsiderable difficulty in recognizing the country as our own. It would be quite possible to make out without very much difficulty the situation of many natural objects, with which we are all more or less familiar, the mountains, the lakes, the capes, and the bays, but that would probably be all. Those solid excellent roads by which the land is everywhere intersected were not then in existence; nor indeed was their construction a subject of contemplation among men. It is to be noted, however, that, after the Restoration, the government originated reforms which constitute an important epoch in the history of English highway legislation. In reality the statutes which were enacted on the subject bore a very close resemblance to an ordinance which the Lord Protector and his council had passed in 1654. For the first time the surveyors received directions to make a highway rate, which, however, was not to exceed one shilling in the pound. If this charge proved insufficient, the justices were authorized to rate in aid such other parishes the rates

of which were less than that amount, as in their discretion they deemed fit. In order to secure the services of a better class of surveyors than before, no persons were thenceforth eligible for the appointment who were not possessed of a considerable property qualification. The Highway Acts which were passed in the reign of Charles II. merely gave power to the surveyors, with the aid of two discreet householders, to raise an assessment not exceeding sixpence in the pound, nor even that until the appointed statute labour had been performed and had proved insufficient. With the funds which had thus been raised the persons liable to labour were to be remunerated for extra work. Not content with endeavouring to effect an improvement in roads, corresponding with that which had recently taken place in carriages, the legislature sought, by limiting the dimensions and form of the latter, to keep their quality down to a level with that of the roads, by enacting that no waggon or cart carrying for hire should be allowed to be drawn by more than seven "horse beasts," or eight oxen, or should carry a load exceeding twenty hundredweight in winter, and thirty hundredweight in summer, nor even then unless the tyres of the wheels had been ascertained to be at least four inches in breadth. Now to what extent did these regulations prove satisfactory? To hardly any extent, judging from the desponding tone of successive amending Acts, which reiterated the old complaints in respect of the

inefficiency of the laws, and the new grievance that unreasonable loads were borne upon highways. Early in the reign of William III., however, Parliament, losing patience with the sluggishness of the parishes and with the utter incapacity which their officers manifested, was provoked into taking the task of selecting the surveyors out of the hands of the parishioners and of entrusting it to the justices, to whom also was committed the discretion of augmenting statute labour by a rate.

The introduction of special enactments for the repair of particular roads by means of tolls subsequently proved far more successful, novel as it was. The first experiment was made three years after the accession of Charles II. upon the road from London to York. The preamble of the first Turnpike Act recited, "That by reason of the great trade in barley and malt, and other traffic, part of the road had become 'very ruinous and almost impassable,' and that the ordinary course appointed by the lawes and statutes of the realme is not sufficient for the effectual repairing and amending of the same, neither are the inhabitants thro' which the said road doth lie, of ability to repair the same." The consequence was, that the justices in quarter sessions for the counties of Hertford, Cambridge, and Huntingdon, were directed to appoint surveyors, with power to require the services of all persons liable to statute labour, living within three miles of the road, and to pay them according to the usual rate

of the county. In order that funds might be raised for this purpose, the surveyors were authorized to erect toll-bars, and to levy certain tolls, which, if they deemed expedient, might also be mortgaged for a period not exceeding nine years. Furthermore, there was a proviso, that if the tolls failed to yield a sum sufficient for all purposes, the justices could fall back upon the plan which had been already adopted in other instances, and levy such rates as they thought fit, "upon the parishes that lye in or near the said roads, and soe will have a benefit therefrom." For a period of thirty-two years, no repetition of any similar piece of legislation occurred. But, in the meantime, what was the condition of the roads? Beyond all description, and hopelessly bad, either in a state of nature or worse. The causeways commonly consisted of unbroken or badly-broken stones, carelessly flung down, and forming a rugged ridge not unlike an Alpine moraine, upon which hardly anyone cared to walk, while the soft track on either side to which the traffic was driven to have recourse, was rendered almost equally impassable. At rare intervals the causeway was repaired by throwing cartloads of earth over it, but the first fall of rain rendered the mixture more impracticable than ever; and it was abandoned to the weeds and briars by which it was soon overgrown.

We cannot be surprised that in such circumstances as these the desire of movement, and the love of

wandering for its own sake within the confines of their own country, was not a characteristic of Englishmen. The difficulties of travelling were really very great. The roads in winter were almost impassable for either horses or waggons, and in the Weald of Kent it was customary so soon as the summer had fairly set in to plough them up, and to lay the surface soil in a half circle thoroughly to dry. Oxen were generally employed by the country people to drag carriages of all sorts through these heavy roads; and they may even now be seen engaged as "beasts of draught," in certain districts of the south-eastern counties. The northern parts of England were, in that age, little better known to the inhabitants of the south than in the days of Camden, who says that when he approached Lancaster for the first time in his life, it was with a kind of nervous dread, and that he ventured to trust himself among the rude manners of the country folk, only in sole dependence on the Divine providence. The dangers and even the difficulties of travelling in England were perhaps greater throughout the second half of the seventeenth century, than they had been in the days of Leland or of Camden, the first Englishmen who set themselves, from the affection which they bore to topographical science, to make a personal survey of the whole country of Britain. When Leland was engaged in his perambulations, the greater monastic houses were still in existence, and they not only con-

stituted comfortable hostelries in which such a visitor was accorded a hearty welcome, but the brethren had not as yet greatly relaxed the care with which they watched over the roads which ran in the vicinity, with which they kept in proper repair the bridges that in many instances had been erected entirely at their own cost, or with which they marked out the track through many a perilous ford, and over many a lonely moor. When Camden journeyed through England at a much later period, he found all the abbeys and monasteries in the hands of laymen, the structures themselves deserted, ravaged and despoiled, and the good works in which the worthy brethren had been so fruitful, utterly neglected. Yet the roads were still of some practical utility to the wayfarer, and on several occasions the estimable Camden had good reason for invoking benedictions upon the cowled heads of the "pontifices," by whose labours he had been enabled to brave the dangers of some flooded hillside stream. The civil commotions of the first half of the seventeenth century, the disastrous event sometimes called the Civil War and sometimes the Great Rebellion, with the havoc by which in all directions it was attended, accomplished more in the way of disorganizing England than the great religious schism of the preceding century. The by-roads fell into utter disrepair, and not the slightest regard was showed for them. Whether they were mended or whether they were unmended mattered one and the same.

Until the close of the seventeenth century, few highways in England were more than open spaces, over which the public had the privilege of travelling. The standard of road-making was hardly higher than that which was indicated in an Act of the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, for the repair of the causeway between the important cities of Gloucester and Bristol, "good and substancyall; well syded, pitched, and bottomed with stones and other workmanshippe and guttered for avoiding of waters." Goods and merchandise were conveyed by waggons, where the soil was naturally firm and level, or over a road which happened to be exceptionally smooth, but more generally by means of relays of pack-horses. All other travelling was performed on horseback. Ladies rode frequently on horseback, but sometimes on side-saddles, and more commonly upon pillions, seated behind their friends or their servants. The aged, the sick, and the weak were conveyed in horse litters, such as may yet be witnessed by travellers in various Oriental countries. The usual rate of travelling rarely exceeded a foot-pace, and the progress which was made in a day, or in fact at all, depended upon the time of year and the state of the weather. A journey from London to Coventry occupied four days.[1] A journey from London to Liverpool was, in ordinary circumstances, reckoned to occupy a fortnight. A journey

[1] *Diary* of Sir William Dugdale, ed. Hamper, 1827, p. 104.

from London to Bristol was regarded, and not without reason, as an undertaking fraught with the greatest dangers. When the Lord Protector issued his ordinance during the Commonwealth, pack-horses afforded the only means of conveyance over the cross-roads and in the northern and western districts of England. Stages coaches ran, or rather crawled, with a slow and laborious dignity at the rate of three miles an hour from London to a few of the principal towns of the kingdom. A coach which journeyed between Oxford and London, a distance of fifty-four miles, took two days of thirteen hours each to accomplish its journey. The Exeter coach, which was considered an exceptionally fast one, usually reached its destination in four days. At present Exeter may be reached by an ordinary train in little more than four hours. During the reign of Charles II. the speed of coaches was accelerated, but even the fastest achieved distances of only fifty miles a day in summer, and of only thirty or forty in the winter. In the time of Cromwell and Charles II., posting on horseback cost one penny per mile, the coach fares averaged from twopence halfpenny to threepence per mile, while the charge for the transport of merchandise by waggons averaged from fourteen to eighteen pence per ton for every mile.

It has been stated that the business of travelling through any part of England in the post-Restoration age was one attended by the greatest risk and danger,

and of this some evidence shall be given. In November 1663, Edward Parker, in writing to his father who resided at Browsholme, in the neighbourhood of Preston, used these words :—"I got to London on Saturday last. My journey was noe ways pleasant, being forced to ride in the boote all the way. The company that came up with mee were persons of great quality, as knights and ladyes. My journey's expence was thirty shillings. This travel hath soe indisposed mee, that I am resolved never to ride up againe in the coatch."[1] Anthony Wood first mentions a stage coach in his "Diary" under the year 1661, in which Dr. Clayton, the unpopular warden of Merton College, entered Oxford, and six years later he mentions that he travelled to London by the same conveyance. The journey from Oxford occupied two days, and it may be remarked, in attestation of the very serious light in which travelling was in that age regarded, that notwithstanding the many attractions which London held out to a person possessed of antiquarian tastes and powers of research such as his, that Wood, though residing within sixty miles of the English capital, was upwards of thirty-five years of age before he visited it for the first time. Subsequently a conveyance was invented called "The Flying Coach," which completed the journey between Oxford and London in thirteen successive hours. Of this Wood early availed himself,

[1] *Archæologia* xx. p. 443.

and mentions the boot which was placed on each side of the coach as a sort of protection, probably uncovered, for the accommodation of passengers who, in occupying it, sat with their backs to the carriage. Of the advantages by which this more expeditious mode of travelling was attended, hardly any recognition seems at first to have been made. From some cause or other the journey was accelerated or retarded according to the season of the year, since it appears from the "Oxford Almanack" of 1692, that between Michaelmas and Lady Day the original plan was adopted, and that two days were occupied in travelling the short distance. In 1660 Pepys found the road to London through Epping Forest "good, but only in one path which we kept as if we had rode through a kennel all the way."[1] Eight years later, Pepys and his wife lost their way, while travelling in their own coach, between Newbury and Reading, and but a short time before narrowly escaped losing their way in the dark while crossing Salisbury Plain, and remaining there all the night. In February, 1681, Sir John Reresby was five days going from London to Newark.[2]

No improvement was ever yet introduced which did not encounter the greatest opposition, even from those who in the long run derived benefit from it. The age in

[1] Pepys' *Diary*, 28th Feb., 1660.

[2] *Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 203.

which we live is in this respect most conservative. The age of Charles II. was a conservative one in a still greater degree, and when stage coaches began to increase in number, there arose prophets who furiously denounced the innovation. Of these John Cressett was one, and not the least important. In a tract, of which a copy may be seen by the curious in the eighth volume of the Harleian Miscellany, entitled "The Grand Concern of England, explained in several proposals offered to the consideration of the Parliament," Cressett suggested that the multitude of stage coaches and caravans which then travelled upon the roads, should all, or most of them, be suppressed, especially those within forty, fifty, or sixty miles of London. "These coaches and caravans," wrote he, "are one of the greatest mischiefs that hath happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous to the publick, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to lands: (1) By destroying the breed of good horses, the strength of the nation, and making man careless of attaining to good horsemanship, a thing so useful and commendable in a gentleman; (2) By hindering the breed of watermen, who are the nursery for seamen, and they the bulwark of the kingdom; (3) By lessening of his Majesty's revenues." It appears that at that time a coach with four or five horses carried six passengers; and that what was termed a caravan with four or five horses, from twenty to twenty-five. The writer further contended that the "passage to London being

so easy, gentlemen came hither oftener than they need, and their ladies either with them, or quickly follow them, by the same conveyance," and that the "poor cannot be profited thereby; for waggon or the long coaches first invented and still in use, would be most for their interest to travel in, being far less expensive than the other." Loudly he complained of the expense which was incurred upon the road, of the charges from London to Exeter, and Chester to York, which were forty shillings in the summer-time, and forty-five shillings in winter for each person; "so that, with other expenses, in summer-time the passage backward and forward cost 4*l.* 11*s.*, in winter 5*l.* 1*s.*, and this only for eight days' riding in the summer and twelve in the winter." It appears that the rates at which horses were hired ranged from six shillings to twelve shillings per week. Lastly, the writer proposed that the number of stage coaches should be limited; that one should go to every county town in England once a week backwards and forwards, and go through with the same horses with which it set out, and not travel more than thirty miles a day in summer and twenty-five miles a day in the winter. Finally he strongly advised the legislature to suppress all coaches within forty or fifty miles of the capital, where, in his opinion, they were not needed and yet were so great a nuisance.

Throughout the second half of the seventeenth century, the state of the highways in England was

simply deplorable. Ralph Thoresby, the industrious Leeds topographer, who paid several visits to the capital between the Restoration and the Revolution, makes constant references to the badness of the roads by which he travelled, in the pages of his "Diary." Thus, for example, under date of the 20th of October, 1680, he mentions that the road between Hoddesden and Ware in the county of Hertford, was "a most pleasant road in summer, and as bad in winter, because of the depths of the cart ruts, though far off as bad as thence to Burlingford and Puckeridge, and part of the way to Royston."[1] Proceeding to London by the same road nearly fifteen years later, the heavy rains between Puckeridge and Ware swelled the washes in the neighbourhood to such a height, that all the foot-passengers on the road were forced to swim for their very lives, and one, a poor higgler, was drowned. This accident, as Thoresby adds, "prevented travelling for many hours, yet towards evening adventured with some country people, who conducted us (after we had passed Hogsden), over the meadows, whereby we missed the deepest of the wash at Cheshunt, though we rode to the saddle skirts for a considerable way, but got safe to Waltham Cross, where we lodged."[2] On the following day Thoresby continued his journey to London, despite "being exposed to greater dangers by my horses boggling at every

[1] *Diary*, ed. Hunter, i. p. 68. [2] *Ibid.* p. 295.

coach and waggon we met, I received no damage, though the ways were very bad, the ruts deep and the roads extremely full of water, which rendered my circumstances (often meeting the loaded waggons in very inconvenient places) not only melancholy, but really very dangerous." Travellers on the vile roads in the Peak district of Derbyshire had to face innumerable difficulties and discomforts, and, though attended by trustworthy guides, frequently lost themselves altogether. A son of Sir Thomas Browne, who has left a most graphic description of an expedition which he and three of his friends made in September, 1662, mentions that the state of the roads was so bad that they were continually obliged to dismount, and to lead their steeds, to avoid breaking their necks.[1] The journal of Edward Browne's "Travels" into the "strange, mountainous, misty, moorish, rocky, wild country of Darbishier," affords a curious contrast between locomotion in the Caroline age and that in the Victorian era. That which is now accomplished with quietude and comfort in a few hours by ordinary trains, took this triumvirate a week of hard work to perform. The first day they accomplished much, as they "baited at Licham and layed at the King's Head in Linne. The next day morning, after the town music had saluted them, they saw, ate, and drank all kinds of things," but the great adventure of

[1] *Works* of Sir T. Browne, i. pp. 22–42.

the day was the passage of the Wash, which is thus described: "Taking a guide, it being somewhat late, wee desired to bee conducted in the very best way to Boston. Hee told us there were too waies to pass, either over two short cutts, or else quite over the long Wash, which latter we chose, partly because it was the nighest, but chiefly for the novelty to us of this manner of travailing at the bottome of the sea; for this passage is not less convenient at a flood for navigation than at an ebbe, for riding on horseback out of Norfolk into Lincolnshire. . . . Our convoy made such haste with his fliing horse, that hee landed us on the banks in Lincolnshire in less than two hours, quite crosse this equitable sea or navigable land—fourteen miles in length."[1] Edward Browne did not omit to notice the dialect of "Nottinghamshiere." "Very few," wrote he, "let us passe without a good e'en and were very ready to instruct us on our way. One told us our wy ly'd by youn nooke of oakes, and another that wee mun goe strit forth; which maner of speeches not only directed us, but much pleas'd us with the novelty of its dialect." On they went undismayed, "up mountaine, downe dale, shaken terribly on the backs of their 'poore jades.'" Soon one of the trio met with a misfortune, seeing that a "friendly bough, that had sprouted out beyond its fellows over the rode, gave our guide leader such a brush of the

[1] *Works* of Sir T. Browne, ed. Wilkins, i. 23.

jacket as it swept him off his horse." Another of the party, who was a most excellent conductor, in his haste "fell over his horse's head, as he was plunging, into some dirty hole." The former of these two gentlemen had rashly pinned his faith to genial September weather, and came no better armed against it than with an "open'd sleev'd doublet, whose misfortune though wee could do no otherwise than much pity, as being the greatest of us all, yet it made us some sport to see what pretty waterworks the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet sleeves did so resemble him to a whale, that wee—that could think ourself no other than fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell—dare never come nigh him." The travellers succeeded in reaching Buxton, and on their return thence "went in a very blind rode, very harde to find, to Leister." They had "intended to have viewed Ely nearer hand, but being almost tired and discouraged by reason of the bad way," they put off doing so until a more convenient season, which, however, never came. That the experiences of Edward Browne and his party were by no means exceptional, is evident from the journal of Mrs. Fiennes, who, some years later travelling in the same district, found the country around Buxton so full of quagmires and precipices that it was impossible to traverse it without the assistance of a guide, who was himself sometimes unable to find the path. So rough was the state of the road through the Principality to Holy-

head in the month of December, 1685, that a viceroy in proceeding from London with his suite to Dublin, consumed five hours in travelling from St. Asaph to Conway, a distance of fourteen miles. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to ride on horse-back the greater part of the way, while his spouse was carried in a litter. With the greatest difficulty, and with the assistance of many hands, their "great heavy coach" was carried after them entire. It appears that it was then customary for all carriages to be taken to pieces at Conway, and the component parts to be borne on the broad shoulders of sturdy Welsh peasantry to the shores of the Menai Straits.[1] At a much later period, Mrs. Fiennes found the road between Ely and Huntingdon "so full of holes and quicksands that she durst not venture upon it;" the road near the Land's End "dirty and full of water in many places, holes and sloughs," and all the roads about Sussex "very stony, narrow, and steep."[2] Between Hartforbridge and Stockbridge, in December, 1688, Henry Earl of Clarendon found that "the roads were very bad."[3] Coaches were constantly overturning, and such overturnings were seldom unaccompanied by loss of life.[4]

[1] *Correspondence of Henry Earl of Clarendon*, ed. Singer (Dec. 30, 1685, Jan. 1, 1686), i. pp. 201–203.

[2] *Diary*, pp. 131, 216, 220.

[3] *Diary*, i. 98.

[4] Ashmole's *Diary*, April 2, 1673; Lady Halkett's *Autob.*, ed. Camd. Soc. p. 104; Cartwright's *Diary*, Ibid. p. 37; Newcome's *Autob.* Chetham Soc. p. 152.

Highwaymen.—But of all dangers none was more terrible than that of highwaymen, who were to be dreaded on all such main lines of road as it was worth their while to frequent; who concealed themselves among the woods or on the waste tracts of lands adjoining, and came down as travellers approached, like Will Scarlet, or Much, the Miller's Son, "to Watling Street to take a prey." To the present generation, nurtured in the midst of security and comfort, the highwayman is a personage altogether unknown. In the seventeenth century he was a personage with the fear of whom before his eyes every traveller in England went his way. It is related that when his Highness Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, departed from Dorchester early on the morning of the eleventh of April, 1669, he was "convoyed by a great many horse soldiers belonging to the militia of the county," to secure him from robbers from which even that district was not free.[1] Highwaymen were still more numerous twenty years later, thus compelling travellers, in addition to making their wills before they set out on a journey, to arm themselves with a pistol at their holsters, or a blunderbuss in their postchaises, like Sir John Reresby, who states in his Memoirs that he went to London in February, 1677, "well armed."[2] The stage coaches

[1] *Travels*, p. 147.

[2] *Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 106; see also *Diary* of Mrs. Fiennes, p. 189.

and the huge waggons were always fully armed in a similar fashion. When the flood of the Great Rebellion swept over the land, carrying everything before it, their practices were stopped, but when the torrent had subsided they lost no time in beginning their operations afresh, like giants refreshed with wine. Certain lonely spots on the great coach road achieved a most unenviable notoriety, on account of the frequency with which they were the scenes of travellers being stopped and plundered by notorious highwaymen. Not always were the knights of the road men of low birth and destitute of education. Contemporary gossip spoke of more than one gentleman both by birth and education, who, in consequence of circumstances over which he had had no control, had been induced to purchase a fine blood horse and a crape mask and to begin operations on the road.[1] Night was the time when his business began, and during the daytime he had, perhaps, been exchanging repartees with peers and baronets in the taverns or coffee houses or gambling dens, or escorting duchesses to their chairs at the doors of the play-houses, attired in a cocked hat and a gold-laced coat.

William Nevison.—Among the most audacious of the post-Restoration highwaymen was William Nevison, a native of Pomfret in Yorkshire. This man in all his robberies had the reputation of being very favourably disposed towards the female sex, who in general

[1] *Diary* of Abraham de la Pryme, Surtees Soc., p. 77 ; see also *Diary* of Narcissus Luttrell, ii. p. 416.

gave him the character of a civil and obliging robber. His charity to the poor and distressed was very great, and being a staunch Cavalier, he never attempted to rob anybody who adhered to that party. Not long after the Restoration, Nevison committed a number of highway robberies in Leicestershire. He was captured and thrown into Leicester gaol, where he was so narrowly watched and strongly manacled that he was unable to move a limb. Notwithstanding this, by a cunning stratagem he contrived to procure his release before the assizes came on. Feigning sickness, he sent for two of his friends, one of whom was a physician, who gave out that he had been smitten down by a pestilential fever, and that, unless he could breathe more freely, he would infect the whole gaol, and eventually fall a prey to the distemper. Fully believing this report, the gaoler removed his chains, and caused his removal to an empty apartment. In the meantime a nurse was provided for him. The physician visited him twice and three times a day, and at length announced that there were no hopes of his recovery, and that the distemper under which he laboured was dangerously infectious. As the gaoler's wife refused to let her husband or any of the servants stir beyond the door, Nevison's accomplices were afforded every facility for carrying their designs into execution, the first of which was to bring in a painter who painted his breast, hands and face over with blue spots to resemble plague spots.

When this had been done, the physician prepared a dose which rendered him insensible for several hours, and then immediately gave out that he was dead. Hearing of this, his friends demanded his body. A coffin was brought for the purpose of carrying his corpse away. The nurse having formally laid out the body, the jailor summoned a jury to inquire into the cause of his death. Dreading infection, the jurymen stayed no longer than to look at the spots, and to bring in their verdict that death had resulted from the plague. The trick succeeded. Nevison was placed by his friends in the coffin and carried away. At the first opportunity he fell once more into his old trade, much to the chagrin of the carriers and drovers, whom he had forced to compound for safety by a constant rent, which he usually received from them at certain inns where he expected them to leave it. These he insisted should pay his rents as before, seeing that his imprisonment had cost him a great sum of money, which he expected to be reimbursed by them. Dumfounded at the sight of Nevison, the carriers spread a report far and wide that his spirit was walking abroad, and following the same employment that he had followed while in the flesh. Tidings of this extraordinary occurrence reached Leicester. Search was instituted in the coffin, and as it resulted in the discovery of the fraud, the gaoler was ordered to procure him under pain of dismissal. A reward of twenty pounds was offered to any person effecting his capture. But for three years Nevison

eluded pursuit, despite the numerous robberies which he committed. After a series of depredations in Yorkshire, he was captured, tried, and sentenced to death. In consequence of the intercession of a knight, this sentence was remitted and a reprieve was granted for his transportation. No sooner, however, had Nevison regained his liberty than he resumed his former profession, to such an extent, that a reward was offered to any person who should detect him. At length he was caught at a village about thirteen miles from York by Captain Hardcastle, and committed to York gaol. In less than a week sentence was pronounced upon him, and he was accordingly hanged in that city on the 15th of March, 1684.[1]

Claude Du Vall.—Superior to Nevison, so far as audacity and knavery were concerned, of whom he was a contemporary, was the notorious Claude Du Vall. He was a native of Domfront, in Normandy, where he was born in 1643. At an early age he entered the service of a French nobleman as a page, and in that capacity accompanied his master to England not long after the Restoration, where his gambling propensities and his gallantries soon brought him into notoriety. Before long the lack of money induced him to engage in "the generous way of padding," to use an expression borrowed from the language of the age, and in this walk of life he early achieved such success, that in a proclamation for the capture of several notorious highwaymen

[1] Smith's *Lives of the Highwaymen*, pp. 42–47.

he had the honour of heading the list. Several stories are related of the politeness which he displayed in the exercise of his profession. On one occasion he and his companions overtook a coach containing the sum of four hundred pounds. In the coach were travelling a knight, his lady, and one serving maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making towards them, knew that they were marked. To manifest her unconcern, the lady took a flageolet out of her pocket and began to play. Du Vall, taking the hint, took out his own flageolet, and began to play as he rode up to the coach. "Sir," said he, addressing the husband of the lady, "your wife plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well, will you please to walk out of the coach and let me have the honour to dance one coranto with her upon the heath?" "Sir," replied the knight, "I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable." Whereupon the lacquey opened the boot, the knight stepped down, Du Vall leapt lightly off his horse, and gently handed the lady out of the coach. On the green turf the lady and the highwayman danced, the one in her delicate black satin shoes, the other in his great French riding boots. When the exercise had concluded, Du Vall conducted his fair partner to her coach. "Sir," said he, as the knight prepared to step in, "you have forgotten to pay for the music." "Oh, indeed, I have not," replied he,

and, putting his hand under the seat of the coach, he produced a bag containing a hundred guineas, which he forthwith handed to Du Vall. "Sir," he observed, as he took it, "you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse the other 300*l*."[1] So saying, he took his leave. After committing a long series of robberies, Du Vall was apprehended while drunk, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, a notorious tavern in Chandos Street, removed to Newgate, arraigned, convicted, condemned, and on Friday, January 21st, 1670, executed at Tyburn, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. Numbers of ladies of the highest degree, in vizards, visited him while in prison, interceded, with tears in their eyes, for his pardon, and accompanied him to the gallows, where, after hanging a convenient time, he was cut down, suitably arrayed, put into a mourning coach, and conveyed to the Tangier tavern in St. Giles's, where he lay in state all the night, with the room draped in black cloth, with the hearse covered with escutcheons, with eight wax tapers burning, and as many tall gentlemen attired in long black cloaks in attendance, and with rigid silence exacted from all who visited the place. The farce was unceremoniously terminated by order of one of the judges who presided at the trial.

[1] Pope's *Memoirs of M. du Vall*, 1670, pp. 7–9; *London Gazette*, 1669–70; Titus Oates's Εἰκὼν βασιλική, 2nd ed. 1696, pt. i. p. 4.

Bagshot Heath, Blackheath, Hounslow Heath, indeed every open tract of country, of which there were many round the capital, and every important provincial town, was infested with footpads and highwaymen. In May, 1677, the Governor of Newgate, Captain Richardson, informed the public, in the London Gazette, that he had captured three men and their horses, each of whom was suspected to be a highway robber, and invited all persons who had been robbed to inspect them and their riding dresses. In the month of June, 1687, a mounted highwayman robbed the Dutch mail, between Colchester and Harwich, of four boxes containing rough diamonds to the value of 6750*l.*[1] In December following, six highwaymen were apprehended at Gerrard's Cross Inn, in Buckinghamshire, for committing numerous robberies and murders in the neighbouring counties. Notice was also given that Augustine King, a notorious highwayman, who had been convicted at Cambridge, and had made his escape from the gate-house, was at large. He was described as a burly, corpulent man, about thirty-one years of age, fresh-coloured, full-eyed, and lank-haired. It was stated that he had several in his company who were all, or most of them, well known to every innkeeper out of London.[2]

To cope with miscreants of this description was a task the reverse of an easy one. No person ever under-

[1] *The London Gazette*, August 1, 1687.

[2] *Ibid.* Dec. 1, 1687.

took a journey from home, near or far, without providing himself with firearms, and plenty of powder and shot. When a family set out, on rare occasions for London, they seldom forgot to take with them a blunderbuss, two heavy pistols, a basket-hilted sword, a Turkish scimitar, a bag of bullets, and a horn of gunpowder.

Hostile Character of the Population.—Nor was it alone from the highwaymen that travellers had in that age the most to fear. Quite the reverse, as they who ventured to depart far from the beaten track and regular highway soon found to their cost. Certain parts of England were so dangerous, by reason of the hostile character of the population, sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and brutality, that to venture in them alone was a brave and courageous exploit. To us of modern times this may sound scarcely credible. There is, however, considerable evidence that may be brought forward in support of such an assertion. Roger North, for example, in his "Life of Lord Guilford," mentions that that worthy, on one occasion, set out from Newcastle to visit Carlisle. "The Northumberland sheriff," wrote he, "gave us all arms; that is, a dagger, knife, penknife, and fork all together. And because the hideous road along by the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings, and perpetual precipices was for a coach, not sustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most of the way

to Hexham. Here his lordship saw the true image of a border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the judges through their precincts; and out of it they would not go, no, not an inch to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon nags, as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long, broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one, in his turn, with his short cloak and other equipage, came up cheek by jowl, and talked with my lord judge."[1] At Kendal the visitors were greatly surprised to see the common people walking about with bare feet, and the children leaping as if they had hoofs, which was commonly the case throughout the north of England. Such was the lawlessness of the borderers that the people of Northumberland were perpetually robbed of their cattle, and were forced to be continually on the defensive, for, as in Italy, the murderer, by running into the next territory, could defy the law, so in the English border districts, sheep-stealers might steal on one side and take refuge from pursuit on the other. So great were the lengths to which this mischief extended, that all the important farmhouses in the district were constructed of stone, in the form of a square tower, with an overhanging battlement, beneath which the cattle were penned every night. In the

[1] *Life of Lord Guilford*, ed. 1808, i. pp 271, 272.

upper room the family lodged, and when the alarm was sounded they mounted the roof, where, with huge stones and buckets of boiling water, they fought in defence of their cattle from the battlements.

Inns.—There is reason to believe that the hostelries which were to be found in the vicinity of the English highways in the second half of the seventeenth century were, in all their arrangements, highly satisfactory. Very necessary it was that it should have been so, considering the hardships and privations to which all travellers were exposed, both by night and by day. An enterprising innkeeper who consulted the comfort of travellers in that age never regretted it. The care and readiness with which he ministered to the necessities of travellers seldom went unrecompensed. His name became a household word in the mouths of all who travelled the particular road near which his establishment chanced to be situated. To find suitable accommodation for as many as one hundred persons at a time an innkeeper found in general to be far from an arduous task. His rooms were well and comfortably furnished; his cellars were furnished with gallons of ale and hogsheads of wine, all of the finest quality; his yards and stables contained the finest steeds. In June, 1668, Samuel Pepys and his wife went on a tour through the midland and south-western counties, and he speaks in high terms of the accommodation which he found wherever he went. The landlord of the inn at Hungerford,

in Berkshire, where they stayed one night at a charge of thirteen shillings, was "one Heart, an old, but very civil and well-spoken man, more than I ever heard of his quality." A few days later the travellers lost their way while traversing Salisbury Plain. "By a happy mistake," says Pepys, "that looked like an adventure, we were carried out of our way to a town where we would lye, since we could not go as far as we would. And then, with great difficulty, come about ten at night to a little inn where we were fain to go into a room where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise, and there wife and I lay, and in a truckle-bed Betty Turner and Willett, but good beds, and the master of the house, a sober, understanding man, and I had good discourse with him about this country's matters, as wool, and corne, and other things." Pepys found good houses of entertainment at Bath, at Bristol, and at Marlborough; and it would seem that they were very far from uncommon, and greatly superior to those which were to be found in Continental Countries. No sooner were the clatter of horses' hoofs and the cracking of whips borne upon the ear, than every window which commanded a view of the inn-yard was full of heads to see the carriage of a peer, gorgeous with paint, and red wheels, and attended by postilions, resplendent in yellow breeches, shining hats, and laced coats. Both at the arrival and at the departure of a distinguished guest the host bowed low at the door. Several descriptions of the English inns,

and of all that in them were, are contained in the records of contemporary writers. Sir Thomas Overbury portrays among his characters a host, of whom he says, in a quaint passage, that he consisted of double beer and of fellowship ; and Bishop Earle capped the climax to a humorous account of an ancient inn, by saying, "To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the man of court's mane entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wit, and a cup of canary wine whence we have them."

Ale-Houses.—In the Restoration era the secluded rural ale-house and the picturesque hostel were constantly to be found, many of them corresponding to those which the amiable Isaac Walton discovered on his numerous piscatorial excursions through England, with the cleanly swept bricked floor, with the ancient ballads stuck upon the walls, with the linen fragrant with the scent of lavender, with the open fire and the snowy curtains, and every material detail savouring of comfort and repose. The old legitimate idea of an inn, which was so real in that age, has long since become obsolete, and, like many other traditional blessings, has been sacrificed to the genius of locomotion. The rapidity with which distance is annihilated has obviated the need which then existed for by-way retreats and halting places. All that is needed by the ordinary traveller of the

Victorian age is a hasty meal, or a few hours of sleep, snatched between the arrival and departure of the trains.

The Post.—The Restoration of Monarchy marks an important epoch in the history of the postal communication of England. It was soon after that event that the system for the transmission of letters underwent many changes, which advanced it considerably on the road to perfection. Henry Bishop, having entered into a contract annually to pay the Government the sum of twenty-one thousand five hundred pounds, received the appointment from Charles II. of Postmaster-General, which he continued to hold until 1662, when he was dismissed by reason of his gross malpractices. In March, 1663, Daniel O'Neale, Groom of the Bedchamber, received the grant of the office of Postmaster-General for the term of seven years, he having engaged to pay the same rental as his predecessor, and in consideration of it to receive all the profits. Thirteen years later Parliament passed an Act "for settling the profits of the Post Office, and a power of granting wine licenses on his Royal Highness the Duke of York and his male heirs in perpetuity." At that time the revenue was farmed at forty-three million pounds per annum, and, two years later, Sir William Petty calculated that since 1635 the number of letters had increased in the proportion of twenty. It was found, in 1685, that the net revenues had increased to the extent of sixty-five million pounds per

annum, and the Duke of York, succeeding to the throne during the course of the same year, not only continued to receive the revenue, but succeeded in obtaining an Act of Parliament which secured it for himself, with the proviso that it should thereafter be for him, his heirs and successors, one entire and indefeasible estate in fee-simple, and that in consequence no account should be rendered to the legislative assembly of its revenues. The grant was resumed by Parliament at the Revolution, and was nominally abolished, yet the sovereign still continued in receipt of the money, and never rendered any accounts of the ways in which it was employed. Within the last two years of the reign of Charles II. a penny post was initiated in the capital, for the conveyance of London letters and parcels, by Robert Murray, an upholsterer. Murray, in common with many other citizens of the time, had felt considerable dissatisfaction with the provision which the Post Office authorities had made for the delivery of letters in the various districts of the capital. Correspondence between London and the rural districts was generally more expeditious than it was found to be within the boundaries of the metropolis. The post which was inaugurated by Murray was quickly placed under the control of William Docwra, the regulations being that all letters which did not exceed a pound in weight, and any sum of money which did not exceed ten pounds in value, and any packet which did not exceed ten pounds in

value, should be conveyed at a cost of one penny within the city and suburbs, and of twopence to any distance within a circuit of ten miles. Accordingly six spacious offices were opened in convenient spots in London, and receiving houses were established in all the chief thoroughfares. It is mentioned by Strype that huge placards, bearing the inscription, "Penny post letters taken in here," printed in bold characters, were to be seen suspended in the windows, or hanging at the doors of the offices. "Letter carriers," wrote the old annalist, "gather them every hour, and take them to their grand office in their respective districts. After the said letters and parcels were duly entered in the books, they are delivered, at stated periods, by other carriers."[1] As many as six and eight times during the course of the day these deliveries of letters were effected in the busy and crowded streets in the vicinity of the Exchange. In the outlying districts of the capital there were generally four deliveries daily. It is not surprising, in the least degree, to find that the great and decided success of the post which Murray had been instrumental in establishing, became an eyesore in the eyes of some, or that when it was fully known that the speculation was proving advantageous to its originator, the Duke of York should have complained that the monopoly which he had so long enjoyed was being infringed. Neither

[1] *Surveye of London*, ed. 1720, v. pp. 403-404.

is it surprising that the Government should have been induced to believe that it was a policy the reverse of a wise one, to permit the continuance of the penny post under separate management from the General Post. The system was loudly denounced by the Protestants as a contrivance, on the part of notorious Papists, to facilitate the communication of their plots of rebellion one to another. The infamous Titus Oates assured the public that he was convinced of the complicity of the Jesuits in the scheme, and that undeniable evidence of it would certainly be found by searching the bags. The city porters were loud in their complaints that their interests were being ignored, and long continued to tear down every placard within their reach which announced to the public the establishment of the innovation on what they deemed their rights. Of all this uproar the Government does not appear to have taken very much notice, although it was undoubtedly concerned at the success by which the undertaking had been attended. An appeal to the Court of King's Bench resulted in a decision that the new office, with all its profits and advantages, should form part and parcel of the royal establishment. Docwra was even mulcted in slight damages and costs, but at the Revolution he was appointed to the office of Controller of the District Post, on the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons, by way of compensation for the losses which he had sustained.

Three years after the accession of William III., a writ of Privy Seal was issued, granting Docwra a pension of five hundred pounds a year for seven years, "in consideration of the good services performed to the Crown, in inventing and settling the business of the Penny Post Office." In the year 1696 the Postmaster-General, Sir Robert Collin, and Thomas Trantland, conceived the idea of erecting a number of cross posts throughout England. They proposed that in October of that year a post should go twice a week between Bristol and Exeter. The entire expenses they estimated at two hundred and fifty-nine pounds ten shillings per annum. Each postmaster of the seven houses which were to be erected over that ground was to receive, on an average, thirty-five pounds per annum, and the distance of sixty-five miles was to be accomplished in four-and-twenty hours. A few months saw the establishment of this post, which, in the course of two or three years, realized an extra annual revenue of between four thousand pounds and five thousand pounds. The success which attended this enterprise evoked a proposal to establish a post, in like manner, between the city of Bristol and the town of Shrewsbury, but this scheme was rejected, and it was not until the succeeding century that any thorough development of the cross-road system took place.

Mail Robberies.—Much as was done to improve the post, it is incontestable that it was far from being of that use to the community at large that it should have been.

The packets of letters were entrusted to the custody of mounted postmen, who were inadequately remunerated for their services, and, in the absence of proper supervision, did pretty well as they liked. The consequence was that the robbery of the mail bags became part of the vocation of highwaymen, with whom the postmen, though rarely well armed, had often to combat by the light of the moon, on bleak wild moors and dreary desolate roads.[1] In nine cases out of ten the brains of the post-boy were blown out by the pistol of the highwayman, who galloped off with the bags. Sometimes it happened that the letter carrier, unable to despatch his assailant on the spot, succeeded in wounding and capturing him, and, six weeks later, careered jubilantly past the gloomy gibbet whence the corpse of his adversary was suspended in chains.[1] But it often happened that letters were lost simply by reason of the negligence of the carriers. To cross at the midnight hour wild moors and dreary heaths with the certainty of receiving a challenge to stand and deliver from a masked horseman needed an ample supply of courage, and if the carrier were not possessed of a very stout heart, he dismounted at a roadside inn and drank a deep draught of ale at the bar, preparatory to plunging headlong across the adjoining waste. As

[1] For instances of these mail robberies, consult *Diary* of Narcissus Luttrell, ii. 639.

there were many rascals, perfectly adept in the art of petty larceny, the carrier frequently found to his dismay that the saddle bags had been stolen from the back of the pony, which had been standing patiently at the door, while he had been drinking at the bar.

CHAPTER VII.

The Capital.—We now approach the subject of the English capital, and, in doing so, one of the first and most important points of difference which presents itself has reference to the population which at that time it contained. The point is difficult to decide. The Grand Duke Cosmo, who visited London in 1669, was informed that the population was four hundred and fifty thousand. Three years before the Revolution, Gregory King estimated that London contained five hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, or, in other words, nearly a tenth part of the entire population of the kingdom. About the same time Sir William Petty estimated, on very incorrect data, that fully one million persons inhabited London. That Petty's estimate was a very erroneous one is patent from the fact that under the precise enumeration of the census which was taken in the year 1801, London contained less than one million inhabitants. The entire population of England and Wales was then under nine millions of citizens.

The commerce of the port of London during the reign of Charles II., inconsiderable as it must necessarily

have been in comparison with the gigantic dimensions which it has attained in our own time, was very imposing, not merely to foreigners, but to those by whom it was habitually regarded. It is only within the present century that the magnificent docks of the Thames have sprung into existence. One small dock sufficed for all purposes in the seventeenth century. In the reigns of Charles II. and William III., the Pool was crowded with colliers and coal barges, waiting to unload their cargoes at the numerous private wharves. In 1699 Billingsgate was made a free market for the sale of fish. This celebrated market was opened at three o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter, the disputes which arose between the fishermen and the street hawkers producing that curious dialect of the English tongue which is commonly designated "Billingsgate." But the port of London was the scene of commercial transactions far more speculative than those which were connected with the supply of grain, of coal, or of fish. After the accession of William and Mary there were few intervals of peace. Maritime insurance was by no means general, and to the ordinary perils of the deep there was added the chance of being captured by a foreign enemy on the high seas, and by no means unfrequently in the English Channel. The tonnage of English shipping during the eight years and a half of war in the reign of King William III. declined by more than half its previous amount. Yet,

notwithstanding this, after the peace of Ryswick had been concluded in 1697, the commerce of the country appeared to leap more and more into activity. It received a new lease of life. It started on a victorious career. During the years which followed the Revolution, two East India companies were engaged in endless disputes, which terminated only when the age had closed. Throughout the second half of the seventeenth century there was a very strong desire among the London merchants to wrest the monopoly of the India trade from the hands of a few persons, who by its means had succeeded in amassing enormous wealth. Their efforts, at last, proved successful. The importation of the silks and painted calicoes of Hindustan was prohibited. The use of tea became very common among the higher and middle ranks of English society after the return of Charles II., and this was the means of opening up a new source of profitable commerce. But even while tea and coffee were taxed in their liquid state, and families sent to the coffee-houses for quarts of the esteemed beverage, it was noted that immoderate drinking in the capital decreased considerably by reason of their use. Almost immediately after the Revolution both tea and coffee became subject to the Customs duties. Then it was that the new luxuries were retailed in the shops of the capital, but at prices which precluded altogether any widespread indulgence in them.

More than one of the ancient trading companies of

the capital, between the Restoration and the Revolution, achieved marked success in its undertakings. Of these the Russia Company was one, and the Turkey Company was another. The Russia Company had been founded so far back as the reign of King Henry VIII., and possessed certain privileges. The establishment of the Turkey Company dated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and bore the designation of "a regulated company," in other words, a monopoly for individual traders. Besides these there was the African Company, a joint stock company which had been formed in the time of Henry VIII., its constitution being such as that which the East India Company set forth as their own great claim for support, namely, one by which "noblemen, gentlemen, shop-keepers, widows, orphans, and all other subjects may be traders, and employ their capital in a joint stock." In 1670 the Hudson Bay Company received a charter of incorporation for the purpose of beginning a trade for furs and minerals.

Although between the Restoration and the Revolution the system of banking had been slowly growing up, it was seldom, if ever, adopted in the rural districts. Even the taxes were remitted to London in specie, and the knowledge of this fact induced the cupidity of footpads and highwaymen. An instance of this occurred in 1692. Writing in his "Diary" under date of November 20th in that year, Evelyn said: "A signal robbery out of Hertfordshire of the tax money bringing out of the north towards London. They

were set upon by several desperate persons, who dismounted and stopped all travellers on the road, and guarding them in a field when the exploit was done, and the treasures taken, they killed all the horses of those whom they slayed, to hinder pursuit, being sixteen horses. They then dismissed those they had dismounted." The Bank of England received its charter of incorporation five years after the Revolution, and its business was at first transacted by a staff of fifty clerks and cashiers in the hall of the Grocers' Company. Seldom has an institution commenced in more favourable circumstances. Its subscribers anticipated the payment of one million two hundred thousand pounds of taxes voted by the legislative assembly, and the company was allowed eight per cent. upon the money which was advanced, besides an annual sum of four thousand pounds for management. The nation was gradually acquiring some knowledge of the system which was recommended by the East India Company, under which the unemployed capital of noblemen, gentlemen, shopkeepers, widows and orphans could be turned to profitable account. There were, however, but few facilities for the development of the system; though there was no lack of capital, and no lack of projectors who dazzled the minds of men with the most alluring visions of rapid increase, without any expenditure of labour, and without the slightest fear of failure, to persons of every rank and station, whose wealth was secured within iron safes, or within oaken chests. The

Revolution had scarcely been effected than the age of companies dawned. Not one single fraudulent scheme, not one delusive folly, not one idiotic proposal, possessed transparency sufficient to stop the nation in its wild-goose chase of what it fondly imagined to be untold wealth. There was no cessation of the mania. The fluctuations which occurred soon after the accession of King William III. in the prices of shares, both of "new projects and schemes promising mountains of gold," and of the established trading companies, were so excessive that the stock-jobbing department of the Royal Exchange bore the nearest resemblance to a huge gambling hell that can well be conceived. The spirit of gambling, which the Puritans had for a time succeeded effectually in laying, now returned, like the demoniac spoken of in the New Testament parable, with seven others more powerful than himself, and entered into the breasts of people in the humblest as well as in the highest walks of life, and dwelt there. In a statute of 1698 it was recited that many evil-disposed persons for divers years last past had set up mischievous and unlawful games called lotteries, in London and Westminster, and in other parts, and had fraudulently obtained great sums of money from unwary persons, and were thus public nuisances. Two offices for insurance against fire were established in the capital before the Revolution, one being the Royal Exchange and the other the Friendly Society.

The city of London in the second half of the seventeenth century was, as it had always been, a faithful mirror of the social and intellectual forces of the nation. It was a gay, a rich, a bustling, and a versatile city. It was the residence of the sovereign and of the court. It was the seat of Parliament, and of all the great offices of State. It was the centre of influence for the military and naval services. It contained the places of assemblage for the few societies that had for their object the cultivation of science, of literature, and of art. It set the fashions to the rest of the kingdom, after being itself indebted to those of the French capital. It was the home of the most skilful and cunning workmen in the crafts which ministered to the various needs of luxury. It was the great market which determined the prices of most articles of food at a particular time. It was a general house of call for those who were in quest of employment in hundreds of various occupations. Comparatively speaking, it was a reservoir of charity and of benignity, which were displayed in a considerable number of hospitals, asylums, benevolent institutions, and other means of alleviating human misery ; and, lastly, it presented glowing though often vague temptations to those who desired to wander away from the parental fireside in the rural shades intent on seeking their fortunes. To the Richard Whittingtons of that, as of our own age, the visionary streets of London were thickly paved with gold, and to

them, as to their descendants, side by side with an infinite amount of disappointment and of wretchedness, the capital held out the great prizes and rewards of ambition, of industry, and of perseverance.

If by some superhuman agency a London citizen of the present day could be transported into the London of the reign of Charles II., he would find himself in the midst of a world which he would experience great inability in recognizing as his own. He would find it to be not only a city as rich in curiosities as any of the buried cities of Italy, but one of which he would possess as little knowledge as he would concerning the daily life and occupations of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. The celerity and the completeness with which national manners and customs become transformed is very extraordinary. The mouldering hand of Time directs the steps of men into paths which were never trodden by the feet of their forefathers; and the space of three or four lives, only a little in excess of the ordinary span of human existence, suffices to bridge the gulf which separates the people of this age from a state of society which would excite as much surprise within the breast as the grotesque characters figuring at a masquerade or a fancy-dress ball, a state of society which would present differences in its tastes, its ideas, its employments, its inclinations, and its customs, from those to which we are now accustomed, greater than could possibly be imagined. The London of the present day bears about as much resemblance to the London of

the Restoration age as the natives of Central Africa bear to those of Greenland. The progress which scientific discovery has made in the invention of gas, and of innumerable other conveniences of social life, to say not a word respecting the various applications of steam and electricity, has effected not only a complete transformation in the topographical aspect of the English capital, but in the public and private life of the city also; so much so, indeed, as all but to defy any attempt on the part of statisticians precisely to appraise the nature of their scope and their extent. Not without interest will a review, depending for its trustworthiness absolutely on the industry and sagacity with which ancient authorities have been consulted, be to the readers of these pages.

During the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries, the rapid extension of the English capital was viewed with marked disfavour by the sovereigns of the House of Tudor. Nor were the Stuart monarchs altogether undisturbed by that feeling. Both James I. and his successor endeavoured to repress the town-building propensities of their subjects. But all to no purpose. That "the growth of the capital resembleth that of the head of a rickety child, in which an excessive influx of humours draweth and impoverisheth the extremities, and at the same time generateth distemper in the overloaded parts," was one of the quaint conceits which emanated from the mind of

King James I., and, quaint though it be, it clearly implies that he had very little sympathy with any of those who were bent upon covering the large tracts of open spaces by which the London of that age was on every side shut in, with houses. His successor, Charles I., was of the same opinion, since, in several of his proclamations, he prohibited any entertainment of additional inmates in houses that already existed. But these repressive measures proved of none effect. Both landholders and leaseholders, breaking the rules, built new houses, paid the fines, and threw the burden upon the rental. The inevitable result followed. Building operations proceeded slowly, but surely, until the great and terrible conflagration of September, 1666, burst forth, consuming no fewer than thirteen thousand two hundred houses, and destroying merchandise, treasure, plate, and household furniture to the value of ten million pounds sterling. After that unparalleled event, the city was in a great measure rebuilt with the assistance of two Acts of Parliament. The whole work was one of extraordinary energy, and afforded a rare example of public spirit. Many sacrifices were made to the exigencies of the times. Great numbers of the population had been burnt out of house and home. To rear a city with wide streets and without narrow alleys would no doubt have been well enough, but it was inexpedient. It would have been the height of absurdity, in the circumstances, to trouble about systematic architecture, and to ignore

adaptation to individual needs and requirements. This was clearly recognized; yet very much was accomplished. Formerly the shops and houses had been constructed of timber; they were now constructed of brick and of stone. Formerly they had been built without any regard whatever to the comfort and convenience of those by whom they were to be inhabited; they were now constructed with some regard both to comfort and to refinement. As, however, the proposals of Colonel Birch, of Wren, of Hooke, and of Evelyn, for the construction of a city at once handsome and properly arranged, were accepted, the ancient lines were followed in almost every case.

Complete bewilderment would be the effect which would be produced upon a Londoner of the nineteenth century who could behold the London of the second half of the seventeenth century. To him it would be the entrance into another world. The sights and persons that would meet his eye would be strange. He would require time to analyze the novel scenes and impressions which would pass before his vision, like the quick, changing images of a magic-lantern. Surprise of this kind is easily explicable. The metropolis, which has now become almost a province covered with houses, although it appears to have been the most populous capital in Europe, had barely extended beyond the ancient city limits, and the houses which lay westward of these boundaries were, for the most part, the residences

of the nobility, standing in the midst of gardens which were bounded by open fields. In this age one long street extends from Hyde Park Corner to Brentford. It was not so then. "The whole tract of country," wrote a contemporary traveller—"seven miles—from Brentford to London is truly delicious, from the abundance of well-built villas and country houses, which are seen in every direction."[1] Not one of the docks and warehouses which now line the banks of the Thames from the Tower to Blackwall and from Rotherhithe to Westminster, had emerged into existence. Only one bridge spanned the river. That bridge, which consisted of no more than nineteen arches, was called London Bridge, and contained many large buildings, almost half of which escaped the Great Fire, the upper part being dwellings, and the lower part being used as mercers' shops. The roadway between the overhanging houses upon the bridge was so narrow that it was scarcely possible for two vehicles to pass one another in safety, and foot passengers were able to proceed over it in safety only by following in their miry wake. Much the same was then the case with all the London streets, the inhabitants of which remained in blissful ignorance of commissioners of improvements and boards for paving and lighting. The houses projected and jostled one another as they now do in the ancient cities of Belgium and Normandy, and every shop in the absence of numbers

[1] *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, p. 162.

was distinguished from its neighbour by a gilt and painted sign-board, which projected, in a great mass of wood and metal, from the front. Locks and keys, suns and stars, roses, garlands, printers' devices, such as the Marygold, and the Golden Bottle, and the Three Squirrels, where goldsmiths plied their baneful trade of banking; the Dial and the Bible, where Edmund Curll sold books, in opposition to Bernard Lintot at the Cross Keys, and Gilliver at Homer's Head; were among the signs visible in that age in Fleet Street, to mention but one locality, hanging over doors which have since come to be distinguished simply by a number and a name. To the north of the city extended green fields and gentle hills, the contour of which it would now be impossible to trace amidst the dwellings by which they have since been overspread. Belgravia and Tyburnia, two important localities which have long since been incorporated into the voracious metropolis itself, slumbered in the womb of time, and he who had then ventured to predict the parturition of the parent would have been rewarded with the lie direct for his pains. Chelsea was a rural village containing hardly more than a thousand inhabitants. Islington was a suburb where the citizens, when tired of the noisy, bustling, smoky, crowded streets of the city, issued forth on a summer's morning "to eat a messe of strawberries and cream," a place which afforded so many peaceful retreats that it was "the delight of poets," a place where milkmaids and invalids wandered at will over fields fragrant

with the scent of the new-mown hay and resplendent with the buttercups and daisies. The country lay open nearly all the way to Hampstead and Highgate from the rear of Holborn, where many private mansions of civic magnates stood, surrounded by their terraced gardens, which were planted usually with lime-trees, and sometimes adorned with fountains, with summer-houses, and with grottoes. To the south of Moorfields, or London Wall, now occupied by Finsbury Square, there lay a pleasure-ground adorned with trees, laid out with turf and gravel paths and railings, and traversed by a broad and shady walk known as the City Mall. This locality was the principal recreation ground of the city. Gresham House was surrounded by spacious walks and gardens, which extended nearly as far as Cornhill. The Minories, which were so denominated by reason of the lands having once belonged to the nunnery of St. Clare, formed a comparatively open space, and adjacent had once stood a farm, where Stowe, in his youth, had often bought an ale quart of new milk for a halfpenny.[1] Numerous other districts, which now form densely-populated portions of the metropolis, were then in a semi-rural condition. Spitalfields, which in former ages had been the cemetery of Roman London, and in after days became the property of the Hospital and Priory of St. Mary beyond Bishopsgate, were really what their name implied. From Houndsditch, a street of houses, standing in their own

[1] Stow's *Survey*, ed. Thoms. p. 48.

gardens, extended nearly as far as the parish church of Shoreditch, which was almost the last building in that direction. Under the elm trees in Moorfields linen was spread out to dry by bleachers and laundresses, quantities of old books were exposed for sale, and men and boys boxed and cudgelled one another. Cattle grazed and archers shot their arrows in Finsbury, and Goswell Street was a lonely road all the way to the pleasant village of Islington. Clerkenwell was occupied chiefly by the precincts of the once great priory or hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem, and by several mansions, surrounded by gardens, which were tenanted by the aristocracy. Gray's Inn Fields afforded pasturage for cows,[1] and Sadler's Wells, Islington Spa, and Merlin's Cave were the daily resorts of crowds of citizens on account of the curative properties which were latent in their waters. The New Tunbridge Wells at Islington, the site of which is now occupied by a squalid rookery of misery and vice, was a fashionable morning lounge. The Pinder of Wakefield was a noted way-side hostelry in the Gray's Inn Road, and the pretty yellow-flowered Neapolitan bank-cresses, which flourished in its immediate vicinity, are mentioned by the gossiping Aubrey.[2] Gray's Inn Gardens were the scene of a fashionable morning promenade, and from them there was an almost uninterrupted view of the pleasant heights of

[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, i. 409.

[2] *Natural History of Wiltshire*, p. 88.

Highgate and Hampstead, which had then scarcely lost the woodland scenery of the ancient forest of Middlesex. Bloomsbury Square, Southampton Buildings, and the adjoining neighbourhood, were seats of fashion. St. Pancras was a district of fields, where jaded citizens were wont to take the air.[1] The gardens of Montagu House, which were destined in later days to be overspread by the British Museum, as well as those attached to Bedford House adjoining, were fragrant with the scent of flowers in the summer time, and overlooked an expanse of open country which terminated in the northern heights. Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, and even Shoe Lane abounded with gardens, and straggling lines of cottages. St. Giles's still retained much of its rural character, and consisted of only a few houses, amidst trees, standing near the church, while northwards and westwards stretched roads, planted with avenues of trees, and eastwards green enclosures from the walls of what had been the leper hospital to Chancery Lane. Many inns stood upon the Holborn Road. Strictly speaking, St. Giles's Pound was at the threshold of London. The sites of Long Acre, of Seven Dials, and of Soho, were occupied by what were known as "The Cock and Magpie Fields," so called from a celebrated house of public entertainment situated thereabout which bore that name. Drury House, which stood near the Strand end of Drury Lane where the village of St.

[1] Pepys' *Diary*, April 23, 1665.

Giles began, was the only mansion of importance that the locality could boast, and was shaded by a row of stately elm trees. The Physic Garden, where John Gerarde, citizen and surgeon, had culled his samples a hundred years before, was still in existence in the reign of Charles II. After the great conflagration of 1666, a very considerable number of the nobility and of the opulent gentry migrated westward to fix new dwelling-places for themselves in Piccadilly, and it was not very long before the retail traders, who were mostly dependent upon them, saw fit to follow their example. In the closing years of the reign of Charles II., Paternoster Row was occupied by the mercers.[1] Indeed, the street was constructed primarily for their convenience, and it was always thronged with coaches in two rows. The neighbouring streets were occupied by the lacemen and by the fringe sellers, as well as by all those who were dependent for their livelihood upon the mercery trade. By degrees the nobility ceased to buy silks and velvets in the city, and, the mercers following, the nobility settled in Covent Garden. Paternoster Row, deserted by the dealers in brocades, came ultimately to be supplanted by the booksellers, who, in like manner, deserted their old quarters in Little Britain. Covent Garden Square and Bow Street were among the very centres of high life.[2] Drury Lane was a fashionable residential locality, and was sufficiently near those two fashionable resorts,

[1] Defoe's *Complete Tradesman*, c. li.

[2] Wheatley's *London*, i. pp. 229, 416; Sorbière's *Voyage*, p. 13.

Drury Lane Theatre and Lincoln's Inn Theatre, from the side boxes of which persons of quality enjoyed performances of the licentious comedies of Wycherley and Congreve, of Farquhar and of Vanbrugh. But though a considerable portion of the fashionable world had forsaken the city, many had not. Numbers of the aristocracy and the gentry resided within the city walls in stately residences, a few of which still remain in the quiet corners and narrow lanes which lie adjacent to the great highways of commercial enterprise, as mute witnesses of an age which has long since been swept into the sea of oblivion. For example, the town residence of that rich and powerful North of England family, the Nevilles, stood in Leadenhall Street, and that of Sir John de Lumley, another lord of the county palatine of Durham, stood in Wood Street. The Earl of Bridgewater had a house in the Barbican in 1687.[1] Shaftesbury originally Thanet House was erected by the skilful hand of Inigo Jones on the east side of Aldersgate Street for the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet. London House, originally Petre House, long continued to be the town mansion of the occupants of the See of London. The Earl of Berkeley possessed a residence, with a fine garden attached to it, in St. John's Lane, not very far from Smithfield. Wills, diaries, and other contemporary documents suffice to show that people of rank and position then resided in districts of the city of London, where their descendants

[1] *Diary* of Narcissus Luttrell, i. 399, and the *Williamson Correspondence*, i. p. 89.

would certainly not think of residing at the present time. Evelyn mentions that Sir Robert Clayton, the Sheriff of London, possessed a palatial abode in the Old Jewry, which contained a magnificent banqueting saloon, wainscoted with cedar, and ornamented with frescoes representing the battles between the gods and the giants incomparably done.[1] Sir Dudley North possessed a mansion in Basinghall Street, and subsequently one in Foster Lane, Cheapside, and it is recorded that upon the rich furniture with which he adorned the latter he expended the sum of no fewer than four thousand pounds.[2] The court quarter of London, however, was Soho, which contained many stately houses. The south side of the Square was occupied by the house which was built for the Duke of Monmouth by Sir Christopher Wren.[3] In Carlisle Street stood the elegant residence of the Dowager Lady Carlisle, who was there enabled to enjoy the prospect of "a cherry orchard and flower garden." Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, possessed a mansion which was situated at the north-east corner of Leicester Fields, and adjacent to it, on the west side, stood the residence of the Earl of Aylesbury.[4]

Old St. Paul's.—For six years after the Restoration one of the chief glories of the English capital was

[1] *Diary*, ed. Bray, ii. 79.

[2] *Life*, by Roger North, ed. Jessop, p. 194.

[3] Lord Grey's *Secret History of the Rye House Plot*, p. 36; Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, i. pp. 30-32.

[4] Strype's *Survey*, vi. pp. 68, 86.

the fine ancient Gothic cathedral, dedicated to the memory of the Great Apostle to the Gentiles, anciently styled Eastminster, which covered nearly three acres of ground within its walls. This beautiful, graceful structure rose high above all the numerous others in the city. Beneath the magnificent architecture of the choir was a crypt containing the Church of St. Faith, and at the end of the long-drawn nave, a round oriel window of painted glass mingled its gem-like hues with the "dim religious light," which was admitted by rows of deep-set, sculptured windows, on which projecting buttresses cast their shade. In front of the venerable pile there had stood, previously to 1641, the timber Cross, mounted upon steps and sheltered by a conical roof of lead, where so many divines and distinguished ecclesiastical reformers had thundered or pleaded in defence of what they had believed to be the truth. That Cross was demolished in 1641, by order of the Long Parliament, who, fired by a wholesome and godly zeal, issued a commission for the destruction of all pictures, monuments, and relics of what they ignorantly conceived to be idolatry.

Paul's Walk.—Nor should it be forgotten that the middle aisle of the cathedral church, familiarly called the "Pervyse of Paul's," or "Paul's Walk," strange as it may seem to modern notions, constituted a sort of club without entrance fee or subscription. Between the hours of eleven and twelve in the forenoon, and three and five in the afternoon, "Paul's Walk" buzzed and echoed with

the fullest tide of life. The resort swarmed with beaux, attired in soft raiment of the most recent fashions, waving perfumed gloves and kerchiefs in the air, and exchanging orangeade and comfits with one another as they paced up and down, enlivening their walk with wagers or by chanting the praise of their mistresses, their horses, their hounds, or their hawks, to the traders, the newsmongers, and the card-sharpers; while close cropped serjeants-at-law, clad in scarlet gowns, and tippets edged with white fur, stood by the pillars, ready to expound the statutes, and to receive fees for the legal advice that they tendered. In this manner, one of the noblest cathedrals in Christendom was converted into a house of merchandise and a den of thieves in a manner which filled even foreigners with amazement.

The Strand.—The cities of London and Westminster were united only by a few houses in the occupation of the nobility which occupied the line of the Strand.[1] The Strand was then very unlike the busy thoroughfare lined with innumerable shops fitted with plate-glass windows, within which are now displayed a thousand articles of use and luxury, of which London citizens in that age probably little dreamed. A row of brick villas, with gardens sloping to the Thames, bordered its southern side, but the spaces between these were filled with wooden huts and crazy timber tenements, the

[1] Evelyn's *Character of England*, p. 10.

blackened overhanging stones of which were green with damp from the dripping eaves. The north side lay almost open to the fields, except where a few aristocratic mansions had arisen. A tall maypole, which James Duke of York had employed his soldiers to hoist at the Restoration, to notify the fact that the reign of the saints had ended, stood on the site that was afterwards occupied by the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. Chains and posts separated the Strand from Fleet Street, marking the site on which, after the Great Fire, the arched gateway of Temple Bar arose. In Fleet Street itself cellars and booths represented the shops of modern days. The pavement, or rather the place where the pavement came afterwards to be, was paraded by flat-capped merchants, or, if they happened to be on 'Change, by their saucy apprentices, who patrolled up and down with the ceaseless cry, "What d'ye lack, my masters?" "What d'ye lack?"

Spring Gardens.—The space lying between Charing Cross and St. James's Palace was occupied by fields, contiguous to which stood Spring Gardens, where gallants in laced ruffles and periwigs, where belles in furbelows and masks flirted and chattered in the thickets, where the most experienced mothers frequently lost themselves in searching for their daughters, and where the melodious notes of the nightingale were frequently to be heard by attentive listeners during the stillness of a mid-summer night. Hedgerows, surrounding a few houses,

were to be seen in the Haymarket, and more than one hundred and forty elm trees bordered the walk in Pall Mall. The line of road along Piccadilly, which was known only as the road to Bath and the West of England, was for the most part unpaved, and coaches were frequently overturned in the hollow way. The site of Bond Street was covered with green bushes, and all beyond it was fallow ground. Building on what were known as the Windmill Fields was strictly forbidden, as also on the open fields which adjoined Soho. Pimlico was a swamp, and in the adjacent lower parts of Westminster lay gardens in which people cultivated their roses, their lilies, and their fruit trees. Whitehall Palace and the mansions of the nobles and prelates which lined the Strand, retained their sloping gardens, and their waterfalls. The district of Tyburnia, which has attained marvellous dimensions within the recollection of many who are still living, was a wide expanse of waste land over which travellers after nightfall wended their way with many misgivings, and across what is now Lisson Grove, Marylebone Road, and the Regent's Park, sportsmen in that age were often to be seen wandering with their dogs.

Alsatia. — Pre-eminent among the many sinks of iniquity in which London abounded in the post-Restoration era, stood Whitefriars, better known under the cant designation of Alsatia. That locality was bounded by the Temple Walls, Fleet Street, Water

Lane and the Thames. Near at hand had stood in former days the Whitefriars Church, which had been spoiled at the Dissolution of Monasteries. The privileges of sanctuary, however, were extended to this asylum long after the Reformation, and were confirmed and enlarged by royal charter in 1608 by James I. The inevitable consequences followed. The asylum soon sunk from the position of a Carmelite monastery, honoured and endowed by the first Edward, to the degraded condition of an abominable den, where a race of degenerate reprobates, conversant with all the fraud and crime of the metropolis, herded together in a number of filthy courts and squalid alleys, within a circuit, across the boundary of which neither bailiffs, creditors, nor any emissary of the law could dare to pass. There, from one generation to another, a corporation of beggars and cut-purses, of courtesans and swindlers, of tavern bilks and coiners, of destitute life-guardsmen and impecunious foreign noblemen, of footpads and highwaymen, and of dozens of poor people who often, through no fault of their own, had fallen victims to a Draconic law of debtor and creditor, found a refuge, and there for days, weeks, months, and even years soddened themselves in the numerous tippling houses and taverns, in which the locality abounded, with huge potations of usquebaugh and spiced Hollands, of "mad dog" and "angel's food," of "dragon's milk," and "go-by-the-wall." Sometimes the debased vagabonds who crowded these drinking

shops, cut one another's throats in front of the very bar, or stabbed the drawers to the heart on their deliberate refusal to serve the liquor which their souls loved before it had been paid for. Linked closely with the Court of Charles II., Alsatia was continually the outer court of Whitehall Palace, whither many a gallant cavalier, many a fine old English gentleman, utterly ruined by his excesses at piquet or basset with the Merry Monarch and the frail beauties who were his constant companions, found himself translated, shuffling a pair of cards on a broken chair, in the company of persons the vilest of the vile. Woe to the unlucky bailiff or server of writs who dared to invade those sacred precincts. The horn sounded, the alarm was given, loud shouts of release were raised, and sharpers fresh from their greasy cards, bullies fresh from their battered ale-jacks, armed with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags grasping spits and broomsticks, rushed out in scores, to duck the hapless intruder at the pump, or, worse than all, to toss him in a blanket, to dip him in tar, to roll him in feathers, and finally to trundle him out into Fleet Street in a wheelbarrow. It was impossible to execute the warrant of the Lord Chief Justice of the realm or any other legal process in Alsatia, without the assistance of a company of musketeers.[1] No place was of greater service to the traders of the city. Often and often tradesmen, who had by cant, by

[1] Ward's *London Spy*, p. 158; *Ellis Correspondence*, ii. 210.

flattery, and by dissimulation obtained unbounded credit with their friends, slipped into Alsatia with their effects, took sanctuary against the laws, compounded their debts for a small sum, and oftentimes succeeded in obtaining a better estate by breaking than by trading. Repeatedly the inhabitants of this hateful locality, the Alsatians, as they were called, broke forth from their den and engaged in sanguinary conflicts with their enemies. In July, 1691, the Benchers of the Inner Temple issued orders for the bricking up of their little gate leading into Whitefriars. While the workmen were employed in doing so, the Alsatians came out in a body, and, as fast as it was built up, pulled it down. At last application was made to the sheriffs to keep the peace, and they accordingly arrived accompanied by their officers. These proceedings, however, so incensed the Alsatians that they attacked the party, felled several of them to the ground, and discharged many guns, wounding several and killing two. A Dutch soldier passing by was shot in the neck and a woman in the mouth. Sir Francis Child, one of the sheriffs, was among the number of those who were laid low, and in the confusion that ensued was robbed of a portion of his gold chain of office. The fray raged for several hours, the Alsatians being reduced at last only with the assistance of a body of the King's Guards, who effected the capture of the ring-leaders and committed them to gaol.[1] The humours

[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, ii. pp. 259, 260.

of Whitefriars were painted very graphically by Thomas Shadwell, in his comedy entitled "Squire of Alsatia," and very ably by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "The Fortunes of Nigel." The Squire of Alsatia, the principal character in Shadwell's comedy, is the eldest son of a Sir William Belfond, who has been brought up in the country with great rigour by his morose and sordid father. During the old gentleman's absence he escapes to London, and there falls among the thieves, the sharpers, the swindlers, and the debauchees, who infest the precincts of the notorious asylum of Whitefriars. These men, consisting chiefly of Cheatly, a rascal, who "inveigles young heirs in tail," and helps them to marry "upon great disadvantages;" Shamwell, an heir originally ruined by Cheatly, and now a decoy duck for others, living upon the spoil, and so deeply in debt that he dares not stir out of Alsatia; Captain Hackum, formerly a hectoring sergeant with the army in Flanders, who, having deserted his colours, has retreated into Whitefriars for "a very small debt," is dubbed a captain, marries the keeper of a lodging-house, sells cherry brandy, and carries on another thriving trade. These fellows, with the aid of a money-lender, named Scrapeall, "a psalm-singing hypocrite and godly knave," lead the simpleton Belfond into the wildest extravagancies and debaucheries. The play contains a striking, and doubtless a correct exhibition of feverish folly, and a description of infamous manners. Several casual remarks in the

play indicate that the word sharper, which is now so well established a word in the English dictionaries, had its origin about that time, it being considered a new-fangled phrase for a rogue. The play also indicates that the practice, familiarly known as bantering, was well established, and was held in much estimation among the wits of Alsatia, who, like our modern thieves, possessed a language of their own. Shadwell thought it necessary to prefix to the play a glossary of the cant expressions with which his characters garnished their conversation. "By the hilts" was an oath which frequently proceeded out of the mouths of Alsatian dicers, and was one on which no reliance was to be placed. Not long after the Revolution, the privileges of Whitefriars were abolished by an Act of Parliament of William III. for pulling down all such pretended privileged places upon penalties, and this den of infamy was purged of some of its many abominations. An Alsatian bully was an unmistakable character. "'Tis a fine equipage I am likely to be reduced to," observes Courtine, a character in Otway's "Soldier's Fortune," "I shall be ere long as greasy as an Alsatian bully; this flopping hat, pinned up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten peruke, dirty linen, and, to complete the figure, a long scandalous iron sword jarring at my heels." It is probable the landgraviate of Alsace, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, ceded to Germany by France after the Franco-German War of 1870 and

1871, which was continually the scene of feuds in the seventeenth century, and was well known to English soldiers in that age, suggested the cant name for Whitefriars. What Alsace then was to France and the Central Powers, Whitefriars was to the Temple and Westminster. The Templars were engaged in prosecuting with ardour the study of the law, with the intent to enforce it, and in Alsatia, immediately adjoining, fraudulent debtors and gamblers were studying how to defy and to violate it. The Alsatians were as obnoxious to the Templars, as the Templars were to the Alsatians. The George Tavern was a favourite resort of the Alsatians, and is mentioned by Shadwell in his comedy, and by Mrs. Aphra Behn in her "Lucky Chance," 1687. Alsatia, although the worst of the London asylums of crime and misery in that age, was not the only one. The Mint in Southwark was another sanctuary for destitute courtiers and insolvent debtors, and there the Alsatians often concealed themselves when timely warning was given them, that "upon a great concern of debt, the sheriff, with the *posse comitatus*," was about to force his way into Whitefriars. The district was a large one, containing several streets and alleys, where concealment was easy. Clandestine marriages were frequently performed there as at other places by degraded clergymen.

Other Haunts of Vice.—Lewknor's Lane, Drury Lane,

so called after Sir Lewis Lewknor, was a third rendezvous and nursery for loose women, and Whetstone Park, a narrow range of tenements in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn, was even more notorious still for its immorality. One evening early in the month of September, 1682, between two or three hundred of the London apprentices mustered in Whetstone Park, attacked the brothels, smashed the windows, broke the doors, and did much other mischief, until they were dispersed by the King's Guards, whose interference, however, produced little effect, as the following night they came again and accomplished even greater mischief than before.[1]

The Thames.—No more convenient highway existed between London and Westminster than the River Thames. There, at least, no carman could engage in sanguinary conflict with the drivers of hackney coaches. More than four thousand watermen towed their ten thousand small wherries up and down its waters, bidding defiance to the keen competition which was offered by the eight hundred hackney coachmen, "charging so much an hour, and something extra for the first."[2] Yet he who entrusted his person to the care of the Thames watermen found to his dismay, and always when it was too late, that he had exchanged only one evil for another, since a more

[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, i. 216.

[2] *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, p. 401.

thoroughly hateful, detestable, ruffianly crew than those noisy, grisly old Tritons were at that time it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive. None were more fraught with horror to the unsophisticated squire on a short visit to the metropolis, or an ancient dame proceeding to Blackfriars for an airing. The very shouts that they raised of "Next oars," and "Scullers," were alone sufficient to strike terror into the breasts of intending passengers. The boat had scarcely started up or down the stream, than every person, no matter who, in every other boat was assailed with volleys of "water compliments," compared with which the Billingsgate dialect of the present day, and the oaths to which Hotspur's wife gave utterance, fade into utter insignificance.[1] Thomas Brown and Edward Ward have each preserved in their pages choice specimens of these oaths, but they are so gross in every case that it would be impossible to quote them without offending the reader. The greatest danger which those who travelled by the Thames in that age had to fear, was shooting London Bridge, a danger which was to be avoided only by disembarking and by walking from one side to the other over London Bridge, instead of proceeding through the arches. Pepys, returning from Whitehall one Sunday evening in the month of August, 1662, committed the mistake of shooting the rapids, an experiment which he seems by no means to have relished. "By water through the bridge

[1] Brown's *View of London and Westminster.*

(which did trouble me) home," he says. That the passage over the bridge was by no means free from danger is evident from the fact that Pepys, in returning from spending the evening at a famous inn in Southwark, the Bear at the bridge foot, in October 1664, was unable to find his coach. While proceeding over the bridge in the darkness, one of his legs fell into a hole. Very strangely does the rural aspect of the Surrey side of the Thames, as it stands revealed to us in contemporary works, contrast with its brick-and-mortar aspect of to-day. When we read in Pepys' "Diary," under date of October the 9th, 1660, that in company with Sir William Penn, he walked from Rotherhithe "over the fields to Deptford," we see the enormity of this change. The observant visitor to London in the time of Charles II., found its streets and thoroughfares quite as much thronged and certainly quite as busy as perhaps they are now, although infinitely noisier, dirtier, and smokier. Of vehicular traffic there was considerably less.

The Outward Aspect of London.—There was little or no pavement then afforded. Long rows of posts formed the boundaries between the footpath and the traffic way, and only within these was it safe to walk. More than three hundred dirty kennels might then have been counted in the course of a single walk from Newgate to Charing Cross. The kennels, as is now the case in many of the old towns of Germany and Austria and in all the ancient quarters of the French capital

ran in the centre of the street, and thence originated a desire on the part of every pedestrian to keep as closely as he possibly could to what was called "the wall." The meek and gentle never hesitated to "give" the wall; the rude and boisterous never hesitated to "take" the wall. When two bullies chanced to meet they jostled one another, with their swords, two yards long, which jarred at their heels, and thrust one another into the kennel. These jostlings and street quarrels, which were technically called rencounters, or sudden combats without premeditation, were generally settled by a fierce encounter on the spot, as may be supposed in an age when every well-dressed person appeared in public wearing a sword. Many indeed were the phases of the street life of London in the Restoration age. Fights and skirmishes were of hourly occurrence. The sooty chimney sweepers and broom men and fat greasy porters played sad havoc with stockings of amber-coloured silk, and velvet coats of a sky-blue hue. "Make way there," shouted a sedan chairman, carrying a person of quality for his morning's exercise. "Make room there," shouted the driver of a wheelbarrow. "Stand up there, you blind dog," bawled a carman, "will you have the cart squeeze you?" One tinker would knock, another bawled, "Have you brass pot, iron pot, kettle, skillet or frying pan to mend?" "Two a groat and four for sixpence mackerel." One would draw his mouth up to his ears,

howling out, "Buy my flounders," and would be followed by another crying out other wares. In one direction would be seen a christening procession, and in another a funeral procession, headed by the sexton and followed by the bearers of rosemary. Hither came a stout, jovial countryman, gaping along the causeway, asking every one he met the way. Thither a poet scampered along as fast as his legs could carry him, followed at his heels by a pair of bailiffs, with open mouths ready to devour him and all the nine Muses. Pickpockets were so very numerous that, whether in churches or in shops, at the theatres or the masquerades, watches, purses, and snuff-boxes vanished from off the persons of their respective wearers with an amazing frequency and rapidity. Even articles which were attached the most closely to the person were found to disappear, and the beau who gallantly tendered his arm to a belle in her passage across a kennel, often discovered to his dismay that a highly prized precious stone had taken its departure in peace from the ring that adorned his right-hand fore-finger.[1] More often it happened that men, dressed in the guise of bakers, passed through the crowded thoroughfares of the city bearing covered baskets on their heads. In these covered baskets there was generally concealed a boy, whose

[1] Tom Brown's *View of London and Westminster*, ed. 1760, iii. 12, *et seq.*

business it was to watch when the bearer of the basket pushed heavily against a beau of the first magnitude, and stretching forth his hand, dexterously to seize the attractive periwig which adorned his cranium, and silently to stow it away within the basket. Thimble-rigging was openly practised as a trade in the streets, and every square and open place was infested with a throng of beggars, paupers, common vagabonds, impostors, and adventurers, and many who might otherwise have been considered really deserving objects of charity, had not their detestable manners and personal appearance needed rather the interference of the parish beadle, and the stern discipline of Bridewell, than the countenance and encouragement of such persons as mostly congregated around common street exhibitions. It was customary for cheating beggars at that time to raise artificial sores on their bodies, and to endeavour the more readily to move the compassion of the charitably disposed by burning crowsfoot, spearwort, and salt together, and clapping the concoction at once on the face, which fretted the skin. Having done this, the impostor stuck on a linen rag, which adhered very closely, and when removed tore off the skin, and lastly, in order to give it an ugly and ill-favoured appearance, he dabbed some powder of arsenic on the wound. But beggars were not the only specimens of humanity which met the eye as the stranger wended his way through the busy streets of the capital. There were bailiffs

prowling about, seeking their prey, along with numerous ruffianly cheats and notorious card-sharpers from the innermost recesses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. With these mingled the hawkers, whose modes of dealing would in these days be indicted as public nuisances. He who then entered Westminster Hall would have found it swarming on one side with female hucksters, selling baubles and toys, and with lawyers on the other, busily engaged in settling or disputing the ownership of property, in a very animated fashion. On the left hand a shrill-voiced seamstress might have been heard inviting the passers-by to purchase some of her knick-knacks. On the right hand the voice of a deep-mouthed crier might have been heard calling upon the crowd of vendors and lawyers to keep silence.[1] Very noticeable in important thoroughfares too were the shops of the pastry-cooks, establishments which were to be found in that age chiefly in Leadenhall Street, and the toymen's shops which were to be found chiefly in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. For all kinds of toys there was an insatiable cupidity among all classes of society, and those who sold them generally succeeded in amassing competencies for themselves. Toys, trinkets and jewellery changed hands, not in the ordinary way, but by means of raffles, which were attended in very considerable numbers by the idle and

[1] *Works* of Thomas Brown, ed. 1760, iii. p. 40.

fashionable of both sexes. Nor were toys the only articles of merchandise in which the proprietors of these establishments were accustomed to deal. Cogged dice and masks, dominoes, vizors, and assignations—these were some of the other things for which the toymen laid themselves open to accommodate fashionable folk. Shopping in the London of that age, as in our own, was regarded by women as a part of the regular daily programme, and as an excellent way in which to while away the time, which they so often found hanging heavily on their hands. It was certainly attended with something more of interest and excuse than in the present day, when almost every street presents in every window all the various productions which it is possible for the fickle goddess fashion or commercial enterprise to offer. Between the Restoration and the Revolution English manufactures of luxuries and ornaments had not attained that high standard of excellence which in these days is so observant in them. France was then, and perhaps with far greater reason than now, resorted to by the English world of fashion for every article of fine and costly apparel ; and our trade with the great peninsula of Hindostan was the means of introducing a variety of Oriental productions, which no imitators had yet succeeded in rivalling, and which left all others at an immeasurable distance. The silks, the chintzes, the porcelain, the lacquer ware, and the toys of China excited the deepest admiration in the minds of the

English people, and so great was the eagerness with which such articles were sought after, that it was nothing uncommon for fashionable beaux and belles, so soon as they learned the tidings that the India ships had arrived in the River Thames, straightway to take the boat at the Temple Stairs for Blackwall, and there to make numerous purchases on board the vessels. The celebrated Madame de Mazarin, as we learn from St. Evremond, was always ready to bear her part in an excursion of this character. The India houses, to which allusions occur so frequently in the writings of the contemporary dramatists and satirists, were no other than repositories for the importation of goods of Chinese manufacture. The shelves and counters of these establishments groaned beneath the weight of Oriental wares with which they were loaded. The fabled dragons, and other hideous monsters of porcelain, in blue, gold, speckled and green, china vases of every conceivable shape and size, tiny tea sets, like delicately tinted egg-shells, fans of many forms, glittering with all that could be done by means of colour and of artistic skill to suit them to the fickle tastes of fashion, snuff-boxes, with jewels and painted lids, clouded canes, adorned with dainty silken tassels, jars of snuff and pulvillo and bottles of essence, gilded flasks of cut and coloured glass, pocket glasses and ivory combs, boxes of patches cut in fanciful shapes, gloves and lace, trinkets and shawls, vizards for the Mall and Spring

Gardens, Mecca muslins decked with gold and silver; these and a thousand other articles, which it would be tedious to enumerate, tempted the beaux and belles to draw the guineas which they had won at gleeks or at basset from their netted seclusion, and to hand over to the ministering satellites of the bazaar, whose capacities for chattering and wheedling were tried and proved. In general, the India houses were to be found in the East-end of London, and their proprietors, it appears, were the only vendors of such commodities. The Chronicles of the English travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo tell us that, during his stay in London, his Highness visited an India house, full of rare and curious things, both animal and vegetable, and that he examined with much interest sycamores, nightingales, birds of paradise, and a saw-fish, besides other curiosities brought from India to gratify the curiosity of the British public. It should not be forgotten that the use of tea during the second half of the seventeenth century was so restricted by reason of its costliness, as to occasion no very great importation of it into the country. It was at the best regarded merely as a fashionable and expensive luxury, and they who desired to drink the beverage were enabled to do so only in the India houses, where, in a small back room behind the warehouse, a kettle was always kept boiling on a fire for that purpose. Among the young and gay of both sexes it was then a common practice to form parties for the express purpose of

attending these India houses, where raffles were constantly held as a means of enabling the proprietors to dispose of some of their most expensive articles, and of facilitating the purchase of others. That parties of this description, in the majority of cases, served as excellent pretexts for meetings which could not have been arranged elsewhere without attracting attention, may be taken for granted. In one of Lord Nottingham's letters, which is printed by Macpherson in his "Memoirs," there is an account of Queen Mary, the consort of William III., visiting on one occasion a number of the India houses in London, partaking of the raffling that went on in them, and crowning all by sitting down to dine in the house of one who, ostensibly a milliner, was in reality a courtesan.

The New Exchange.—The New Exchange, on the south side of the Strand, was another resort of the fashionable world, and was so popular that there are few dramatists of the second half of the seventeenth century who do not make some reference to it. There it was that Samuel and Mistress Pepys were frequently to be seen. There it was that William Wycherley laid one of the scenes of his comedy called "The Wanton Wife," and Sir George Etherege, one of the scenes of his comedy entitled "She Would if She Could." There it was that Mrs. Brainsick, in Dryden's "Limberham," was represented as giving her husband the slip, pretending to call at her tailor's "to try her

stays for a new gown," and there, after the Revolution of 1688, sat for a few days Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnell, who, according to Pennant, being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England, and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Exchange, and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. The New Exchange was divided into four different compartments, two, called respectively the "Outward Walk" and the "Inner Walk," which were below stairs, and two bearing precisely the same names u stairs. The "Lower Walk" long continued to be a very common place for assignations, and for the "Upper Walk" the ears of the visitor were saluted with such cries as Otway has preserved to us in his character of Mrs. Furnish: "Gloves or ribbands, sir? very good gloves or ribbands; choice of essences;" and as Edward Ward in the "London Spy," "Fine linen, sir; gloves and ribbons, sir," from the numerous milliners' booths, behind the counters of which sat numerous damsels, "begging of custom with amorous looks, and after so affable a manner," whose presence acted like a magnet in attracting as purchasers dozens of empty-headed fops and exquisites, who lolled and wasted the hours away with their attentions and their chattering.[1]

The London Rabble.—In consequence of the pro-

[1] Sorbière's *Voyage to England*, p. 14, ed. 1709. See also Megalotti's *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*.

gress of knowledge and of enlightenment, in consequence too of the extraordinary facilities for expeditious locomotion, insular prejudices have in a great measure disappeared, manifestations of them now being visible only in those districts of the country which have but few opportunities for intercourse with distant parts. If ever national prejudice against foreigners was at its height, assuredly it was in the second half of the seventeenth century. Our foreign brethren were not slow to notice this hatred, some reference to which will be found in the narrative of every traveller who visited our shores during that period. It was not displayed among the gentry and the aristocracy so much as among the lower orders of society, whose brutality and ignorance was then far greater than can now be imagined. "The common people of London," wrote the chronicler of the "Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo," "giving way to their natural inclination, are proud, arrogant, and uncouth to foreigners, against whom, and especially the French, they entertain a great prejudice, and cherish a profound hatred, treating such as come among them with contempt and insult. The nobility, though also proud, have not so usually the defects of the lower orders, displaying a certain degree of politeness and courtesy towards strangers; and this is still more the case with those gentlemen who have been out of the kingdom and travelled, they having taken a lesson in politeness from the manners of other nations."

The foreigner in London was the common butt of all. Apprentices lounging at shop doors jeered at him. Shoeblacks, whose blacking of soot and rancid oil he declined to patronize, assailed his ear with the choicest oaths in their vocabulary. The sweep left upon him his sooty imprint, which a few minutes after was reduced by the dust of a baker's basket to a hue much resembling a silver-grey. At every hackney-coach stand he was stopped and complimented by facetious coachmen, who first puffed the froth of their beer into his face, and then gravely drank perdition to the French. The owners of barrows laden with rotten fruit, or jars of usquebaugh, entreated him to stay and refresh himself in tones which changed to loud derision or savage abuse so soon as all chances of success faded with his retreating footsteps. Porters, staggering under loads, knocked heavily against him. Draymen, lowering barrels into cellars, purposely dropped casks upon his toes with a malicious grin. Thimble-riggers, sitting on doorways and at street corners, enticed him into betting on the pea, while the touts of quack doctors and tradesmen stuffed his hands and his pockets with their bills. If he mounted a coach, it was surrounded by boys and men, who bawled out, "French dog, French dog," "A Mounzer, a Mounzer," and pelted him with kennel filth, squibs, roots, and rams'-horns.[1] Pepys refers to the

[1] Evelyn's *Character of England*, pp. 6, 7; and Sorbière's *Journey to England*, ed. 1709, pp. 8, 46.

bad manners of the London rabble in the pages of his "Diary." On the 27th of November, 1662, the Russian ambassador entered the city, and the trained bands, the King's Life Guards, and wealthy citizens clad in black velvet coats, with gold chains, were ready to receive him. He was accompanied by his "attendants in their habits and fur caps, very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawks upon their fists to present to the king. But, Lord, to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange." Echard relates that in 1683, when the national animosity against the United Provinces had reached its height, the London mob attacked the carriage of the Dutch ambassador, and discharged into it a volley of stones, squibs, and firebrands, which seriously wounded his wife.[1]

Unsanitary Condition of the Metropolis.—The street economy and the police of London, between the Restoration and the Revolution, were simply libels on these designations. London was a city cleaner, perhaps, and possessed of more public conveniences, than any other capital in Europe at that epoch, but nevertheless its condition was what would now be deemed the very reverse of favourable, either to health, to comfort, or to security. Every square and open space, even in the heart of the city, constituted a repository for large heaps of filth and garbage, which were removed by the

[1] *History*, ii.

scavengers only when the stench became too intolerable to be borne. Even in Covent Garden, the most fashionable quarter of the town, almost at the very doors of the residences of eminent men and women, a market was held for the sale of fruit, vegetables and herbs, where refuse of every kind was gathered together, where fruit-women fought, and where carriers cursed and swore hour after hour. From morning till evening the streets resounded with the bawlings of ballad singers, with the cries of higglers, and with the melancholy notes of wandering merchants of every denomination. No preventive police existed for the regulation of the professions of pickpocket and ring-dropper. Crowds of apprentices, of street Arabs and even of low women, pursued sports in the public streets, and snatched a fearful joy in urging the flying football through the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, or into the linendrapers' shops; and many an apprentice, it may well be imagined, was forced to record in his petty cash book some such significant item as this: "For mending the back shop sashes, broken by the football, *2s. 6d.*"[1]

The Fleet Ditch.—Perhaps the vilest of all the abominations which London then contained was the Fleet Ditch in Holborn. That ditch was supplied by

[1] *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, p. 399; *The Complete Tradesman*, ii. p. 297; *Autobiography of Sir T. Bramston*, Camden Society, p. iii.

the waters of certain mineral springs situated in the outskirts of the capital, which formed a stream that ran down into Holborn, and thence into what is now called Farringdon Street, where, after receiving the waters of a small stream called the Fleet, it emptied itself into the Thames by way of Blackfriars Bridge. Owing to the increase of the population in and around its course, the waters of the mineral springs were diverted from their channel through which they had formerly flowed, with the result that the ditch became a stagnant creek, and eventually a depository for garbage and offal of every description. All attempts to keep it clean were of no effect. "It creepeth slow enough," wrote Thomas Fuller, "not so much for age, as the injection of city excrements wherewith it is obstructed."[1] After the Great Fire the Ditch was deepened between Holborn and the Thames, in order to enable barges to ascend with the assistance of the tide as far as Holborn. The sides were constructed of stone and of brick; wooden railings were built around the Ditch; wharves and landing places were constructed. But it was of no avail. The Ditch, or "New Canal," as it was then styled, had been a common sewer, and a common sewer it remained. More than one poet celebrated the features of its Stygian flood of abominations in verses, more distinguished by fidelity perhaps than euphemism.

[1] *Worthies*, p. 200.

Jonathan Swift, for example, in his "Lines Descriptive of a City Shower," speaks thus of the turbid waters :—

"Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they roll'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives its rapid force
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood."[1]

London Smoke.—Summer and winter alike the capital was enveloped in a thick smoke, which was caused, not by corrupt vapours, but arose originally from the consumption of sea-coal, which issued from the riverside wharves, magazines and other buildings which had few chimneys, and which had been constructed in such a manner that the smoke could beat downwards in very considerable quantities.[2] So frightful a nuisance did the smoke become in the time of Charles II., that Evelyn wrote a pamphlet upon it in 1661, which he entitled "Fumifugium, or the Inconvenience of Aer and Smoake of London Dissipated." In this pamphlet he inveighed vehemently against the absurd policy of allowing brewers, dyers, soap-

[1] *Works*, ed. Scott, xiv. 99–101.

[2] *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, p. 399; Evelyn's *Character of England*.

boilers and lime-burners to pursue their noisome labours among the dwelling-houses in the city and the suburbs, complained that the gardens around London would no longer bear any fruit, and cited instances of orchards, as for example Lord Bridgewater's, situated in Barbican, and the Marquess of Hertford's in the Strand, that had been observed to produce a good crop in 1644, the year in which the city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was besieged, because only a very limited quantity of coal from that place was then brought into London. Even the precincts of the court were invaded at times by clouds of smoke, in which the courtiers found it difficult to discern each other. Frequently it invaded the precincts of churches, rendering the minister invisible to his congregation. This pestilential smoke corroded the very iron, spoilt furniture, left its traces upon all things upon which it alighted, and so fatally seized on the lungs of all persons, that consumption and other diseases of the chest were very common. "It is this horrid smoake," wrote Evelyn, "which obscures our churches, and makes our palaces look old, which fouls our clothes, and corrupts the waters, so as the very rains and refreshing dews which fall in the several seasons precipitate this impure vapour, which, with its black and tenacious quality, spots and contaminates whatever is exposed to it."

The Police of the Metropolis.—Bad as was the condition of London in that age by day, infinitely worse was it after the shades of night had fallen.

Then it was that the real dangers of the streets began. No greater farce can be imagined than the system of police, the watchmen who, in nine cases out of ten, were to be found at duty's call peacefully slumbering in their boxes. The Great Fire of London in 1666, which might, perhaps, have been confined to the limits of an ordinary conflagration, had the city been guarded by an efficient staff of night-watchmen, aroused the corporation of the City of London to a sense of their need; and very shortly after that event they began to take measures for their better security. The Common Council issued "An Act for the Prevention and Suppressing of Fires in the City of London." Under this Act the city was divided into four equal portions, and it was ordered that each of the sub-divisions should be provided with "eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, and so many hand squirts of brass as will furnish two for every parish." It was also directed that the watch should assemble at eight o'clock every evening, and that as soon as they had met, one from each company should be sent his round into every part of the ward; that at his return another should be sent out, and so on all night, without interruption, until seven in the morning. By the same Act it was decreed that every householder, upon alarm of fire, should place a "sufficient man" at his door, well armed, and should also hang out a light if the fire occurred in the night, under a penalty of a fine of twenty shillings. As London grew in extent, and as its population began to increase, these measures were found to be by no means

efficient, and indeed it is extremely doubtful whether they were ever enforced. The men who formed the watching brigade were not persons who were accustomed to the duty, and were never remunerated for the performance of its duties. They were, to a very considerable extent, conscripts, enlisted whether they elected to serve or whether they did not, from the ranks of the citizens and shopkeepers. They were compelled to perform the duty in rotation, upon pain of being fined, but were allowed to furnish substitutes at their own expense when they found the office too distasteful. Before long, as may be supposed, this duty was monopolized by the substitutes, who were furnished with lanterns and halberds, and were as completely non-effective in preserving the force and the property of the London citizen as can well be imagined, for they watched and guarded in the dark. No regular plan had been adopted for lighting the city. Whoever went aboard after nightfall had either to grope his way in the dark, or to bear a link, a lantern, or a torch. To carry a light was often more perilous than to go without one, since, though it served to guide the footsteps over the rough unmended ways, it served admirably at the same time to attract the attention of footpads, highwaymen, and street ruffians. Robberies, violence, and even murders were of such common occurrence in the London streets, that few persons who had anything to lose dared to venture into the street at night without a guard. It was then one part of the duty of apprentices to attend

their masters, when they went abroad after sundown, and to defend them, if any need there were, with their stout oaken clubs.

The Lighting of London.—In 1685, letters patent were granted to one Edward Heming, conveying to him for a term of several years, the exclusive right of lighting the streets of the capital. Heming engaged, on receipt of a certain sum of money, to place a light before every tenth door on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, between six and twelve o'clock. By moonless nights, must be understood those on which the moon was receding from the full, the nights between the sixth after the new moon, and the third after the full, being reckoned as light nights. To us this plan of lighting up the streets only on moonless nights, and of not lighting at all after twelve o'clock, seems very strange and absurd, but it was thought a most wonderful feat on its first introduction. The new lamps, however, shed very little light, and although they served well enough to guide the pedestrian on his route, they could have afforded him little or no protection against the attacks of footpads and street robbers. Especially was this the case in the winter, when the torch-bearers and link-boys enjoyed a monopoly in conducting strangers through the dark ways, and led a merry life with footpads and highwaymen, whom they assisted considerably in their work of plunder and depredation. In every important thoroughfare robberies, not unaccompanied by violence, were of daily occurrence. Even the very link-men were

thieves, and never hesitated to take full advantage of the simple and the unwary who had the misfortune to fall into their clutches. Whitefriars, the Savoy in the Strand, the Clink, a debtors' prison in Southwark, and the Mint, an asylum in the same locality, afforded very convenient places of refuge to innumerable bullies, cutthroats, pickpockets, and highwaymen who, as soon as darkness closed over the city, emerged like owls and bats from their retreats where they had skulked by day, in order to begin without delay the work of rapine and plunder.

Hectors.—Nor were robbers the only bugbears with the fear of whom before their eyes the pedestrians of that age traversed the London streets at night. Young men of rank, at their wits' end to know how to kill the time, drank strong liquor to excess, and then prowled about the streets under the cover of darkness in troops to "scour" the streets, as it was termed. As in the days of the wildest orgies of the Regency, the weak were the subjects usually selected for rough usage. The women were rudely treated, the citizens were mauled, the tavern windows were broken, the knockers were stolen, the butter-women were overthrown, the pippin merchants were sent sprawling, the milk scores were wiped out, and the gilt signboards were cut and daubed. As the wretched police of the period were totally insufficient to cope with these miscreants, the satirists, poets, and dramatists all took the subject up,

and endeavoured, so far as it lay in their power, to make it an object of ridicule. The comedies of the period are full of allusions to this intellectual pastime, and the phrase of a Scourer, a Hector, a Mohock, a Mun, and a Tityretus, always signifies a dashing young debauchee. Hectors were an order of professedly atheistical bravoes, composed for the most part of cadets, who, spending beyond their pensions to supply their extravances practised now and then on the highway, where they often borrowed that which they repaid at the gibbet. In their mad and furious revels, the Hectors, it was said, pierced their veins to quaff their blood, which they quaffed to such an extent that they often died from their excesses. "The 13th at night," wrote Narcissus Luttrell in his Diary under date of January, 1681-2, some young gentlemen of the Temple went to the King's Head Tavern,[1] in Chancery Lane, committing strange outrages there, breaking of windows, etc., which the watch hearing of came up to disperse them; but they sending for several of the watermen with halberts, that killed their comptroller at the revells, were engaged in a desperate riott, which one of the watchmen was run into the body with an halbert." Under date of 31st of May, 1691, he makes the following entry: "The Lord Newburgh, Sir John Conway and some others, rambling in the night fell upon the watch

[1] *Diary*, i. p. 158.

and beat them severely, and since another scuffle has been with the watch by two M. Stricklands and some others; where a watchman was killed, the latter have been taken and sent to Newgate." Thomas Shadwell composed a play called the "Scourers," in 1690, in which their practices are illustrated. "We have scoured so magnanimously these three nights," says a character "Whachum," to another scourer, "Dingboy," "that we were taken for Sir William Rant and his company." "Oh! no, never talk on!" says Whachum, "there will never be his fellow. Oh, had you seen him scour as I did; oh, so delicately, so like a gentleman. How he cleared the Rose Tavern! I was there about law business, and he and two fine gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteelly, turned us all out of the room and swinged us, and kicked us about. I vow to God 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it. Ay, was't not handsome? Ha, ha, ha! And in a minute's time cleared the whole house, broke all the windows, beat the women at the bar, and swaggered by themselves. Ha, ha, ha!" Doubtless it was some of these wretches who, to signalize the joyful exultation which the Restoration of Monarchy afforded them, broke the windows of the house occupied by John Milton in Holborn, and doubtless the poor blind poet had them in mind when he dictated the following lines in his poem of "Comus:"—

> "And in luxurious cities, when the noise
> Of riot ascends above the loftiest towers,
> And injury and outrage, and when night
> Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
> Of Belial flown with insolence and wine."

The London Apprentices.—Apprentices were another source of annoyance in the streets of London at night, their turbulence proceeding generally from a desire to display their love of liberty, and their zeal for the Constitution. Pepys relates that at one time, some of their number, after cudgelling their masters, were placed in the pillory, whereupon their companions came in a body, tore down the pillory and set them free. A second time the pillory was set up, and the delinquents stationed in it, and a second time the structure was demolished and the occupants set at liberty. "In the Easter holidays," says Luttrell in his "Diary," under date of April, 1679, "the prentices were up and proceeded to pulling down the bawdy houses in Moorfields and Whetstone Park, but were opposed by some souldiers and the watch, between whom were frequent scuffles in which severall were hurt."[1] Manners such as these were very far from creditable either to the taste or the talent of the city, but they continued long after the age had closed. The nuisance was recognized and some effort was made to abate it; there was a great deal of talk, and consequently the amount of useful

[1] *Diary*, i. p. 9.

work that was accomplished, compared with the torrents of eloquence that were lavished, bore something of the same proportion that the bread bore to the sack in Sir John Falstaff's tavern bill.

Robberies.—To venture very far from the city unattended or unarmed was most inadvisable. A man might have proceeded to Madrid with more safety than he could travel ten miles from the metropolis. Thieves and cutthroats abounded in every direction, and left no stone unturned to secure their prey. "A great robbery was committed near Acton," says Luttrell, writing under date of August 17th, 1690, "upon several stages coaches by a parcel of highwaymen; but the country having notice pursued them, and took some of them." "A most notorious highwayman, commonly known by the name of the Golden Farmer, was taken lately in Southwark, but killed one and wounded two or three in the taking." "One Captain Shuter was lately sett upon by some footpads on the road near Hampstead, and knockt down, and dyed of the wounds within a day or two after." In December, 1691, the Worcester waggon, containing the king's money to the amount of four thousand pounds, was stopped in broad daylight near Gerrard's Cross, within four miles of Uxbridge, by sixteen highwaymen. The persons who were in charge of the waggon, being only within a mile from their inn, fancied themselves perfectly secure, walked on before, leaving only two persons on foot to guard it. These

persons having laid their blunderbusses in the waggon, were pursuing their way when they were suddenly surprised by sixteen highwaymen, who plundered the waggon to the amount of two thousand five hundred pounds, leaving the remainder only because they had no means of conveying it away. Pepys relates that in 1661 he was walking one day between Chelsea and London in company with a friend, when they were joined by a companion. "Coming among some trees near the Neate house he began to whistle, which did give us some suspicion, but it proved that he that answered him was Mr. Marsh (the lutenist) and his wife, and so we all walked to Westminster together." In the month of September in the following year, after he had eaten a cold pullet, he set out to walk from Woolwich to Rotherhithe, on a fine moonlight night. "With three or four armed, to guard me," he says. "I hear this walk is dangerous to walk by night, and much robbery committed there."

Duelling.—In such a state of society as existed in England after the Restoration, it is not surprising that duelling should have been very widely prevalent. Indeed, with the Restoration of Monarchy, duelling set in as with a flood-tide. Charles II. issued in 1679 a proclamation, setting forth that duels were most frequent, and that the utmost rigour of the law would be exercised against them. But between the king's proclamations, and the obedience that was paid to them,

there was a great gulf fixed. In truth, precisely the same mania, which, with its attendant licentiousness, had visited France in the preceding age, now fell on England. Pepys called the prevalence of duelling "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom," and in the amusing diary of the times through which he lived, he relates the following characteristic story of a duel which was fought between Sir Henry Bellarsis and Mr. Porter in July, 1667: "They two dined together, yesterday, in Sir Robert Carrs, where it seem people drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together, and Sir H. Bellarsis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving him some advice. Some of the people standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellarsis hearing it, said, 'No; I would have you know that I never quarrel, but I strike; take that as a rule of mine." 'How,' said Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow.' With that Sir H. Bellarsis did give him a box on the ear; and so they were going out to fight, but were hindered. And by-and-by Tom Porter went out, and meeting Dryden, the poet, told him of their business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellarsis presently; for he knew if they did not, they would be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him, and he desired Dryden to let him have

his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellarsis goes. By-and-by he is informed that Sir H. Bellarsis's coach was coming; so Tom Porter went down out of the coffee-room, where he staid for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellarsis come out. 'Why,' said he, 'you will not hurt me coming out, will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and they both drew, and fell to fight, some of their acquaintances by. They wounded one another; and Sir H. Bellarsis so much, that it is feared he will die. He, finding himself severely wounded, called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself. 'For,' says he, 'Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand on my legs till thou may'st withdraw, and the world not take notice of thee; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done;' and then Tom Porter showed him how he was wounded too; and they are both ill, but H. Bellarsis in fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellarsis a Parliament man too, and both of them extraordinary friends." On the 8th of August, Pepys made the following entry: "Sir Henry Bellarsis is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago with Tom Porter; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love." Even the Lord Chancellor himself was hardly safe, seeing that Lord Ossory challenged Clarendon on a tariff question, a bill for the prohibition of the impor-

tation of Irish cattle. One of the blackest and most characteristic illustrations of the manners and morals of England in that age, is to be found in the duel which was fought early in January, 1668, between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, by reason of the adultery of the former with the wife of the latter. The combatants, attended by Captain Holmen and Sir Jones Jenkins, Lord Bernard Howard and Sir John Talbot, met near Barne Elms, in Surrey, a noted place of public entertainment in that age. There the seconds, as well as the principals engaged, with the result that Buckingham ran Lord Shrewsbury through the body. Sir John Talbot was severely wounded in both arms, Sir Jones Jenkins was left dead on the field, and the other seconds, together with Buckingham, escaped with only slight wounds. In the meantime Lady Shrewsbury, disguised in the dress of a page, was holding Buckingham's horse in an adjoining thicket, in order to aid his escape in the event of her husband being slain, and, if the flying rumours of that day are to be credited, the infamous creature heightened her guilt by passing that very night with him in the shirt that was stained with the blood both of himself and of her unfortunate husband. Charles II., by proclamation, subsequently pardoned all the parties concerned in this infamous occurrence. Buckingham turned his wife out of doors, and he and Lady Shrewsbury plundered and dissipated all the estates

of her son. But the duelling mania spread to all ranks. "A duel was lately fought between one Mr. Howard and Mr. Poulteney, second son to Sir William Poulteney, on account of a gentlewoman which the said Mr. Poulteney hath married; wherein the said Mr. Howard received a mortal wound, of which he died in a little time." So runs a record in the "Diary" of Narcissus Luttrell, under date of July 13th, 1682. The entire record abounds in satires relating to such events. Beneath the entry April, 1683, he writes as follows: "There have been severall duells and quarrells of late; one between Mr. Conway and Mr. Griffith; the latter was killed upon the place and the other very dangerously wounded, tho' since recovered. A quarrell between some gentlemen in a coach and a drover of sheep by Temple Bar, where three or four men were wounded. A quarrell between two soldiers at the Tower, one whereof shot the other into the head with his musquet. There was also a quarrell between three or four gentlemen in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and a painter's man was found murthered in the Strand."[1] In March, 1687, a duel was fought between Lord Houghton and the eldest son of Lord Wharton. In February, 1692, Sir Bouchier Wray and Bulkley had a quarrel, which was the cause of a duel the following morning in Hyde Park; and in the following month between Captain Hoard of the Provo and a player named Williams, the former being killed. In the

[1] *Diary*, i. p. 254.

April ensuing two men named Shernicroft and Campbell quarrelled at play about a brass shilling, and fought a duel, in which the former was killed. In the same month a naval captain, landing drunk at Whitehall Stairs, affronted two ladies who were accompanied by a gentleman. Words arising, both drew their swords, and the gentleman running the captain through the body, killed him and then made his escape. In the same month a Templar was killed at Marylebone in a duel by Captain Stafford ; the Earls of Clare and Thanet fought in Lincoln's Inn Fields ; a man named Savage was killed in June, and not long afterwards another was slain in Red Lion Fields. In December, 1692, the Earl of Banbury and Captain Lawson fought a duel in the field behind Southampton House, in which the latter was killed. Times and seasons were accounted as nothing by duellists. Sir John Reresby has left in his Memoirs a graphic account of a duel which was fought in Hyde Park by the light of the moon.[1] "Dining in the city," wrote he, under date of December the 18th, 1683, "with six gentlemen of quality, coming away with two of them after dinner, they quarrelled in a coffee-house, where we stayed to drink coffee ; and though I did what I could to reconcile them, went presently out and drew in the street, and made a pass one at the other, but missing one another closed. By this time I got into them, and broke one of their swords, and so they

[1] See *Memoirs*, ed Cartwright, p. 291.

were parted. The one of them which was Major Orbe, eldest son of Sir Thomas Orbe of Lincolnshire (the other's name was Bellengeambe, of the North, the chief of that family), not thinking this full satisfaction, notwithstanding all my endeavours to make them friends, challenged Bellengeambe a second time; and taking coach and I with them, bought new swords by the way, and came towards Hyde Park to fight. As we came by the way I offered to be second, since they would fight, to either of them, and the other should look out for another to be his. Mr. Orbe chose me, and bid Mr. Bellengeambe seek his friend. Bellengeambe said he would never make any use of any second, but would decide it presently by moonshine, for it was nine o'clock at night and very light, and would confide in my honour to see fair play done between them; which at the last I accepted, at both their entreaties. By the mercy of heaven, missing one another's bodies as they passed against one another the second time, and closing together, I came in to part them, and Mr. Orbe's footman doing the same, we held their swords so as no mischief was done; only Mr. Orbe had a slight prick in the thigh, Mr. Bellengeambe had a raze on the forehead, and myself a slight hurt as I came in to part them. After this we went all to supper and parted good friends." Twenty years before this occurrence, namely in March, 1663, Sir John Reresby had himself been engaged in a duel.

"Whilst I was in the country," wrote he, "I received a letter from one that had been a soldier in Cromwell's army, who pretended he was able to discover to me a place in Templeborough (part of my estate near Ickley), where some considerable sum of money had been hidden in the late wars; which letter was dated from the sign of the Cross, near Moorfields in London. In April I took Mr. Tindall, my relation, with me and went to see if I could find out this place in London and the man. After enquiring for him in several houses, as we came out of one we met a genteel kind of man in an alley, who told me I came from a house of ill-fame. Not liking the situation, I told him he lied, for we knew it not to be such, but he making a froward reply, I gave him a box on the ear. It should seem he had been shooting with a great cross-bow, which he had under his cloak, with which he struck at me before I could get out my sword, but missed me. By this time my Cousin Tindall came up to him, whom he also struck at, and hitting him on the head knocked him down. By this time, I coming up, and making a pass, he wounded me with the end of the bow in my sword hand, that I had much to do to hold my sword till, recovering myself a little, I ran in upon him and wounded him in the belly. The rabble now came about us, seized and carried us before a Justice of the Peace, who bailed us upon city security for 2000*l.* The man was in danger of death for six weeks, which

caused us to abscond till we compromised the matter for 50*l.*, and then we appeared again, the man recovering soon after." The mania spread to all ranks. "Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields," wrote Pepys under date of July 26th, 1664; "how the butchers at first did beat the weavers (between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery), but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling 100*l.* for a butcher." Covent Garden, Hyde Park, Barne Elms, and Lincoln's Inn Fields were then what Chalk Farm and Wimbledon Common were within living memory, and the streets of London rang night after night with the clashes of swords, and the riots and outrages of drunken men of fashion, who in that age were considered as men of honour. It was the unwelcome resource of the good and the brave, and it was the especial delight of bullies, of gamblers, and of profligates.

The London Shopkeeper.—The average London tradesman of that period was the very reverse of his most flourishing successors of this age, so far as stately pomp,

and outward circumstances are concerned. In this latter quarter of the nineteenth century, the tradesman who achieves affluence deems it incumbent upon him to dispose of his stock and the goodwill of his establishment. Having done so, he purchases some palatial residence in Belgravia or Bayswater, or a villa on the sunlit shores of the Mediterranean, is transported into another sphere, and regards with the utmost contempt and scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend. Far different was the case when the destinies of the country were nominally controlled by Charles II. The old London shopkeepers and merchants, out of their establishments, were like fish out of water. They lived in the dark lanes in which their shops and counting-houses were situated, ate with their clerks or assistants at hasty meals at two o'clock in the day, and then returned to their desks to write their letters and cast their accounts; tasks in which the hour of midnight often found them engrossed. Nor did the shopkeepers act differently. Though the wealthier of them possessed retreats from the bustle and care of the city, in the shape of pretty tenements in one of the surrounding villages of Islington, Hackney, Chelsea, Knightsbridge, or Newington, where their children throve in purer air, and welcomed their return from the city, after the traffic and business of the week had been suspended, their real home was in the dingy crowded city. Behind their warehouses, crammed from the top to the bottom with

the most costly merchandise, sheltered by huge timber bulks, and notified to intending customers by enormous painted signboards, loaded with lead and iron, they reared luxurious residences, adorned with painted ceilings, with carved wainscoting with the richest of tapestry and gilded leather work cunningly devised, with huge cupboards replete with the richest plate, with wide marble staircases, and with handsome suites of furniture of velvet and brocade. It was to the entrance of these mansions, often situated up a narrow lane or dingy court, that their great lumbering coaches, drawn by two Flanders mares, which resembled more closely than anything else huge apple-pies stuck upon wheels, came occasionally to take the family for a ride in order to enjoy the benefit of the country air. It was in those mansions that there might often have been seen black servants fresh from Bombay or Morocco, clad in blue liveries, richly laced, like those that were worn in the households of the wealthiest noblemen. It was in those mansions that the members of the family duly observed the round of fast and festival in the ecclesiastical calendar, the seasons of Christmas and of Shrovetide, of Easter and of Whitsun, the anniversaries of their natal days, their wedding days, their christenings, and innumerable other events with much feasting and innocent merry-making. It was in those mansions that in the fulness of time and of trade they shuffled off the coil of mortality, and it was in those same mansions that they

lay in state on *lits de parades* under plumed testers, with flambeaux and sconces, with blacks and weepers, with the walls draped in prodigious quantities of sable cloth, and, preparatory to the final scene of all in their earthly pilgrimage, when found a last resting-place in the vault of their ancient parish church.

Splendour of English Dress.—One of the chief characteristics of English men and women of the upper classes of the Restoration age, was splendour of dress, which was imitated throughout the subordinate classes of society, as far as their circumstances would allow. The different orders of London citizens were rigidly separated by a lofty demeanour on the one part, and a careful forbearance on the other. Yet with all this apparent show and polish in public and private intercourse, there was mingled much brutality and great and general licentiousness pervaded all ranks of the community. Glancing in the first place at the higher ranks, the mode of attire is very striking. That contrast of colour between the dress of men and women, which is now so conspicuous, did not then exist, consequently rank, wealth and ostentation were denoted by rich and expensive attire. The external differences of social position obtruded themselves everywhere, and presented a singular contrast to that external Puritanical uniformity, it might almost be called monotony, which is the peculiar characteristic of modern England, and which exhibits itself so forcibly in the stereotyped swallow-tailed coat, and the ungainly high-crowned

hat, which are now worn alike by all classes. That neutral dress, presenting differences neither in shape nor in colour, which practically places noblemen on a level with shopkeepers and those of a far inferior social rank, was not then to be seen. The common modes of attire then prevalent have all but completely vanished. Survivals of them are now visible only in the Court dress, in the powdered footmen in the establishments of certain wealthy noblemen, in the civic pageants, in the bright coats worn by huntsmen, and in the gorgeous colouring of military uniform.

Male Attire.—The facile pencils of Sir Godfrey Kneller and of Sir Peter Lely have done very much to familiarize posterity with the fashionable attire of the period in which they flourished, and the pages of contemporary literature will supply abundant illustrations. Thus, for example, from Randle Holmes, whose notes on contemporary attire are preserved in the Harleian Library, and were made at that period, we learn that a gentleman's dress was composed of the following items: "A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches; the lining being lower than the breeches, is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh; the waistband is set about with ribands, and the shirt hanging out over them."[1] The hats were worn with high crowns and were adorned with plumes of feathers. Long drooping lace ruffles, and rich

[1] *Harleian MSS.*, Brit. Mus. 1920–2180.

falling collars of lace with cloaks were hung carelessly over the shoulders, and high-heeled shoes tied with ribands completed the costume of London gallants in that age. The hair was worn very long and was allowed to flow in natural ringlets on the shoulders. This fashion prevailed to such an extent, that in 1664 the ample periwig or peruke was introduced into England from the Court of Louis XIV., as no natural English head of hair was deemed to be sufficiently luxuriant. Pepys states "that the Duke of York wore a perriwig for the first time on the 5th of February, 1664, and that he saw the king in one for the first time on the eighteenth day of the following April." It was about the same period that the crown of the hat was lowered, and that feathers began to be laid along the brim. In 1666 Charles announced his intention, in council, of wearing a certain habit, which he said he had resolved solemnly never to alter. The habit consisted of a long close vest of black cloth or velvet, pinked with white satin, over which was placed a loose surcoat or tunic of an Oriental style; and stockings, buskins, or brodequins, in the place of shoes. On the 18th of October, 1666, according to Evelyn, the king "solemnly" attired himself in his new habit. The courtiers followed suit. "The Court," wrote Pepys, "is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans (Jermyn) not pinked but plain black; and they say the king says the pinking on white makes them look too much like magpies, so hath bespoke one of plain velvet." Evelyn says that

some of the king's followers wagered the king that he would not carry out his resolution of wearing his fanciful costume, and it is extremely probable that they won their wager, seeing that the fashion did not last longer than the space of two years. Its downfall was, in all probability, hastened by the insolence of Louis XIV. and his courtiers, who, to signalize the contempt which they felt for the King of England, clothed their servants in the very costume which Charles had originated.

Of all gentlemen of the time few could have exceeded in their love for fine clothes Samuel Pepys. We read in his Memoirs constantly of the fine clothes with which he provided himself; of new silk suits, black camlet coats with silver buttons, velvet coats, and velvet cloaks; of shag gowns trimmed with gold buttons and twist, cloth suits trimmed with scarlet ribbon, beaver hats, and black silk knitted canons; of camlet cloaks, new coloured suits and coats trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace. It was the custom to wear the hat indoors, to judge from Pepys' Diary,[1] and the diarist also mentions that it was the fashion to wear the hat cocked at the back of the head, in honour of the Duke of Monmouth, who was very popular. Gloves were always worn as a sign of gentility, and even beaux wore muffs, since Pepys mentions that the month of November, 1662, was so very cold, that he was glad to buy his wife a new muff, and to wear the one which she had

[1] Jan. 23, 1661.

worn the year before. After the Restoration, as we have seen, the long locks which the cavalier had worn were supplanted by periwigs, which cost as much as three pounds each, and as much as twenty shillings by the year in order to keep in proper repair.[1] It might have been supposed that when the great plague had subsided, English people would have abandoned the practice of having their natural hair shorn off, and its place supplied by that which had once belonged to other people, through dread of infection. This, however, they did not do. Pepys records that while the plague was raging he purchased a periwig, though he hesitated long about taking it into use. "It is a wonder," wrote he, "what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of the people dead of the plague."[2] Ribbons and garters were thought very much of by those who prized finery, and there was generally a scramble for them whenever a wedding took place. The wedding rings of that age were not the plain, unadorned ornaments that they are now, since they were generally adorned with precious stones, and engraved with appropriate mottoes. Pepys, writing in his "Diary" under date of December the 4th, 1668, mentions that his aunt Wright was "mighty proud" of her wedding

[1] Pepys' *Diary*, Nov. 3, 1663.

[2] Ibid. Sept. 3, 1665.

ring, which had cost her twelve pounds, and had then recently been set with diamonds.

Little change passed over the face of English fashionable male attire between the Great Fire and the Revolution. The vest was succeeded by the long square-cut coat and by a waistcoat nearly as long, which was worn under the coat, and almost entirely concealed the small-clothes. The sleeves of the coat came no farther than the elbows, where they were turned back and formed a large cuff, those of the shirt bulging forth from beneath, ruffled at the wrist, and adorned profusely with ribbons Both the coat and the waistcoat were ornamented with buttons and button-holes from the top to the bottom. The place of the stiff band and the falling collar was supplied by a neckcloth or cravat of Brussels or Flanders lace, tied with ribands under the chin, whence the ends depended squarewise. The broad hat was generally worn turned up, or, as it was termed, "cocked," and was sometimes entirely surrounded by short feathers which fell curling over the brim. Occasionally the brims of the hats were turned up on both sides ; but in general each gallant cocked his hat in accordance with his own fancy, or after the manner of some leader of fashion.

Feminine Costume.—English female attire, between the Restoration and the Revolution, does not call for any lengthened notice. There was a great change from the style of the preceding age, but it was confined almost

exclusively to the dress which was worn by the upper classes of society. The wives of citizens, and those who for the sake of distinction may be called country-women, still continued to wear the high-crowned hat, the French hood, the laced stomacher, and the yellow-starched neckerchief. To the court beauties such a mode of dress was, to say the least, distasteful. It savoured far too much of the reign of the saints. Some years before the Restoration was actually accomplished, there were indications among the English ladies of a revolt against Puritanical modes of attire, like those dim instincts and auguries by which the coming of the storm is almost always presaged. "I now observed," wrote Evelyn in his "Diary" on May 11th, 1654, "how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In 1660, Pepys saw the Princess Henrietta, sister of Charles II., wearing her hair "frizzed up to the ears." Black patches were now beginning to be worn by the ladies, since Mistress Pepys wore one "by permission," on November 4th, 1663. Two years later perukes came into fashion. "By-and-by," wrote Pepys in 1662, "came La Belle Pierce to see my wife and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty, and one of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them." In April, 1662, "petticoats of sarcenet, with a broad black lace printed round the bottom and before," were among the new fashions that found

favour in the eyes of Mrs. Pepys. On the 30th of May in the same year, the court was astonished at the sight of the monstrous fardingales, or "guard infantas," which adorned the person of the newly arrived Queen Catherine of Braganza and the ladies who composed her suite. Vizards became the rage among the ladies in 1663, silver lace gowns in 1664, and yellow birds-eye hoods in May, 1665. A year later it was noticed by careful observers of the fashions how closely the ladies' riding-habits were becoming assimilated to those which were worn by the fashionable gallants. "Walking in the galleries at Whitehall," said Pepys, "I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts just for all the world like men, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats. So that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever, which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus."

Evelyn, writing on September 13th, 1666, said: "The Queen was now, in her cavalier riding-habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air." In 1669 the sac or sacque made its first appearance in the English capital. "My wife," wrote Pepys on the 2nd of March in that year, "put on first her French gown called a sac, which becomes her very well." Vizards or black masks were worn by the ladies, only made that

they might be enabled to sit out the performances of the most licentious comedies with unblushing faces. Pepys, in reference to the visit of himself and his wife to the Theatre Royal on June 12th, 1663, said: "Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge and his Lady, my Lady Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her and well clad; but when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play, which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides the whole face."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Daily Life of the City.—Having now seen in a slight degree how the fashionable London belles and gallants of the Restoration age were dressed, let us glance briefly at their mode of life. Town life under the Restoration, paradoxical as the remark may appear, was at once busy and idle. Seldom was the pursuit of pleasure found to be attended with a greater amount of labour. Seldom was the toil of enjoyment found to be so exhausting. Early as the excitement began, and late as it ended, it was invariably renewed with unabated ardour. That class which was especially distinguished as the gallants, a class upon whom the heavy responsibility of setting the fashion depended, rose considerably later than the rest of the community. The usual hour was noon. Much time was spent in dressing, and in the various duties of the toilet. Not until those duties had been religiously performed did the serious business of the day begin.

The daily routine of a man of pleasure in the reign of Charles II. focussed, as in a microcosm, all the amusements and recreations of polite society in the

English capital. He who watched his footsteps, and in them duly planted his own, was enabled to see the sights of the town, to observe the manners of the people, and even to be admitted to their intimate conversation. To begin with, his personal appearance had no sooner been ministered to, than he repaired to the Mall in St. James's Park, or perhaps to the more ceremonious parade in Hyde Park, where, like a painted butterfly, he fluttered in the train of some frail and jilting beauty, who delighted in nothing so much as "an equipage of fools," and who was perfectly willing, for the notoriety of the matter, to furnish him with an excuse for toasting her in a tavern during the course of the evening. Next he probably twittered in the boudoir of some favourite nymph, the ladies in that age were always "nymphs," both on canvas and on paper, decked in pastoral embellishments of every conceivable incongruity of treatment, and then the remainder of the morning was dawdled away or worn out, just as it suited the company, with cards, with forfeits, with playing at toys, with puzzles, or with music and dancing. But during this time it must not be forgotten that the public gardens and places of common resort were alive and astir with all sorts and conditions both of men and of women. The bowers and walks in the Mulberry Garden in Piccadilly were crowded with company. The Paradise in Hatton Garden attracted hundreds of curious people to gaze upon its zoological marvels. The citizens' wives and

daughters, attired in the gayest of silks and satins, sauntered in the Gray's Inn Walks, ostensibly for the purpose of enjoying the balmy breezes which were wafted softly from the distant hills of Highgate and Hampstead, but really for the purpose of stealing a sly glance at the handsome gentlemen of the long robe who emerged there for recreation in the brief intervals of their professional avocations. To the wearisome relaxations of the morning succeeded the dinner-time, when there was a universal rush to Lockett's, to Man's, to Chattelin's, and all the other fashionable ordinaries and coffee-houses. The usual dinner-hour of the London citizens was noon, but that of the most fashionable people was considerably later, the Duke of Buckingham being so late as four o'clock in the afternoon.[1] Between the hours of twelve and two the ordinaries and coffee-houses bore a close resemblance to Pandemonium, so great was the noise and the uproar of which they were the scene. Loud criticism, and louder boasting were heard on all sides. Every topic of the passing hour was vehemently discussed, as if existence itself depended upon it. The latest scandal from Whitehall; the newest face from the provinces; the exploits of the preceding evening; the breaking of tavern-drawers' heads; the narrow escapes from the watch; the newest comedies, the authors, and the actors; these were some of the

[1] *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, ii. 261.

very perishable topics which in that age furnished fashionable gentlemen with an inexhaustible theme for conversation and discussion. As soon as the business of refreshment had been concluded, so soon the business of amusement began. The play was the thing, and as there were several theatres, the task became only one of selection, and the choice fell usually upon the one where a new comedy was about to be represented. But no gallant who respected himself and his reputation ever visited a theatre expressly for the purpose of seeing the play. Far from it. To lounge in languid fashion through Fop's Corner, and to be stormed by the orange-girls; to exchange familiar recognitions with the wearers of vizards in the galleries, and occasionally to interrupt the actors by very audible observations calculated to display a keen critical acumen; to pull out every article of value contained in the pockets, and finally to dive into the side-boxes, there to be tossed to and fro in a perfect sea of heartbreakers, which would yield ample opportunity for the exercise of loose wit, so long as the play continued; these were the chief reasons which induced the fashionable gallants of the Restoration age to grace the play-houses with their presence. Nor were the resources of a gallant at an end when the doors of the play-house had closed. He might wend his way to Hyde Park for a drive in the open air. He might eat tarts and sip syllabubs in the arbours of the Mulberry Garden, or refresh himself with a dinner

in the Mulberry Garden-house. He might walk to Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, and after refreshing himself with a collation of tarts, neats' tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish, partake of "all advantages of gallantry" among the thickets of the Gardens until midnight. Or he might wend his way into the city, to keep an assignation at an India House, or in the New Exchange. Nor as night grew later did the gallants find every resource exhausted. They could visit the houses of their lady friends, tattle more scandal, play more cards, conjure and romp, and when they were satiated with these, there was nothing to prevent them from going to the court, or to a tavern, and to conclude the night with cards, dice, dancing, and wine, until they found themselves lying at full length under the table.[1]

That the foregoing sketch is a perfect one it would be simply idle to pretend. Within due limits, however, and with a certain approximation to fidelity, it is impossible to deny that it represents the manner in which polite society of both sexes passed their time away. Nor, indeed, is it greatly removed from what was the real life of those who are commonly termed the middle classes. Change the scene of the action, substitute one locality for another, the Mall in St. James's Park for Marylebone Garden, Hyde Park for the Dark House at Billingsgate, the New Tunbridge

[1] *The Man of Mode*, act iv. sc. i.; *State Poems: The Town Life.*

Wells for the Folly—and the mode in each is near the same.

Gambling.—No form of amusement, with the single exception perhaps of coquetry, found greater favour in the eyes of the fashionable section of London society in the Restoration age than gambling. The prolonged residence of the king at the Court of France, and his initiation into all the mysteries of the gamester's craft, were the means of causing gaming after his return to be the greatest blot on the national manners and morals. During the whole of the second half of the seventeenth century gaming of some sort or another was the ordinary amusement of both sexes, from the best of society which moved in the saloons of Whitehall to the lowest that moved in the booths of Moorfields and of Smithfield. The gallant who essayed to enter into fashionable society was never considered a polished gentleman until he had evinced his skill at cards and at hazard. Richard Seymour wrote a treatise entitled "The Complete Gamester; or, Full and Easy Instructions for Playing the Games now in Vogue," published in 1674. It was written, as the title-page duly sets forth, "for the use of the young princesses," and to them it was dedicated. "Gaming," says he, "is become so much the fashion among the *beau monde*, that he who in company should appear ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low-bred and hardly fit for conversation." Roger North, in his "Life of Lord

Guilford," considered it necessary to inform the reader that his lordship had attained proficiency in all games at cards, dice, and billiards.[1] The art of cheating was evidently considered by no means the least among the attainments of fine gentlemen, and rules for the guidance of those who desired to excel in it are even laid down in some of the elementary books on the art of card-playing. "He that can by craft overlook his adversary's game hath a great advantage," wrote one professor, "for by that means he may partly know what to play securely: or if he can have some pretty glimpse of his partner's hand." The teacher then proceeds to explain how a player may telegraph to his partner whether he possesses one or more honours by certain signs, such as winking one eye, or shutting both eyes, or putting his finger on his nose, and finally he gives minute directions how cards may be marked, honours cut, and other devices for ensuring success carried out. The author does not omit to state that he writes not for the purpose of teaching his readers to cheat, but for the purpose of enabling them to avoid being cheated themselves.

Many people in that age found excitement in nothing else but play, and literally passed their whole lives at it, doing nothing else morning, noon, and night, and existing in a continual alternation between wealth and

[1] *Life*, i. 17.

poverty, winning one day, and losing everything the next. Women were fatally addicted to card-playing, and it engrossed their time and attention to such an extent, that in the prologues and epilogues of comedies, the only portions of stage performances in which it was sought to lash fashionable vices and follies, and to correct public morals, it was on several occasions severely reproved. It may safely be inferred that it was indeed very serious when a lady of the stamp of Mrs. Aphra Behn warned the gay ladies that in the indulgence of their headlong predilections for gambling they were losing more in their complexions than they were gaining in cash. In the prologue to her play of "The Moor's Revenge," she said :—

> "Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
> You'll lose in beauty what you gain in gold."

Sir George Etherege, who was passionately fond of women's society, took great umbrage at the persistency with which the ladies of his acquaintance neglected his society for that of the card-table, and in his song of "Basset" he directly appealed to them not to give up to play what was meant for mankind :—

> "The time which should be kindly lent
> To plays and witty men,
> In waiting for a Knave is spent,
> Or wishing for a Ten.

Stand in defence of your own charms,
Throw down this favourite
That threatens with her dazzling arms
Your beauty and your wit.
What pity 'tis, those conquering eyes,
Which all the world subdue,
Should, while the lover gazing dies,
Be only *on Alpue*."

It is necessary to explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the technical terms which occur in the foregoing verses, derived from the game, waiting or wishing for a knave often implied the anxiety with which the turning up of the winning cards was awaited by the players, and "Alpue" was a term which was applied to the continuation of the wager on a particular card that had already won.

At the court, as may be supposed, card-playing and diceing prevailed to excesses, which justly occasioned very great offence to the few people of sense who were obliged by the canons of etiquette to witness them. Evelyn described very forcibly in 1662 the impressions which such a scene had left upon his mind. "This evening," he wrote, "according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of the night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l.* (The year before he won 1500*l.*). The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1000*l.*, and left them still at passage, cards, etc. At other

tables both these, and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passions among some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom." In course of time the seventh day was given over to gambling and card-playing by the ladies of the court. Pepys was terribly scandalized at this. "This evening," he wrote in his "Diary," under date of "going to the Queen's side [in the palace at Whitehall] to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but certainly flatly denied the same a little time since to my cousin, Roger Pepys." The members of the royal family were in the habit of playing at cards on Sunday, and the Princess Mary, after her marriage with the Prince of Orange, introduced the practice into Holland, much to the scandal of a people whose religious tenets were those of the great French teacher of Geneva. Probably the climax of the gambling mania among men during this period was reached by the Duke of St. Albans, who, although upward of fourscore years of age, and stone blind, still continued, according to Evelyn, to frequent the gaming-tables, employing a man to sit beside him, and to furnish him with the name of every card.

Wagers.—Wagers were perpetually laid, and afforded a very easy mode of excitement adapted to every occasion and available under any circumstances. This custom was spread over the country by the numerous destitute soldiers of fortune and impecunious cavaliers who overran England after the accession of Charles II. Bets became rapidly as common as oaths, and were strewn quite as thickly in the familiar conversation of the king's court, the tavern, and the theatre. There was no subject too grave or too trivial for a wager. The fate of a new play, the honour of a woman, the settlement of a treaty, were subjects that were all indifferently submitted to the same test. We have seen that when Charles II. adopted a new mode of attire in one of his frolics, the courtiers laid wagers with each other, and even with his Majesty himself, upon the length of time that he would continue to wear it. Another illustration of the practice is afforded in an anecdote, the gist of which is that upon one occasion Tom Killigrew met the Duke of Lauderdale just as he was leaving the Council Chamber, much vexed at having been detained there so long waiting for his Majesty. Killigrew at once offered to wager his Grace one hundred pounds that he would bring the king to the Chamber within the space of half an hour. The wager was accepted. Killigrew went to the king. The king's detestation of Lauderdale was profound, and Killigrew adroitly represented

the incident as affording an excellent opportunity of getting rid of him. "If your Majesty chooses to be rid of him," observed the artful courtier, "you have only to go this once to the Council, for I know the duke to be of a mean disposition, and I am persuaded that rather than pay the hundred pounds, he would take himself out of the way and never plague you more!" Charles was always ready to oblige his favourites whenever they desired it, and on this occasion, although he did not particularly relish it, graciously acceded to Killigrew's request by proceeding to the Council, and thus enabling him to win his wager.

For all differences of opinion, religious, political and literary, for all disputes, gambling, private or otherwise, wagers constituted the supreme courts of final appeal. "You see the virtue of a wager," Killigrew makes a character in one of his comedies, "Thomaso, or the Wanderer," observe, "the new philosophical argument lately found out to decide all hard questions." Nor was the universal prevalence of the custom allowed to go unrecognized by other dramatists. It was noted by no less a person than John Dryden, and this is what he says of it in the prologue to his "King Arthur":—

> "Our house has sent, this day,
> To ensure our new built vessel, called a play;
> No sooner named, than one cries out, 'These stagers
> Come in good time to make more work for wagers.'
> The town divides, if it will take or no;

The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do.
Bets at the first were fool-traps, where the wise,
Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies,
But now they're grown a common trade for all,
And actions by the new-book rise and fall;
Wits, cheats, and fops are free of Wager Hall.
One policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another nearer home sets up for Paris.
Our bets at last would even to Rome extend,
But that the Pope has proved our trusty friend.
Indeed it were a bargain worth our money,
Could we insure another Ottoboni.
Among the rest there are a sharping set
That pray for us, and yet against us bet.
Sure heaven daily is at a loss to know
If these would have their prayers be heard or no;
For in great stakes we piously suppose
Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these wagers: for, in conscience speaking,
The city needs not your new tricks for breaking."

Almost every comedy of this period contains some reference to the practice of wagering. Gallants laid wagers on their mistresses with as little hesitation as they did on horse races, cock-fights, and bear-baitings. One of two fine gentlemen in Killigrew's comedy, "The Parson's Wedding," after quarrelling about the favours of a certain lady, ends the dispute by wagering his friend "a buck-hunting nag that he will bring a necklace and chain of pearl of the lady's, not stolen but freely given, to witness his power." Evidence of

the fact that the ladies themselves were quite as much addicted to the practice of laying wagers is afforded in the same play, where a comely young damsel, looking down from her window on a group of beaux assembled in the street below, offers to toss up with her friend, a buxom widow, whether she will relent towards her suitor. "That is you," exclaims Mrs. Pleasant, when she discovers the gentleman, and then turning to the window, "Cross or pile, will you have him yet, or no?" Thereby meaning to say, "Toss up whether you will have him or not," the sense in which the philosopher Locke makes use of the same phrase: "A man may now justifiably throw up cross and pile for his opinions." In the Honourable James Howard's comedy "The English Monsieur," a character, called the Widow Wealthy, being bantered by a beau concerning love and marriage, exclaims, "Well, I'll lay a wager thou hast lost all thy money at play, for then you're always in a marrying humour." Shadwell, in his "Epsom Wells," which is peculiarly a comedy of manners, and it may be added of the very worst morals, also introduces the practice of tossing up with a sly cheat on the part of the player to illustrate the cheats of lovers. The fragment of dialogue in which it occurs shows also at the same time the intimate acquaintance which the ladies of that age possessed with the cant terms of the art of gaming: "Carolina: Since marriage obliges men so little and women so much, I wonder we endure the

cheat on't. Woodly: You're right; 'tis more than cross I win, pile you lose. But there are some left that can love upon the square (that is to say, on an equality). Carolina: A woman may be undone upon the square as well as a gamester, if she ventures too much. Woodly: Never so long as you play for nothing but what you have about you; and upon my honour, I would engage you no deeper at this time; 'tis a tick and after reckoning that ruins lovers as well as gamesters; and gad, if you mistrust me, I am ready to make stakes, and because you're a young beginner, I'll play three to one."[1] The same play contains an allusion to the common practice of betting and playing upon "tick," which entailed such ruinous consequences that in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles II., an Act was passed "to legalize gambling, to prevent wealthy pigeons being plucked by artful rooks, and to discourage betting or playing for large sums upon tick."

Card-Playing.—It was not until after the Restoration of Monarchy that cards, which had been known in England as early as the fourteenth century, came into general use, and to be employed in a great variety of games. Of these games one of the most popular was cribbage, which is mentioned by Pepys in his "Diary," and probably because being played by only two

[1] Act ii.

persons, it afforded excellent opportunities for flirtation. Birket, one of the characters in Shadwell's comedy of "Epsom Wells," promises to bring his friend to visit a lady who loves gaming dearly, assigning as a reason, that "he plays the best at cribbage of anybody," while Reveller, a character in "Greenwich Park," comes expressly in the middle of the day to play at the game with his mistress, who is a young lady of fashion. Angel-beast was another favourite game which afforded ingenious pretext for cheating, and enabled the beaux to let their mistresses win from them at pleasure. "It is no small part our felicity," says Ned Estridge, in "The Mulberry Garden," speaking of Victoria and Olivia, "to have that lord send his coach and six to carry 'em to the park, this gentleman offering to play at angel-beast with them, though he scarce knows the cards, and has no more visible estate than what he may lose at a sitting." No skill was required from those who played angel-beast, which derived its name from the French word la bête, angel-beast being probably adopted to designate the stake which was played for. It was what was called a round game, the issue of which depended principally upon chance, and was assisted out by a little innocent legerdemain among the players when they felt inclined to enliven the pastime by trying to filch the best cards in dealing. To play angel-beast was not difficult. Five cards having been dealt out to each person, three heaps were formed, one for the king,

another for the play, and a third called triolet, upon each of which the players placed money. He who had the king took the stakes on that heap. He who had the most tricks took the stakes on play, the second heap. He who had three cards of the same sort took triolet.

Gleek.—Gleek, a game which had been very popular in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, sprang once again into favour after the Restoration. It is alluded to by a character in Shadwell's "Epsom Wells," who confessed that it was "better than any two-handed game."[1] Pepys played it, he tells us, for the first time in the month of January, 1662. "My Aunt Wright and my wife and I to cards," wrote he in his "Diary" under that date, "she teaching of us to play at Gleek, which is a pretty game, but I have not my head so far as to be troubled with it." The Secretary to the Admiralty however, it appears, notwithstanding, acquired very considerable proficiency in the game, since according to his own showing he, four weeks later, played at gleek "on shipboard," going down the River Thames to Woolwich, and came back and won the sum of nine shillings and sixpence clear, "the most," as he adds, "that ever I won in my life." When it is considered that the usual stakes at gleek were a farthing or a halfpenny, and that the highest rarely exceeded a penny,

[1] *Epsom Wells*, act ii.

this was fairly commendable for a novice. Gleek was played by three persons. The deuces and the trois were thrown out of the pack, and twelve cards were then dealt out to each of the players, the remaining eight being left for stock, with the exception of the eighth, which was turned up for trumps and belonged to the dealer. The stock could be purchased by the players, and certain cards among the trumps had names, such as Tiddy, Tumbler, Tib, Tom, and Towser, which were entitled to certain privileges. The term "gleek" was derived from the German word "Gleich," which signifies "like," and intimated the point upon which the fortunes of the game turned; a "gleek" signifying three cards of the same quality, such as three aces and three kings. Thus whoever held a gleek of aces received from the players four times the amount of the original stake, a gleek of kings three times the stake, of queens twice, or of knaves once, four cards of the same quality being called in like manner a "mournwal." These terms were generally applied metaphorically to political or other subjects, as for example in the following instance, in a cavalier song entitled "The Old Lenten Liturgy":—

> "From villainy dressed in the doublet of zeal,
> From three kingdoms baked in one commonweal,
> From a gleek of lord keepers of one privy seal."
>
> Libero nosto.

Langtriloo. — Langtriloo, or, as it was sometimes

called, Lanterloo, which it is supposed was brought originally from Holland, was, after the Restoration, in high favour at the court, where the queen of Charles II. frequently played it with the Duchess of Portsmouth. Ladies were accustomed to entertain their gallants at langtriloo during their many visits. "Would you have us spend our time," says a fashionable gallant in one of the contemporary comedies, "like some visiting fools that never aspire at more than playing langtriloo with women all the days of their lives?" [1]

Ombre.—Ombre, a Spanish game, was a very great favourite in polite circles among the ladies, equally indeed with picquet. Dryden displays a very intimate knowledge of picquet in his comedy of "The Wild Gallant," in which he makes Justice Trice, while sitting alone, deal the cards to himself and an imaginary antagonist, and play out the two hands until the termination of the game.[2]

Whist.—Nor was whist unknown or unpopular. That game, which is now a favourite amusement in all ranks of society, more especially with persons of great intelligence and ability, and those who have achieved eminence in literature, in science, in art, and in the public service, was played by people of fashion, and towards the close of the reign of Charles II. became universal, and acquired another name, that of Ruffle. In 1674, a

[1] *Epsom Wells*, act ii.

[2] Act iv. sc. 1.

description of the game was published in a curious book ascribed to Charles Cotton, the poet, and entitled "The Compleat Gambler, or Instructions how to play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls and Chess, together with all manner of usual and most gentile Games, either in cards or dice." In the book a chapter is devoted to "English Ruff and Honours and Whist," and it contains the following passage: "Ruff and Honours (alias Slamin) and Whist, are games so commonly known in England in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years old hath a competent knowledge in that recreation." After describing ruff and honours, the author observes, "Whist is a game not much differing from this." The privilege of ruffing was abolished; each player still had twelve cards, but instead of leaving an unknown stock upon the table, the four deuces were discarded from the pack before dealing; this was a great step in advance, since it enabled the players to calculate with more certainty the contents of each other's hands. The score was still nine, tricks and honours counting as before. Cotton never uses or alludes to the earlier name "Whisk," but he gives an independent derivation of the newer word, in saying that the game was "called whist from the silence that is to be observed in the play," a meaning that is warranted by the custom of the time. The word, although treated as a verb, adjective, or participle by Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, and others, was defined in 1671, by Skinner, one of the best authorities, as

"interjectio silentium imperans"; and so it was commonly used. It is curious, however, that whist was played to a very great extent in low society where cheats and sharpers assembled, and the principal chapter of Cotton's book is devoted to a warning against the tricks and frauds that such people were wont to practise. He alludes, for example to the "arts used in dealing," and shows how, by ingenious devices, "cunning fellows about this city may not only know all the cards by their backs, but may turn up honours for themselves and avoid doing so for their adversaries." The subjoined passage contains some very significant hints: "He that can by craft overlook his adversaries' game hath a great advantage, for by that means he may partly know what to play securely. There is a way to discover to their partners what honours they have; as by the wink of one eye, or putting one finger on the nose or table it signifies one honour; shutting both the eyes, two; placing three fingers or four on the table, four honours."

Basset.—But the Court games of the Restoration era was basset, a game which none were considered fit to play except kings, queens, princes, and governors, since it was attended with great risks, entailed very heavy expenses, and secured considerable pecuniary advantages to a person denominated the tailleur, in other words the dealer or the keeper of the bank. In France, where in general the stakes were unlimited, the gains were immense, and the privilege of keeping the

bank was granted only to cadets or to members of great familes, as it was considered that the holder was certain to make a large fortune, and that within but a very short space of time. In cases where licences were otherwise granted in France for the privilege of keeping a public basset-table, the stakes were limited strictly to twelvepence. The game was complicated by many details, but its main features are not difficult to describe. The players, who were styled punters, sat round a table which was presided over by two persons, termed respectively the dealer and the croupier. Each punter was furnished with a book of thirteen cards, upon which in the first instance he placed any amount of money that he pleased. The tailleur then proceeded to deal a pack of cards, and as he turned them up one by one he announced the first as a winning card, the second as a losing card, and so on alternately until the entire pack had been exhausted. The wagers were decided according to the prizes or the blanks that were thus declared, and the dealer paid such players as had happened to wager on winning cards, and received from the others. The advantages which were secured by the dealer arose in various ways, but they were chiefly from the temptations that were held out by the rules of the game to induce adventurous players to increase their stakes on certain desperate chances which rarely turned up, and in the long run told largely in favour of the bank.

Dishonest Players.— As may be supposed, the gambling for heavy stakes was attended by its usual demoralizing results, since people of the highest rank, who moved in the best society, and would have been most jealous for their reputation in all public transactions, had not the slightest hesitation, under the influence of the excitement which was produced by gambling, to descend to the lowest depths, and to adopt the mean tricks and the dishonest shifts of the professional bullies and sharpers. We have seen what opinion Tom Killigrew entertained of the honour of the Earl of Lauderdale where wagers were concerned, and many other fine gentlemen of the age were in this respect not impeccable.

The Duke of Buckingham. — Pepys relates an anecdote of the Duke of Buckingham, which may here be repeated as an instance. The duke was playing at cards with Lords Sandwich and St. Albans. A difference arose in connection with a certain point of the game. Buckingham accused Sandwich of knowing in his own mind and conscience, that to be false which he declared as true of the matter at issue, and availed himself of it as a pretext for snatching up from the table the money which he had lost. The inevitable result followed. On the following day Lord Sandwich received from the duke, through Sir K. Hughes, a demand for satisfaction for the expression which he had used. The challenge was accepted. The pair arranged to fight with swords. The queen-mother, however, Lord St. Albans and Mon-

tagu interposed, waylaid them at their lodgings, and were instrumental in effecting an amicable arrangement, to the entire honour of Lord Sandwich, who, according to Pepys, "got great reputation thereby." [1]

Sir John Suckling.—Spence relates that it was through this self-same Duke of Buckingham that the story of Sir John Suckling's cheating at cards reached the ears of the poet Pope. Suckling, so the story says, put certain marks, recognizable only by himself, upon all the cards that were received from the great Parisian makers, and by this means invariably secured unfair advantages over those who were his adversaries. Numerous suspicions of unfair dealings rested upon Suckling during the whole of his life, if any credence can be placed in the doggrel lines of verse which are ascribed to the pen of Sir John Mennies, and in which the poet is accused of having attained to influence by unlawful gains. Whether by fair means or by foul, it is quite certain that Sir John Suckling during his lifetime acquired immense wealth by gambling. Indeed, the notoriety which he achieved in society as a gamester was so great and so widespread that, according to Aubrey, "no shopkeeper would trust him for sixpence, as to-day, for instance, he might by winning be worth 200*l.*, the next day he might not be worth half so much; or perhaps, sometimes minus nihilo." [2] So passionate was the love which the

[1] *Diary.*

[2] *Letters Written by Eminent Persons*, ii. 545.

Cavalier poet bore to cards, such delight did the very sight of them afford him, that he often spent an entire morning in bed with a pack lying before him, wholly engrossed in studying the intricacies of the games which pleased him the most. He stood unequalled among all his contemporaries in the skill and ease with which he played all games of cards. Nor was his skill at bowls unequal. At them his right hand never lost its cunning, and as the best bowler which the country afforded he bore away the palm of superiority. In his poem "The Sermons of the Poets," Suckling alluded to the esteem in which he held bowling, candidly averring that—

> "He loved not the muses so well as his sport;
> And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
> At bowls, above all the trophies of wit."[1]

The poet's sisters, it is said, went one day to the fashionable bowling-green, situated in Piccadilly, positively "crying for the fear he should lose all their portions."[1]

Hazard.—The esteem which the denizens of London in the Restoration era displayed for cards was divided in most ordinary and private houses, with hazard, a game which the writer of one of the gambling treatises that have been cited in these pages describes as "speedily making or undoing a man; in the twinkling of an eye, a

[1] Suckling's *Works*, ed. Suckling.

[2] *Letters Written by Eminent Persons*, ii. p. 545.

man or a mouse." Hazard was very simple, and was moreover very exciting, but whenever and wherever it was played it gave rise to systematic cheating. There were several games which were held in high esteem that went under the general designation of tables. Verghese, a Dutch game, was one of these. Tick-tack, deriving its name from touch-and-take, was another. Tric-trac, a favourite game among the French nobility was a third. Draughts, which had originally been played in the mediæval era under the name of Dames or Ladies, Irish backgammon, and shovelboard, were among others. Each of these games was played either upon a board or upon a table, similar to the backgammon table. The men were, however, placed differently, being in the first three games collected on the ace point, and thence played forward under various conditions and regulations. In the game known as tric-trac, there were holes on the sides of the table to the number of twelve, and pegs were placed in these for the use of the players. In addition to the regular tablemen there were three other pieces called markers.

Shovelboard. — Shovelboard enjoyed very great popularity, though not perhaps that great popularity which it had enjoyed in previous centuries. A shovelboard was to be seen in the house of every gentleman. Sometimes it was placed in the great hall. Sometimes it was placed in a room specially set apart for its reception, which was commonly designated the shovelboard

room. The board was generally of some considerable length, indeed it often extended to thirty feet, and sometimes even longer. It was made as smooth on the surface as it was possible for the art of carpentering to make it, and was protected both at the sides and at the ends. At one end a line was drawn across the table, three or four inches from the edge; and a second line, parallel with the first, was drawn higher up at a distance of four feet. The players stood at the other extremity, and the game consisted in throwing or "shoving," as it was termed, flat pieces of metal, with such a nicety of impetus, as to carry them past the line nearest to the edge without falling over into a box or a trough which had been purposely placed for their reception. Beyond the first line the throw was reckoned according to distance, and increased in proportion as it neared the edge. If it fell over, it went for nothing.[1] There can be no doubt that the game of shovelboard was held in high estimation by the lower grades of society, since Samuel Pepys testifies to having seen it played at such places as the "White Hart" at Woolwich, and when he went to take the air at Hackney.

Billiards. — The game of billiards, which had been a favourite pastime among the people during the gloomy and austere reign of the saints in the time of the Commonwealth, was one which continued to be

[1] Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 264.

played fully as much as before under the Restoration of Monarchy, so much so indeed, that by the time William III. ascended the throne, there were few towns in England without a public billiard table, besides the tables that were in the houses of the gentry. It is very evident from a passage in the "Diary" of Evelyn, under the date of 1680, that billiards were at that period deeply rooted in the affections of the upper ranks of English society. Speaking of the French billiards that he saw when visiting the residence of the Portuguese ambassador, Evelyn says: "There was a billiard table with as many more hazards as ours commonly have; the game being only to prosecute the ball till hazarded, without passing the port, or touching the pin; if one miss hitting the ball every time, the game is lost, or is hazarded. It is more difficult to hazard a ball though so many, than on our table, by reason the board is made so exactly even, and the edges not stuffed. The balls are also bigger, and they for the most part use the sharp and small end of the billiard stick, which is shod with brass or silver."[1] From the allusions to "our" tables in the foregoing passage, it would seem that the game of what for the sake of distinction may be termed English billiards, was then an established game, although it differed very widely from the modern game which bears that name. The balls, of which there

[1] *Diary.*

were only two, were small in size, and the sticks were tipped with ivory. At one end of the table stood a king and at the other a post, through which it was part of the policy of the game to strike the ball.

Bowls.—So far nothing has been said in this chapter concerning the outdoor sports and pastimes of the English people during the second half of the seventeenth century. Among sports of this description the foremost place must be accorded to bowls. Even when the Crown and Sceptre passed from the hands of the last of the Stuart Kings, many persons could remember the time when bowls had been the favourite relaxation of Charles I. Few things pleased that monarch more than to escape from the noise and turmoil of the court, from the anxieties and uneasinesses which necessarily perplex the head that wears a crown, to the seclusion of a bowling green in Essex, attached to the country house of Shute, a wealthy Turkish merchant, whose city residence was situated in Leadenhall Street, on a plot of ground which was afterwards occupied by the India House. Shute was one of Charles's most devoted followers, and indeed was dubbed by him Satin Shute, in allusion to an elegant satin doublet cut upon white taffeta, in which he was most commonly habited. Both the monarch and his subject played very highly whenever they met, but they never omitted punctually to discharge their debts. It is related that on one occasion the king was beaten by his subject in several games,

and declined to play any longer. "An please your Majesty," quoth Shute, "1000*l.* rubber more; perhaps luck may turn." "No, Shute," replied the king, as he gently laid his hand upon his subject's shoulder; "thou hast won the day and much good may it do thee; but I must remember that I have a wife and children." Attached to every large town and country house in the seventeenth century might have been seen a bowling ground, which was frequented by all classes of people. The most famous bowling ground in the capital was situated in Piccadilly, and thither the best company were wont at that time to resort. Adjacent to this bowling ground, which was divided into an upper and a lower green, was a gaming house, notorious for the ease with which money changed hands within its walls. Numbers of people were ruined by their excesses at play at Piccadilly. Richard Flecknoe, in a poem, which bears the date of 1656, composed "on the occasion of his being left alone in the Mulberry Garden to wait on all the ladies of the times," complained that the London citizens carried their money to Piccadilly only for the sake of losing it.

> But we behold
> Them daily more bold
> And their lands to coyn they disht ye,
> And then with the money
> You see how they run ye
> To lose it at Piccadilly.[1]

[1] *Epigrams of all sorts*, Lond. 1670, p. 89.

Pepys, when visiting some of his friends at Petersfield, mentions that they were "very merry and played with their wives at bowls," and tells us that on another occasion he paid a visit to a bowling alley, and there found "lords and ladies at bowl, in brave condition." In another passage of his "Diary" he mentions that he liked the game of bowls for the reason that he was able to play it with the ladies.[1] It is mentioned by Aubrey that Sir John Denham, the author of the poem of "Cooper Bill," "delighted much in bowls, and did bowl very well," and that both in physical strength and in stature he was more than a match for Sir John Suckling, who, as will be remembered, excelled everybody else in that particular form of recreation. The frequent and repeated references to bowls in the comedies of the Restoration era, attest very fully the popularity which it enjoyed, more especially among women, who were exceedingly fond of playing at it with their lovers. Mountford, in his popular comedy called "Greenwich Park," causes one of the characters, Violante by name, when bantering her gallant, to display a very intimate knowledge of bowls, in a metaphor of a somewhat elaborate character :—

> "I find you are experienced in 't, my lord,
> And are a bowler in the green of love,
> Can lie i' the way, or hit the heart at pleasure.

[1] *Diary*, May 1, 1661.

I am a stranger to my bias yet,
Nor is it fit my weakness should be challenged
By one who knows the ground and all its rubs."[1]

Nine-Pins.—In addition to bowls, relaxation was sought in nine-pins, a game in which even the Secretary to the Admiralty would sometimes graciously condescend to participate.[2] That the game was one that was played chiefly by the common people is evident from a passage in Shadwell's comedy of "Epsom Wells," wherein the London citizens are described as "Galloping upon their tits to see their faithful wives play a game at nine-pins, and be drunk with stummed wine."[3]

Tennis.—Tennis, which during the present century has won its way into public favour in a most marked degree, was quite as popular, if not more so, among the English people in the time of Charles II. The court ladies and gentlemen never wearied of playing the game, and in order that they might enjoy their favourite pastime to the full whenever they felt disposed to do so, tennis courts were constructed in the royal palaces both of Windsor and of Whitehall. Among the accounts of the Secret Service for the year 1688, there is an entry of two hundred and six pounds seventeen shillings and eight pence for the materials which had been supplied and the work that had been performed with them in the tennis court at Windsor Castle; and it appears from

[1] Act ii. sc. iii.
[2] Pepys' *Diary*, April 28, 1660.
[3] Act i.

the same records under the dates of the previous year, that the remuneration of which the markers, both at Whitehall and at Windsor, stood in receipt was ninety pounds. The Merry Monarch often found recreation in tennis-playing, and was generally considered an excellent player. The reputation which he enjoyed was, however, doubtless attributable to the fulsome adulation which his courtiers lavished upon his performances. "To the tennis court," wrote Pepys, under date of January 4th, 1663-4, "and there saw the king play at tennis, and others: but to see how the king's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well, and deserved to be commended, but such open flattery is beastly." It is related that while Dr. Egerton occupied the See of Durham he was very frequently to be seen on public days playing bowls with his guests. On one occasion, when he was engaged in doing so, a visitor happened to cross the lawn, whereupon one of the chaplains called out, "You must not shake the green, for the Bishop is going to bowl."

Wrestling.—Much interest was evinced by the court of the Restoration era in wrestling, an exercise for proficiency in which the inhabitants of the western counties of England possessed very great renown. Evelyn mentions that on the afternoon of February 19th, 1667, he witnessed a wrestling match for 1000*l.* in St. James's

[1] *Secret Services of Charles II. and James II.*, ed. Camden Society.

Park before the king, and a vast concourse of the nobility and other spectators, between the West and North of England men. Many large sums of money were staked upon the issue of the contest, which was adjudged to the West countrymen by the judges, who were Secretary Morice and Lord Gerard. Pepys again records that on the 28th of June, 1661, he "went to Moorfields, and there walked, and stood and saw the wrestling between the north and west countrymen."

Juvenile Pastimes. — Very little difference existed between the juvenile sports and pastimes which were current in England in the second half of the seventeenth century and those of the age in which we live. Of all juvenile sports, none perhaps was a greater favourite than prison base, sometimes called base or prisoners' base. The Duke of Monmouth, according to Roberts, his biographer, was very fond of base, and on one occasion offered the sum of five guineas to be contended for in that game by a number of young rustics. Many allusions scattered through the writings of the comic dramatists of the Restoration age, prove conclusively that such pastimes as leap-frog, marbles, hoofs, clap-dragon, ball, see-saw or balancing, scotch hoppers, fast and loose, handy-andy, stool ball, trap ball and cat were all popular games among the young men and maidens of the time.

Pall Mall.—Pall Mall was also a pastime highly favoured by the young, few large towns lacking a mall

or a suitable ground upon which it could be played. The game was, in all probability, introduced into England from Scotland on the accession of King James VI. to the throne, seeing that it is mentioned by that monarch among other physical exercises which he considered to be suitable for his son Henry, who afterwards became Prince of Wales. As, however, no rules of the game have been transmitted to us, it is impossible to say, with any certainty, how many players were required, or how many strokes were allowed before the ball passed successfully under one of the hoops. A long alley having been made quite smooth, and having been surrounded by a low wooden border, was marked in order to denote the position of the balls. Each player took in hand a mallet, which measured between three and four feet in length, and a round boxwood ball, measuring between two and three inches in diameter. The object of the game consisted in the ability of the player to drive his ball through what was called "The Pass," a hoop about two feet in height, and about two inches in width, one of which stood at each end of the mall. Considerable energy and skill were demanded from the player of pall mall, whose care it was to make the ball skate along the ground at a high rate of speed, and to refrain from striking it in such a manner as to elevate it from the ground, as is evident from the subjoined passage in Cotton's poem, called "The Scoffer Scofft":—

"But playing with the boy at mall
(I rue the time and ever shall)
I struck the ball, I know not how
(For that is not the play, you know),
A pretty height into the air."

A very great centre of attraction for players of pall mall in the Caroline age was the Mall, in St. James's Park, which extended nearly half a mile in length, and was always kept and tended with very great care. Pepys relates a conversation that he had on one occasion with the keeper of this mall, from whom, he says, he learned the mode in which the earth was mixed for the floor over which powdered cockleshells were sprinkled. During the dry weather the surface had a tendency to turn to dust, and was thus the means of impeding the progress of the ball. There was a gallery at the end of the mall for the convenience of such as were desirous of sitting and viewing the progress of the game. Thomas Waller, in a poem with the Park as its theme, gives the following description of the Mall :—

"There a well-polished mall gives us joy
To see our prince his matchless force employ.
No sooner has he touched the flying ball
But 'tis already more than half the mall,
And such a fury from his arm hast got
As from a smoaking culverin 'twere shot."

Skating. — Not very long after the Restoration the pastime of skating was introduced into England.

Pepys mentions in his "Diary" that on December 1st, 1662, he witnessed "people sliding with their skeates, which is a very pretty art," for the first time in his life on the canal in St. James's Park. A number of gentlemen subsequently performed the exercise, for the inspection of the king, with strange and wonderful dexterity, after the manner of the Hollanders. Evelyn it seems was at first greatly astonished at the rate of speed that was attained by "the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park, and at the suddenness with which they stopped when in full career upon the ice." It was upon that identical sheet of water that years afterwards the Princess of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth both took their first lessons in the art of skating.

When we come to examine broadly the general question of outdoor public amusements in the second half of the seventeenth century, it becomes not a little difficult to draw any distinct line of demarcation between the tastes of the upper classes and the tastes of the lower classes. Among the ignorant and the dissipated of the upper grades of society, and the great mass of the lower orders, there were no essential differences, even in their power of commanding a much larger number of pleasures that were absolutely sensual or vicious. The Puritans no sooner came into power than they proceeded with set purpose to exterminate all forms of amusement with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm. Bull and bear-baiting were forbidden, cock-

fighting was repressed. When the Puritans were driven from power, those savage sports were among the very first to be reintroduced, and afforded common entertainment for people of both sexes. From the time of Henry VIII. Bankside, Southwark, a thinly populated district on the Surrey side of the river, had been noted for its Bear Garden. In the reign of James I. the Bear Garden was taken under the patronage of royalty, and the appointment to the mastership of it was placed in the hands of the king. During the Commonwealth bull and bear-baiting were proscribed, but they came into favour again after the recall of Charles II., frequent exhibitions of such cruel sports taking place in a space between St. Mary Overies Church and Paris Garden, a hamlet nearly opposite Blackfriars, whence there was a ferry across the Thames. Monsieur Jorevin, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., and subsequently published his observations on the country in 1672, has left a very minute account of a visit which he paid to the Southwark Bear Garden on Bankside.

The Bear Garden.—"We went," he says, "to see the Bergiardin, by Sodoaik, which is a great amphitheatre, where combats are fought between all sorts of animals, and sometimes men, as we once saw." To such sports all grades of society were accustomed to resort. The peer in his fine clothes, the carman in his blouse, the beau with his gold-laced hat, the porter with his knot,

met in the Bear Garden on a footing of perfect equality. The genteel part of the company was allowed the privilege of sitting in boxes on high benches at half-a-crown a seat, while the rabble crowded and swore beneath them in their sixpenny standing-place. Women were not excluded from such disgraceful exhibitions, and frequented them whenever opportunities for so doing presented themselves. That much free-and-easy roystering characterized these meetings may well be supposed. The more riot and noise, the greater the breaches of sobriety and decorum, the more were the company delighted, and the keener was their relish of the entertainment. Samuel Pepys was a frequent visitor to the Bear Garden, and rarely went there unaccompanied by his spouse. Under date of the 14th of August, 1666, he makes in his "Diary" the following entry: "After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Bear Garden, where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bulls tossing of the dogs, one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, and one, very fine, went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman; where they drank wine, and drunk Mercer's health first, which I pledged with my hat off." From the fact of the appearance in such a place of a lady who moved in the society in which Mrs. Pepys was accustomed to move, and from the fact of her hus-

band, who filled the office of Secretary to the Admiralty, pledging the health of a lady with his hat off, some very significant indications of the mode and life of fashionable society in London under the Restoration may be gleaned. If, by an extraordinary chance, there happened to be neither a bull-baiting nor a bear-baiting, a fencing match or a prize fight took place within the amphitheatre at Southwark. The fights between animals were demoralizing enough; but the spectacle of two men cutting at each other with swords until one or both were disabled by severe wounds on the body and on the legs, in the most brutal and revolting manner, was even more demoralizing. Jorevin mentions that he witnessed one of these detestable forms of amusement during his visit to London, not long after the Great Fire. "Commonly," wrote he, in the narrative of his travels, "when any fencing masters are desirous of showing their courage and their great skill, they issue mutual challenges, and, before they engage, parade the town, with drums and trumpets sounding, to inform the public there is a challenge between two brave masters of the science of defence, and that the battle will be fought on such a day. We went to see this combat, which was performed on a stage in the middle of this amphitheatre, where, on the flourishes of trumpets and the beat of drums, the combatants entered, stripped to their shirts. On a signal from the drum they drew their swords, and immediately began the fight, skir-

mishing a long time without any wounds. They were both very skilful and courageous. The taller had the advantage over the least, for, according to the English fashion of fencing, they endeavoured rather to cut than push in the French manner, so that by his height he had the advantage of being able to strike his antagonist on the head, against which the little one was on his guard. He had, in his turn, an advantage over the great one, in being able to give him the garnac stroke by cutting him; so that, all things considered, they were equally matched. Nevertheless, the tall one struck his antagonist on the wrist, which he almost cut off; but this did not prevent him from continuing the fight after he had been dressed, and taken a glass or two of wine to give him courage, when he took ample vengeance for his wound, for, a little afterwards, making a feint, the tall man stooping down to parry it, laid his whole head open, when the little one gave him a stroke which took off a slice of his head and almost all his ear. For my part, I think there is an inhumanity, a barbarity, and cruelty in permitting men to kill each other for diversion. The surgeons immediately dressed them, and bound up their wounds, which, being done, they renewed the combat, and, both being sensible of their respective disadvantages, they therefore were a long time without giving or receiving a wound, which was the cause that the little one, failing to parry so exactly, being tired with this long battle, received a stroke on his wounded wrist,

which dividing the sinews, he remained vanquished, and the tall conqueror received the applause of the spectators."[1] Count Lorenzo Megalotti, in his narrative of the English travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo, mentions that while that potentate was sojourning in London, in 1669, he saw the gladiators, as he calls them, in one of their fierce encounters with round shields and swords. "The gladiators, or fencing masters," wrote the Count, "in order to get a reputation, give a general challenge, offering twenty or thirty jacobuses, or more, to any one that has a mind to fight with them. No person is admitted into the theatre without first paying at the door, for the benefit of the challenger, who thus, from the number of curious persons who resort to the exhibition, receives much more than he has presented to his antagonist. They enter the lists, armed with a round shield and a sword not sharpened, fighting with the edge, not with the point, and, by an understanding between them, they give over as soon as blood is drawn, consequently it rarely happens that they injure one another seriously; it cannot, however, be denied that this sport has something barbarous in it." The Bear Garden in Southwark fell into final disuse shortly before the Revolution, and soon after that epoch it was removed to Hickley-in-the-Hole, in the parish of Clerkenwell.

The Cock-Pit.—A popular London resort in the Caro-

[1] Grose's *Repertory*, ed. 1809, iv. pp. 571, 572; see also Sorbières' *Voyage to England*, ed. 1709, p. 71.

line age, lower, if possible, than the Bear-Garden, was the Cock-Pit, which was daily packed with all manner of people, from peers of the realm down to chimney-sweeps and chairmen, whose primary object in congregating there was to gamble, to bet, to quarrel, and to thieve. Every district of the capital contained a cock-pit. Pepys, although he considered "cocking" as a "game of delight and pleasure," and even "of barbarity," frequently attended the matches. "To Shoe Lane," wrote he under date of December 21st, 1663, "to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man, by name Wilder, that was Deputy-Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it; and yet bet as much the next battle; so that one of them will lose 10*l.* or 20*l.* at a meeting." So again some years later under the date of the 7th of April, 1668, he makes the following entry: "I to the new cocke-pitt by the King's Gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come hither, and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only

to consider how these creatures, without any provocation do fight and kill one another, and aim only at one another's heads." There is a very curious description of a cock-match in the travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo, who visited England, as will be remembered, in the year 1669. "Attended by Lord Philip, Nevil, Gascoigne, and Castiglioni, his highness went in his carriage to see the theatre appropriated to cock-fighting, a common amusement of the English, who, even in the public streets take a delight in seeing such battles; and their partiality to these animals is carried to such a height, that considerable bets are made on the victory of the one or the other. To render the cocks fit for fighting, they select the best of the breed, cut off their crests and spurs, keeping them in separate coops or walks, and mix with their usual food, pepper, cloves, and other aromatics, and the yolks of eggs to heat them, and render them more vigorous in battle; and when they want to bring them to the trial, they convey them in a bag, put on artificial spurs of silver or steel, very long and sharp, and let them out at the place appointed for the sport. As soon as the cocks are put down they walk round the field of battle with great animation, each watching for an opportunity to attack his rival with advantage. The first who is attacked places himself in a posture of defence, now spreading himself out, now falling, in his turn, on the assailant; and in the progress of the contest, they are

inflamed to such a pitch of rage that is almost incredible to such as have never witnessed it with what fury each annoys his adversary, striking one another on the head with their beaks, and tearing one another with the spurs, till at length he that feels himself superior, and confident of victory, mounts on the back of his opponent, and never quits him till he has left him dead, and then, by a natural instinct, crows in applause of his own victory."[1] Roger North, describing the early years of his kinsman, the Honourable Sir Dudley North, years which were passed in the metropolis, states that one of the entertainments for which he displayed a great fondness was cock-fighting. "If possible," he says, "he procured a place in the pit, and there was a rare splutter and noise, cut out, as it were, for folks half mad. I have heard him say, that when he had in the world but three shillings, he hath given half a crown for an entrance, reserving but sixpence to bet with. I presume it was with him as with others that love gaming: avarice was the grand inducement, and that inspired the adventure; and the female, or rather lottery childish argument prevailed, viz. others have won, and why not I?"[2]

The Stage.—It matters little with what views the consideration of the subject of the English stage between the Restoration and the Revolution is approached. There can be only one opinion of the existing condition

[1] *Travels*, pp. 312–313.

[2] *Lives*, ed. 1826, ii. p. 294.

of the theatres of London during that period. They were all grossly profligate. With the return of the Stuarts the English stage was deluged with a flood of licentiousness so widespread that posterity fairly stands aghast at the height that it reached, and at the more extraordinary openness with which it was displayed. Nor is this strange phenomenon of history altogether surprising, since, when it is carefully considered, no one can doubt that it was distinctly owing to the surfeit which the nation had had of Puritans and Puritanism. To that false conception and erroneous presentation of righteousness, so alien to the spirit of the English people, under the Protectorate of Cromwell, all the looseness of the proverbially loose age of Charles II., a looseness calculated only to shock the delicacy of the present day, can be distinctly traced. The triumph of the Puritans resembled that pall of darkness which overspread the land of Egypt. "The Christian religion, which had hitherto been truly a divine philosophy, and a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigned, completely changed its nature. It was no longer the parent of arts and letters, of wholesome knowledge, of innocent pleasures, of blessed household smiles. In their place came sour faces, whining voices, the chattering of fools, the yells of maniacs. These men fasted from meat and drink, who fasted not from bribes and blood, frowned at stage plays, and smiled at massacres, inveighed against painted faces, and

yet felt no remorse for their own most painted lives. Religion had hitherto been a guiding star, a light to illumine the darkness of the world, all her ways had been ways of pleasantness, and all her paths had been peace ; but when the saints took possession of Zion, she became more like that ominous star which the exile of Patmos beheld in his vision, which fell from the heavens upon the fountain and the river, and changed them into wormwood ; for even so did religion descend from its high dwelling place to plague the earth, and to turn into bitterness all that was sweet, and into poison everything that was nourishing." At last the strong man armed burst the doors of his prison. The entire nation, after veering and travelling throughout the whole cycle of the compass with the rapidity of wind, plunged into a perfect vortex of debauchery, which it is a marvel did not bring down upon it a retribution similar to that which in the early ages of the world's history overtook the cities of the plain.

That the influence of the stage upon the morals and manners of a people is well nigh incalculable, cannot be gainsaid. Mischief, when once promulgated on the stage, is irremediable. It is addressed to thousands who for many reasons are peculiarly exposed to receive strong and sudden impressions. It is enforced upon the audience by all the magic of theatrical allusion, by all the splendour of poetry, and by all the vigour of eloquence. Libels have been promulgated, riots have

been created, lives and characters have been lost by the influence of the stage. It is at once a most powerful machine for the dissemination of good or of evil. Early in the seventeenth century comedy was largely employed to reflect contemporary manners and vices. Under James I. and his successor, the power of comedy was greatly extended, and after the Restoration of Monarchy it was revived in all its force. Between the accession of Charles II. and the end of the seventeenth century the number of comedies that were written, performed and printed in England was something enormous. An entire library would scarcely suffice to contain them all. By far the greater number of these productions display admirable plots, brilliant dialogue, and sparkling wit. The reader, it has been well said, is dazzled by a continuous play of rockets, by an incessant blaze of allusion, antithesis, and repartee, by a flood of artificial light, by a tissue of conversation that might have passed between the King with Rochester, Buckingham, Sedley, and the frail beauties whose forms are depicted by Lely on his canvas, and whose doings have been immortalized by Grammont in his "Memoirs." Neither the wit nor the humour is that of the heart. It is alien to real human feeling and sympathy. It is precisely of the kind that would have roused for a minute the languid smile of the worn-out voluptuary, and would have amused the place-hunting courtier who had just begged from his careless

master the money which some wretched victim of Judge Jeffreys would be called upon to pay. But that is absolutely all that can be said in its favour. Beyond that they are generally bad, poorly contrived, and abominably immoral, coarse, and indecent. From these defects neither the genius of a Congreve, nor a Wycherley, nor a Vanbrugh, nor a Shadwell, was able to redeem them. The sense of shame, as we now understand it, seems then to have been utterly unknown. No naked savages could have courted the public gaze with a more unblushing unconsciousness than the heroes and heroines of all the comedies of that period. Every plot turned upon love, but it was love only of the most earthly, devilish, sensual kind. The best characters commanded only personal attractions, and the one object for which they were pursued was possession. When it was obtained by importunity the price was considered cheap. When it was obtained by marriage, the sacrifice was considered very great, though some consolation was found in the anticipated joys of sexual intercourse. No secret was ever made by the gallants of the age, that these were the terms on which love was sought and won. Quite the contrary, seeing that the fullest details of all transactions were dwelt upon with great significance. No reference was ever by any chance made to that which is now regarded as the great seal of wedlock, the respectability and the happiness which attends or which ought to attend domestic life. The very reverse. The

connubial state was considered one that was utterly unfit for a fine gentleman, an evil pitfall or trap which beset the paths of the unwary. Just in proportion as marriage was disparaged, the sacred tie was abused. Husbands dreaded the infidelity of their wives, merely because there was a probability of its exposing them to ridicule. Wives prized their virtue only as having it under their control. It was used by wives as a check upon their husbands, it was used by maids in order to secure better terms, a finer man, or a finer fortune. The degradation into which virtue had sunk is illustrated by the promiscuous intercourse in the society represented on the Restoration stage, of women who were virtuous, and of women who were openly living upon the sale of their chastity. Nowhere is this more forcibly illustrated in the dramatic literature of the Restoration than in some of the comedies of Thomas Shadwell, who, as those conversant with the literary history of the period will remember, was so bitterly ridiculed by Dryden. The exemplary Theodosia, in his comedy of "The Humorist," for example, converses on terms of perfect familiarity with Mrs. Frisk, who is described in the explanatory list of the performers as "a vain wench of the town, debauched and kept by Brisk." Again, in the same writer's comedy of "The Sullen Lovers," one of the characters, an abandoned woman, mixes on terms of perfect equality with the more decorous women of the play. This is Lady Vain, whom the dramatist

intended to stand for a notorious courtesan, who afterwards married Dryden's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, the original of Sir Positive Mall, of the same comedy, a foolish knight, who pretends that he understands everything in the world, and will suffer no man to be acquainted with anything in his company. It may be added that the one scene in his comedies which Shadwell, in response to his enemies, personally selected as that which he felt perfectly certain would survive to posterity, depicts the artifices to which a certain Lady Busy resorts, in order to persuade the daughter of a Lady Cheatly to accept the offers of a nobleman, who proposes to support her on reciprocal terms. This subject is actually discussed in the presence of her mother, and with her permission. The young lady, however, is proof against all advances. Rejecting the kind advice to the contrary, both of Lady Busy and of Lady Cheatly, she suggests wedlock, and the engagement is effected on that condition. It is by no means speaking out of the bounds of moderation to say that it would be almost next to impossible to find one single comedy, written during the second half of the seventeenth century, in which contempt for all the virtues is not expressed with the utmost latitude and in the most unblushingly plain and unmistakable manner. Any sense of honesty seems to have been exceptional. According to the dramatists the most avowed gamblers, the most desperate sharpers, the most "cheating, sharking, cowardly" bullies, to use

some of the gentle epithets which their authors bestow upon them, lived and moved in the society of the most upright, most polished, and most accomplished of their sex. None the less surprising, in studying the dramatic literature of the Restoration, are the facility with which acquaintances were then formed, and the remarkable absence there then was of the modern necessity of proper introductions. Much of this, it is true, becomes explicable when we remember that it was long customary to wear vizards in the street and when attending places of public resort. More than half the acquaintances, judging from the dramatists, which it was proposed were to end in marriage, were contracted, at first sight, out of doors. Women went everywhere with perfect freedom, their masks shielding their reputations while allowing absolute freedom to their morals.

Soon after the return of Charles II., two companies of players were formed, to act at two different London playhouses. One of these was known as the King's House, and the other as the Duke's House. Sir William Davenant succeeded in obtaining a patent for his company under the name of "The Duke's Servants," and by reason of the fact that he had in the time of the Protectorate contrived to represent several dramatic compositions that were accompanied by music, his playhouse was frequently called "The Opera." Thomas Killigrew received a patent for "The King's Servants," and for the sake of distinction his establishment was styled "The Theatre." Some considerable time elapsed

before vice took up its abode in the theatres. In that lucid interval many of the best productions of the Elizabethan dramatists were represented. Before the play-going public was soused with the immorality of an entire generation of comic dramatists, several plays of Shakespeare had been performed. Pepys testifies to his having witnessed "Henry IV.," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," "Henry VIII.," "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Taming of the Shrew," and the "Tempest." Nor were the comedies of Ben Jonson neglected. Pepys witnessed "The Alchymist," and considered it "a most incomparable play."[1] He saw also "The Silent Woman," and was of opinion that it was "the best comedy that ever was wrote"; while in "Every Man in his Humour," he discerned "the greatest propriety of speech" that he ever read in his life. Most of the actors were only just beginning, though a few of them had gained experience before the troubles. The greater number of the old players was attached to the king's company. Such men as Hart, Mohun, and Burt, acted admirably. Each had personated female characters before the Commonwealth. Thomas Betterton, the greatest English actor which the age produced, was the leading spirit at "The Duke's House." Pepys, who knew him very intimately, repeatedly sounded his praises, and enjoyed his acting beyond that of everyone else, deeming his "Hamlet"

[1] *Diary*, June 22, 1661.

"beyond imagination," and his "Henry V." "incomparable." Careful observers noted that the works of the elder dramatists, before Charles had been seated on his throne very long, began to pall upon the audiences who came to see them performed. Evelyn noted in his "Diary," under date of November 26th, 1661, after witnessing the performance of "Hamlet," that "now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's been so long abroad." The unequalled wit of Congreve, and such characters as his Maskerell and Lady Touchwood, were far more welcome to the palate than anything that was written by the Bard who was for all time.

The customary hour at which the London theatres were opened in the second half of the seventeenth century was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the consequence was that performances nearly always took place by the light of day during the summer months. The roof consisted of skylights which were constructed of thin glass, through which the showers coursed pitilessly in tempestuous weather. Pepys mentions that on one occasion the rain and the hail poured through the roof of one of the playhouses, while he was present, in such torrents that the entire audience was compelled to rise, and hurriedly to take their departure.[1]

[1] See the very curious and minute account of a London theatre under the Restoration in Lowe's *Life of Betterton*, pp. 12–54, and Sorbière's *Voyage to England*, ed. 1709, p. 69.

During the years 1660 and 1663, the king's company occupied "the playhouse near Lincoln's Inn Fields," and in the latter year they removed to Drury Lane. The players in Sir William Davenant's, or the Duke's Company, remained for a long period after the Restoration at the old "Cockpit" in Drury Lane, but they withdrew to Portugal Street in the spring of the year 1662, and thus for some considerable length of time the two rival playhouses stood in close proximity to each other in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The King's Theatre, according to the secretary of the Grand Duke Cosmo, who visited it in 1669, was nearly circular in form, was surrounded in the interior by boxes separated from each other, and was divided into several rows of seats for the greater accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen, who sat together indiscriminately. A large space was left on the ground floor for the rest of the audience. The scenery was very light, capable of numerous changes, and was embellished with representations of beautiful landscapes. While the audience sat waiting for the performance to begin the musicians played a number of the most delightful symphonies, for the enjoyment of which a great many persons were accustomed to come early.[1] On dark days the stage and the walls of the theatres were sufficiently lighted to

[1] *Travels*, p. 190.

enable the spectators to view the scenery and the performance.[1] In that age the price of a seat in the pit, according to the testimony of Pepys, was half-a-crown, and notwithstanding the inconveniences to which those who sat in it were exposed in wet weather, it was not disdained by persons of rank, since the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir George Etherege, and other wits, together with "a company of fine ladies," were often to be seen seated in that department of the house.[2] This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the occupants of the pit rubbed shoulders with plebeians and with such persons as "citizens, 'prentices, and others." "I do not remember," wrote Pepys, on one occasion, "that I saw so many, by half, of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2*s.* 6*d.* apicce as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d.* and then the 18*d.* places, though I strained hard to go when I did." There can be but little doubt that the London playhouses in the time of Charles II. were always crowded to excess, and that on very special occasions no small difficulty was experienced by late comers in securing a place. It is said that on the occasion of the first representation of Sir George Etherege's comedy, "She Would if She Could," no fewer than a thousand persons were turned away from the doors an hour

[1] *Travels*, p. 348.

[2] Pepys' *Diary*, Feb. 6, 1668; March 31, 1661.

before the performance began, because there was no room for them in the pit. Probably it was the knowledge of this which often led intending play-goers, when they specially desired to witness the performance of some particular comedy, to employ persons to retain seats for them in the play-houses. Pepys mentions that on one occasion he resorted to this expediency. Writing under date of 2nd of May, 1668, he said: "To the Duke of York's play-house at a little past twelve, to get a good place in the pit for the new play, and then getting a poor man to keep my place, I out and spent an hour at Martin's, my bookseller's, and so back again, when I find the house quite full. But I had my place." That there should have been a general absence of quiet and decorous behaviour in the play-houses of the Restoration age, will occasion no surprise. The merry discourse, which as we learn from the veracious chronicles of Pepys, Sir Charles Sedley had with two of his lady friends at one of the theatres, rendered the dialogue of the players utterly inaudible to the ears of the Secretary to the Admiralty on one occasion. At another time, while the same estimable gentleman was "sitting behind in a dark place," a lady who was present spat backward upon him by mistake, not seeing him. This breach of good manners, however, did not affect him in the least. "After seeing her to be a very pretty lady," he says, "I was not troubled at it at all."[1] When the fops and

[1] *Diary*, Jan. 28, 1661.

exquisites had quite finished paying their court to the ladies near whom they sat, they at once began to banter the orange girls, who occupied places in the pit with their backs to the stage, the chief of them being one who was called Orange Moll. In the month of May, 1668, one of these orange girls attempted to impose upon the Secretary to the Admiralty by informing him that in compliance with his orders she had supplied a number of ladies in one of the boxes with a dozen of oranges, "which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true." Pepys stoutly denied the allegation and refused to pay, but was glad to escape by purchasing four shillingsworth of oranges at sixpence each.

The Court Dramatic Performances. — Constantly as the king and his favourites visited the playhouses, it is very evident that plays were very frequently performed for their special delectation within the walls of his palaces. Such performances generally took place at night, a time when the engagements of the players at the theatres had terminated and left them free. Not always, however, were they in a position immediately to attend the king's pleasure, seeing that the ubiquitous Pepys recorded in his "Diary," under date of December 28th, 1666, the following circumstance: "After all staying above an hour for the players, the king and all waiting, which was absurd, saw Henry V. well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests being put on but this night . . .

The play continued till twelve at night." Besides the English tragedies and comedies, French and Italian comedies, as Evelyn testifies, were often performed at Whitehall and at Windsor Castle. The accounts of the payments for Secret Service exhibit under the date of the 29th of October, 1684, an entry of forty-five pounds, "for the charge and expenses of the French players attending his Majesty at Windsor and Winchester and returning to London."

Masquerades.—Nor were masquerades and Italian puppet shows, or marionettes as they were termed, excluded from the court of Charles II. Masquerades were highly esteemed, and no expense was spared in their production. All the court beauties made their appearance in masks and other effectual disguises, which afforded the greatest satisfaction to the king, who was ever favourably disposed towards intrigue.

In Grammont's "Memoirs" we read that when the Lord Rochester set up in the city as a newly arrived German doctor and astrologer, certain ladies of the court made up their minds to visit him, and "after having well considered the matter, the best disguise they could think of was to dress themselves like orange girls." Similar frolics were very frequent among persons of high rank at that period. From a letter written by a Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, dated October 13th, 1670, it appears that the queen participated in such frivolities. "Last week,"

he wrote, "there being a faire near Audley-end, the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country folk, that as soon as they came to the faire the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockins for her sweethart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves, sticht with blew, for his sweethart, they were soon by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them; one amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses, got up with their wives, children, sweetharts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus by ill conduct was a merry frolick turned into a panorama."[1] The prevalence of masquerading was noticed by Bishop Burnet. That prelate, writing in reference to the year 1668, said: "At

[1] Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 9.

this time the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the King and Queen and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of wild frolick. In all this, people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach. Some say in a cart."[1]

Occasionally masques were represented entirely by ladies in attire of the most expensive character, which doubtless taxed their pockets to an alarming extent. Mrs. Blagg, at one masquerade, carried jewels on her person to the value of twenty thousand pounds, and during the crush she had the misfortune to lose one of them, worth eighty pounds, which she had borrowed for the occasion from the Countess of Suffolk. The puppet show was long in high favour at the court; and Evelyn was once greatly scandalized at seeing people pay for admission, a plan which, he said, had never been adopted before at the royal diversions. Why it was ever adopted at all is easily explicable. The king and all his followers were steeped to the ears in debt. Hardly one of them had a gold piece that he could call his

[1] Burnet's *History*, i. p. 368.

own. Financial affairs became at times so very bad, that the king allowed his palace to be converted into an arena for speculation by needy adventurers, and threw open the Banqueting Hall to Sir Arthur Slingsby, who was permitted to announce a public lottery to be held there for his own benefit. The king, the queen consort, and the queen-mother, obtained nearly thirty prizes among them, but not without well-grounded suspicions that the entire affair was dishonestly contrived by the beneficiary, who, in the opinion of Evelyn, was no better than a mere shark.

The king repeatedly allowed his needy favourites to organize lotteries, a custom which proved eventually to be most pernicious. Dryden was alluding to the practice in an epilogue which was spoken at one of the theatres in 1681, where, in reference to the distressed condition of the players, he said: "Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor."

That the audiences which mustered at Whitehall to witness the plays, masques, and puppet shows which were there performed during that age of profligacy and moral anarchy were anything but select, may be assumed. Even within the privileged circle by which the throne was immediately surrounded, the king's mistresses met the queen on equal terms.

Even Rochester, the last person from whom it might be supposed that such considerations would have influence, seems to have felt some compassion for the

degradation to which the queen was compelled to submit, since in his "Imitation of Juvenal," he says:—

> "Mean, prostrate ——, for a bridewell fit,
> With England's wretched queen must equal sit."

A passage in Evelyn's "Diary" shows the mixed state of society at Whitehall. "This evening," wrote he, "I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador at the Duchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a grand banquet of sweetmeats and music; but at which both the ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst them were the king's natural children, viz., Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., concubines and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them. . . . The king came in at the latter end, just as the ambassador was going away."

Such an example was rapidly followed in the highest grades of society, where it was quite common to meet mistresses of every grade, from the countesses who were favoured by the sovereign, or who favoured the principal actors, down to the actresses who lived with everybody. They danced and they sang; they made parties, they went here, there, and everywhere. Ladies of rank, whose characters might have borne the strictest

investigation, courted the society of the most profligate and abandoned of their sisters, as if it were an honourable distinction to be personally acquainted with them. There were, it is true, a limited number of persons, as for example the excellent John Evelyn, who shook their heads very ominously at such conduct, and predicted that nothing but evil could possibly result from it, but they never attempted to oppose it. The majority neither knew nor cared what the results might be, and quietly conformed to the common laxity with a perfect elasticity of conscience, like Samuel Pepys, the Secretary to the Admiralty, who permitted his wife to enjoy the friendship of the mistress of Lord Brouncker, and of Mrs. Knipp, an actress, who is constantly mentioned in the "Diary," and there is every reason to believe was his own.

Laxity of the Court Morals.—Contemporary literature, other than dramatic, reveals to present day eyes the quicksands and morasses of vice and folly into which English people had floundered. The "Memoirs" of Count Grammont show it plainly enough. The Duke of York had an amour with "that ugly skeleton, Arabella Churchill." The Duchess of York, by common report, intrigued in the meantime with the young and gallant Henry Sydney.[1] Nor were the court beauties the less remiss in their love affairs. It is not

[1] Grammont's *Memoirs*, ed. 1811, ii. p. 221.

very likely that they of all people should have assumed a virtue, even if they had it not. Their gallantries were known everywhere and to everybody. They were perfectly independent. They enjoyed the king's caresses at one time, and the caresses of some one else at another time. Lady Castlemaine, who was subsequently created Duchess of Cleveland, revenged herself upon the king for his attachment to Mary Davis, commonly called Moll Davis, an actress, and natural daughter of Colonel Howard, by encouraging the addresses of a player named Hart, who had been a personal favourite of Eleanor Gwynn, before she took up her abode at court, "to the shame, not of the court," as Sir James Mackintosh said, "which was beyond shame, but of human nature." Mary Davis, who excelled in dancing, was described by those who knew her as "the most impertinent flirt in the world," and as "a homely jade," and, according to Downes, sang the song of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground" with such effect "that it raised her bed on the cold ground to a bed royal."[1] It is stated, on very trustworthy authority, that the Duchess of Cleveland, during one period of her career, lavished her affections in the most liberal manner upon Jacob Hall, a celebrated dancer on the tight rope. Frequent allusions are made to this man by writers of the Restoration age. Many of his love affairs formed the

[1] See Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, iv. p. 525.

theme of lampoons and of short ballads. Count Grammont has much to say of him in his "Memoirs," and likewise Pope in his "Satires." He was remarkable not less for his strength and agility than for the symmetry of his person. Granger says that he was "much admired by ladies." Van Dort painted his portrait, in which he is exhibited with long flowing hair, high cheek bones, thin lips, and a somewhat sinister look about his eyes. Though the duchess bestowed a pension upon him, and though he was one of her especial favourites, she courted the society of a player named Goodmin, and, if the Chevalier de Grammont may be believed, that of Selwyn and of Talbot. Subsequently she conceived a violent passion for the young and handsome William Wycherley, the celebrated comic dramatist, opening the acquaintance, according to Pope, by bawling out after him as their carriages passed in the street, and then, according to Voltaire, visiting the poet at his chambers in the Temple disguised as a country maid, wearing a straw hat and pattens, and carrying a box or basket in her hand. Wycherley's "Love in a Wood," was performed in 1672 with great success, and shortly afterwards, if Dennis speaks truly, the Duchess of Cleveland was riding in her coach along Pall Mall. From the window her Grace beheld Wycherley in another carriage, and on the strength of a compliment which he had paid in the play to the wit and the spirit of natural

children, she saluted him with the plainest title of affiliation which is applied to those born out of wedlock. Conformably to what was then considered good fortune, Wycherley stopped his carriage, turned round, and came up with the lady. "Madame," said he, "you have been pleased to bestow a title on me which belongs only to the fortunate. Will your ladyship be at the play to-night?" "Well," answered the duchess, "what if I am there?" "Why then," replied Wycherley, "I will be there to wait on your ladyship, though I disappoint a fine woman who has made me an assignation." "So," exclaimed the duchess, "you are sure to disappoint a woman who has favoured you for one who has not?" "Yes," rejoined Wycherley, "if the one who has not favoured me is the finest woman of the two. But he who can be constant to your ladyship till he can find a finer is sure to die your captive." With this they parted, only, however, to meet again at the time and place appointed.

It does not appear that the consort of Charles II. was ever greatly troubled by the attentions which her husband paid to his mistresses. At first her Majesty bitterly resented the unfaithful conduct of her spouse, and on one occasion, while Miss Davis was in the act of dancing a jig, she rose and withdrew. Yet within a little while she perceived that all resistance was futile, and that she might just as well spare herself all further trouble and vexation. Though the king possessed no

regard for her, and even disliked her company, he seldom omitted to pay her, when occasion required, not a little ceremonious and even deferential attention in public. We have examples of this in his speech to the legislative assembly before her arrival in the capital, respecting the expedition of such laws as would enable her to enter London in a due and becoming manner, and in the contempt with which he treated the infamous proposal of Buckingham to seize her at a masquerade and to ship her off to the West Indies. No long time elapsed after her marriage before the queen recognized the fact that her husband would never be any the different. She therefore conformed to the conventionalities of the age without any further hesitation, and soon overcame her scruples to all the prevalent forms of licentious amusement, visiting them wearing vizards and masks, and indulging so publicly and frequently her fondness for dancing as to be ridiculed by the comic poets and the satirists. That in an age of universal freedom, any expression should have been cast upon the Queen of England for dancing seems at first very curious, but the explanation is to be found in the fact that her Majesty did not possess a very graceful figure, and thus those who detested her on account of her religious tenets, found an admirable pretext for their stringent animadversions. The queen, it appears, was short of stature, and by no means well favoured. Evelyn described her, soon after her arrival in England, in 1662, as

handsome in comparison with her Portuguese ladies, who, it is well known, were remarkably plain. "The Queen," says he, "arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantes, their complexion olivader, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though less of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough."[1] M. de Moncenys, a Frenchman, who visited England in 1663, describes the queen in similar terms, saying that she had beautiful eyes and an agreeable smile; but that her upper teeth were so irregular as to "spoil her mouth," a deformity which she endeavoured studiously to conceal.

English Dances.—It is to be noted that the change which had taken place in the character of English dancing, after the Restoration, was quite in keeping with the extraordinary change which the lapse of time had been instrumental in effecting upon the general habits, manners and customs of society. In the early days of the Caroline age dancing had resembled a stately ceremony, retaining much of that icy grandeur which it had derived from the Court of France, and partaking largely of the nature of a solemn rite. All that was changed by Charles and his followers. Riot

[1] *Diary*, i. p. 363.

and revelry, noise and frolic became the primary characteristics of the English dance. This change was especially noted by the learned antiquary, John Selden, who, in alluding to it under the heading of the King of England in his valuable "Table Talk," said: "The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing first you have the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to Trenchemore, and the cushion dance, and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchenmaid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time there has been nothing but trenchemore and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come toite." Nor was the change which had been produced in the style of English music less marked. Those delicate melodies, those lively airs, necessitating skill neither to execute nor to enjoy, superseded in large measure the learned counterpoint and the scientific fancies of the preceding age. Musical composers sought only the appreciation of those whose ears had not been cultivated.[1] The chief agent in effecting this change was the king. He had received instruction in music. He was particularly fond of the art. He had bestowed special patronage upon the violin. During his exile, though he sauntered,

[1] Chappell's *History of Popular Music*, ii. p. 467.

and dallied with his mistresses, he took pleasure in collecting sarabands and corantoes, and kept a fiddler, who "did not play ill on the fiddle." Evelyn, when visiting the Chapel Royal on December 1st, 1662, was not at all pleased with the musical instruments that were then in use there. In place of the "ancient, grave and solemn wind instruments" by which the organ had formerly been accompanied, he was shocked to hear a concert performed by four-and-twenty fiddles in the light fantastical style of the French, a performance, as he justly observed, "better suiting a tavern or a playhouse than a church." Roger North, in his "Memoirs of Musick," asserts that these twenty-four violin players, constituted "an establishment after a French model, and the style of the musick was accordingly," and Dr. Rimbault, in an editorial note, prints a list of their names for the year 1674, that of the first being Thomas Purcell. The total amount of their respective salaries reached the respectable sum of one thousand four hundred and thirty-three pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence. According to Anthony Wood, these "Gentlemen of his Majestie's Private Musick," as they were called, played before him while he was at meals, a custom which Thomas D'Urfey ridiculed in his song of the "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row." It appears that even in the gloomy time of the Protectorate the violin had been a favourite instrument with many. Roger North says that a Swede named Thomas Baltzar, a native of

Lubeck, and one who was esteemed the finest performer on the violin of his time, "came over and did wonders upon it by swiftness and doubling of notes, but his hand was accounted hard and rough." The king's love of the violin was the means of causing it to become "the ordinary musick of the court and theatres." North asserts that during the early years of the reign of Charles II, "all musick affected by the beau mond run into the French way; and the rather because at that time the master of the court musick in France, whose name was Baptista (an Italian Frenchifyed), had influenced the French state by infusing a great portion of the Italian harmony into it, whereby the ayre was exceedingly improved."[1] Yet the transition was for long confined only to the court. In the rural districts of England, and in many societies and social gatherings in the capital, the old music continued to be retained. The treble-viol was laid aside, and the violin took its place, and in some families organs were used. Loud complaints soon arose from various quarters occasioned by the change in the character of English music. Playford, for example, in the preface to his "Musick's Delight on the Citheren" in 1666, said: "It is observed that of late years all solemn and grave musick is much laide aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light heels and brains of this nimble and wanton age;

[1] *Memoirs of Musick*, p. 102.

nor is any musick rendered acceptable, or esteemed by many, but what is presented by foreigners: not a city dame, though a tap wife, but is ambitious to have her daughters taught by Monsieur La Noro Kickshawibus, on the gittar, which instrument is but a new old one, used in London in the time of Queen Mary." The same writer in his "Introduction to the Skill of Musick," says: "But musick in this age, like other arts and sciences, is in low esteem with the generality of the people. Our late and solemn musick, both vocal and instrumental, is now jostled out of esteem by the new corants and jigs of foreigners, to the grief of all sober and judicious understanders of that formerly solid and good musick."

Public Concerts.—Public concerts were frequently held in the capital in the time of the Restoration, the first of them, according to North, being given in a lane behind St. Paul's, "where there was a chamber organ that one Phillips played upon, and some shopkeepers, and foremen came weekly to sing in consort, and to hear and enjoy ale and tobacco." This place of entertainment was known by the sign of the "Mitre," and was situated at the north-west end of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was established early in the reign of Charles II. by Robert Hubert, a devoted lover of music and collector of curiosities. Another place of the same kind was the "Musick-house" at Stepney, situated in a row of houses facing the west end of the parish church. It had for a sign

the head of Charles II., and was the resort of sea-faring people and others. Another music house was opened in 1683 by Sadler at Islington. Ward in his "London Spy," gives a minute description of a music house which he visited in the course of his ramble, surpassing all of the kind in or about the capital. It was situated in the neighbourhood of Wapping, but in what part of that suburb does not appear. The sign was that of the "Mitre," and by the account which Ward gives of it, the house, which was both a tavern and a music house, was a very spacious and extensive building. The music room, he says, was a most stately apartment, and neither gilding, carving, painting, nor good contrivance, were wanting in its decoration. The seats, he adds, were like the pews in a church, and the upper end, which was divided by a rail, appeared to him more closely to resemble a chancel than a music loft. Of the music he affords only a general description, saying that it consisted of no more than violins, hautboys, and an organ. The house, being a tavern, was adapted as much for drinking as it was for music, and contained many fine rooms, the wainscot of which was adorned with whimsical paintings. The kitchen was railed in to prevent those who had no business there from gaining access to the fire, while overhead was a harmonious choir of tuneful canaries. North says that John Banister, who succeeded Baltzar as leader of the king's band of violins in 1663, procured in 1672 "a large room in

Whitefriars, near the back gate of the Temple, and made a large raised box for the musitians, whose modesty required curtains. The room was rounded with seats and small tables, alehouse fashion. One shilling was the price and call for what you pleased; there was very good musick, for Banister found means to procure the best hands in towne, and some voices to come and performe there, and this wanted no variety of humour, for Banister himself (inter alia) did wonders upon a flageolett to a thro' base, and the severall masters had their solos." This increased interest in music on the part of the citizens of London led the chief professors of music in the capital, about the year 1680, to build and fit up a room specially for concerts in Villiers Street, York Buildings, "where the best compositions and performers of the time were heard by the first people in London." The room, which was called the Music Meeting, was a great success and continued to be extensively patronized until long after the Revolution. "There was nothing of musick valued in towne," says Roger North, "but what was to be heard there. All the quality and beau mond repaired to it, but the plan of this project was not so well layd as ought to have bin, for the time of their beginning was unconsistent with the park and the playhouses, which had a stronger attraction."

Musical Instruments — The Guitar. — Perhaps of all the musical instruments that were in use in Eng-

land in the time of Charles II., the most fashionable was the guitar, which acquired its celebrity chiefly through the skilful performance of an Italian named Francisco Corbeta, who was in great favour at the English court. Corbeta introduced the instrument into England about two years after the Restoration, and, according to Count Grammont, was "the only man who could make anything of the guitar; his style of play was so full of grace and tenderness, that he would have given harmony to the most discordant instruments. The king's relish for his compositions brought the instrument so much into vogue that every person played upon it well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar in a lady's toilet as rouge or patches."[1] When one of the fops in Shadwell's comedy of "The Humorist" asks a lady for a theorbo to which to sing his verses, she inquires, "Will not a guitar serve?"[2] Evelyn testifies to the "extraordinary skill" which was displayed by Francisco, and so also does Pepys, who regarded guitars with ill-concealed dislike. "Coming out of the Duke of York's dressing-room in St. James's Palace," says he, "I there spied Signor Francisco tuning his guitar, and Monsieur de Puy with him, who did make him play to me, which he did most admirably, so well that I was mightily troubled that all that pains should have been taken upon so bad an instrument."

[1] *Memoirs*, ii. 40. [2] Act ii.

The Cittern.—The cittern was also played, but it was chiefly by the lower orders, the prejudice against it among the upper classes originating in its association with the barbers by whom such instruments were always kept in their establishments for the delectation of customers while awaiting their turn to be shaved. Pepys relates that one day while he was on board a ship, which was proceeding to escort the king from the Court of Holland on his return from exile, Lord Sandwich "called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them for cymbals, we made barbers' music, with which my lord was well pleased." The cittern, it may be mentioned, bore a very close resemblance to the guitar; indeed, Pepys says that there was but a slight essential difference between them, the main distinction being that the former was strung with gut and the latter with wire.

The Harp.—Nor was the harp neglected. M. Jorevin, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., says that the harp was then the most esteemed of all musical instruments among the English people. He made this discovery at Worcester, where an English gentleman, who had kindly acted as interpreter for him, supped with him at the inn, and ordered a band of music which consisted of all sorts of instruments. In that age the Irish harp it seems was a musical luxury, and the admiration that it evoked was considerably enhanced by reason of the extreme paucity of those who

could play it. Long time and practice were required to acquire the mastery of the instrument. Evelyn speaks in strong terms of admiration of the harp, when it was skilfully played. "I heard Sir Edward Sutton play excellently on his Irish harp," wrote he under the date of November 17th, 1668. "He performs genteely, but not approaching my worthy friend, Mr. Clark, a gentleman of Northumberland, who makes it execute lute, viol, and all the harmony an instrument is capable of; pity it is that it is not more in use, but indeed to play well takes up the whole man, as Mr. Clark has assured me, who, though a gentleman of quality and parts, was yet brought up to that instrument from five years old, as I remember he told me."

The Lute.—The lute or theorbo was an instrument which was much admired. Thomas Mace, in his work entitled "Musick's Monument," published in 1676, says that for the performance of instrumental music lutes of small size were used, because the neck of the theorbo was so long that the strings could not be drawn up to a pitch sufficiently high, and that it could be managed only by tuning one string to the octave. High prices were paid for such instruments when they were old, age assisting very materially to improve their tone. Mace says that he had seen two old lutes, which he describes as "pitiful, battered, cracked things," that were valued at 100*l.* apiece. The king paid 100*l.* for one of these, and the other became the

property of Edward Jones, who stipulated with a merchant who desired to take it with him on his travels, that on his return he should pay the possessor 100*l.* as the price, or 20*l.* "for his experience and use of it" during his voyage. "More illustrious and taking to a common eye," however, were the lutes which cost only three or four pounds each.

The Virginal. — The virginal, which differed only slightly in shape and mechanism from the spinet and harpsichord, or harpsichon, as it was called, the lineal precursors of the modern pianoforte, was one far from uncommon in the Restoration age. It was, however, played only by women, and chiefly in country houses. During the great fire of London in 1666, Pepys, who was an eye-witness of the disastrous conflagration, saw the lighters and boats being loaded with household furniture, and "observed hardly one lighter or boat in three, that had the goods of a house, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Many ladies of the time learnt to play with tolerable facility on the flageolet, an instrument which was unknown in England until after the Restoration. From an entry in Pepys' "Diary," it would seem that the flageolet was invented about 1667, by a pipe-maker named Dumbleby, to whom he says he went one day in order "to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft, and he did show me a way which to do, and also a fashion of

having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty."

Popularity of Music.—It is remarkable that Pepys, who was essentially a man of business, and in many respects Puritanical, was intensely musical. He played upon the lute, the viol, the violin, and the flageolet; he learned to compose music, he possessed an organ and a virginal in his house, and it seems that he had a remarkably musical household. He missed few musical entertainments on the week days, and joined with others either in singing Ravenscroft's or Lawe's metrical version of the psalms, in an anthem, or in the cathedral services on Sundays. Whether he was an exception in that age may be questioned. Most probably he was not. It is quite clear that the relative expenditure of English people upon music generally was greater in the seventeenth century than it is in the present day.[1] Evelyn mentions that when Sir Samuel Morland became blind, he "buried 200*l.* worth of music books six feet under ground, being, as he said, love books and vanity." This was certainly a very considerable sum for an amateur to have spent in books of only a musical value, and as he continued to play "psalms and religious hymns on the theorbo," it is reasonable to infer that what he buried formed only a portion of his musical library.

[1] Chappell's *History of Music*, ii. 486.

Private Amusements. — The private social amusements of the upper ranks of English society under the Restoration were no improvement, speaking generally, from those in which they found pleasure in public. Men and women alike oftentimes exercised both their eyes and their fingers, but it was in ways which required nothing from their intellectual powers. The one end and aim of their lives seemed to be the exaction of the maximum amount of superficial movement with the minimum amount of mental activity. To them it seemed as if life had been given for no higher purpose than to be thrown away, and that in the most reckless manner possible. Polite society was one great mass of triflers, of idlers, and of voluptuaries. The reign of lassitude, of ignorance, and of vanity, was established. Recreative occupations of any utility were almost unknown, or, if they were known, they were considered altogether undeserving of cultivation on the part of fashionable society. Consequently, around the necks of all such as were not compelled to concern themselves with household cares and domestic duties, the precious hours of the morning and afternoon hung like millstones. The ability to draw was rare. The performance of music was considered derogatory. Among women the height of proficiency in industrial employments, it was considered, was attained if a lady occasionally produced for the inspection of her friends a neatly executed piece of embroidery. The expressions of admiration that the

production of such an astounding piece of evidence of activity evoked from the gentlemen, and the warm encomiums that were passed upon it by the ladies, proved an ample compensation for the heavy fatigues that had been experienced and the extraordinary efforts which had been expended in its preparation. Numbers of fashionable women never read a book that was worth reading from one year's end to another. Books, indeed, were viewed with contempt, if not with hatred. Not a single form of solid literature was fashionable. Plays, poems, satires, the very titles of some of which would hardly bear even transcription, were purchased with eagerness and devoured with avidity. Many of these ribald publications are now laid up in the recesses of the libraries of the antiquary in historic lore, where their detestable filth and profanity are in great measure screened from the eye. It is quite true that some knowledge of the men and manners of the age may be gleaned from the perusal of them; but he who would walk under their guidance, must be prepared to pick his way through sloughs and mire. The comic dramatists possessed an unsavoury instinct for the earth, and they never hesitated to go a mile out of their way for the pleasure of rolling about in it. The humorous writers of the eighteenth century are indelicate enough, but even the most offensive productions of their pens are not altogether destitute of grace. In the works of the Restoration dramatists and comic poets all is scurrilous, indelicate, and obscene. This is the more

astounding when it is remembered that the age produced an Isaac Barrow and a Jeremy Taylor, a Thomas Hobbes and a Thomas Browne, a Ralph Cudworth and a Richard Bentley.

Popular Indoor Games.—The minor indoor amusements which were in vogue have, in these days, to a very considerable extent, disappeared. Numerous pastimes that were played for love, such as blind man's buff, the crying of forfeits, the tagging of rhymes, more commonly known as crambo, were enjoyed with a keen zest in all places, from the highest to the lowest. Pepys informs us that once he found the Duke and Duchess of York after dinner, "with all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet upon the ground—there being no chairs—playing at 'I love my love with an A, because he is so and so; and I hate him with an A, because this and that;' and some of them, but particularly the duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemaine, were very witty." No specimens of the wit in which the company indulged on the occasion have been preserved by the chronicler of this meeting, and thus posterity is prevented from judging of its character, but that it was altogether immaculate, no one who is conversant with what actually passed for wit in that age will be inclined to believe. The game to which reference is made was one of a kind which was then known as love games, a pastime identical with that which in later times was called "Forfeits." There were a number of other games of the same kind. "Cross-purposes" was one of these. "A flower and a

lady was another." "I am a burly wooer," which was subsequently known as "I am come to torment you," was a third. Certain of these games possessed a political significance or a personal application. Such were the nursery rhymes that were composed on the Prince and the Princess of Orange, and on the Restoration of Charles II.[1] "Questions and commands," was a juvenile pastime, in which children reflected the contemporary politics, one young person assuming the character of the sovereign, and another that of the subject. The game which is now known as "Puss in the corner," was to a certain extent an allusion to the affairs of state, the child posted in the centre of a room, waiting for an opportunity to dart into a vacant corner, being regarded as typical of the time-serving place-hunter, anxiously awaiting a place about the court.

An inexhaustible fund of gratification and of amusement, somewhat difficult of comprehension to people of sense in these days, was, in the time of Charles II., considered to exist in the play of drawing characters. In general the characters, so called, humorously varied, were drawn one after the other by the company, in the most execrable doggerel that can possibly be conceived, and characterized only by the greatest indelicacy, both of expression and of allusion. In the midst of this running fire of coarse jesting and raillery, the ladies of the age found a positive pleasure in sitting hour by

[1] See *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, ed. Halliwell, for the Percy Society.

hour, and evening after evening, deriving as much enjoyment from it as the rising generation customarily derives from a pantomime.

Crambo.—Crambo was a game only slightly dissimilar, and consisted in the composition of verses without any respect to sense. The ingenuity of the players was exercised to a certain extent, but it was only in so far as it insisted on their racking their brains for a rhyme to match the last word of the previous line, of the rest of which they were ignorant. Indeed, the times were great times for rhyming, the fashion having been set by Dryden in his tragedies. The most polished society was infected with a rage for extemporaneous versification, which did not abate until he who had brought it into vogue had heavily censured it. To such an extent did the mania for tagging verses extend, that Thomas Shadwell deemed it prudent to crave the forbearance of the play-going public, on account of his not having provided anything of that description in one of his comedies, and alluding to the defect, he said :—

> "No kind romantic lovers in his play,
> To sigh and whine out passion such as may
> Charm waiting-women with heroic chime,
> And still resolve to live and die in rhyme ;
> Such as your ears with love and honour feast,
> And play at Crambo for three hours at least."

Numerous other amusements of the period might be specified. "Blind man's buff," "Hot cockles," and "Hunt the slipper," were three forms of amusement

which at all times enjoyed very great favour. "Blind man's buff" was then known more commonly under the name of "Hoodman Blind," on account of the head of the person, who was temporarily deprived of eyesight, being covered with a hood. None the less popular was "Hot cockles," a game of French origin, consisting in one of the players kneeling down with his face on the lap of another, and holding one of his hands, stretched at full length, out behind him. The hand thus extended was struck by each of the players in turn, much amusement being created by the severity of the blows, and the attempts of the victim to guess the name of his invisible assailant.

But the Court of the Restoration participated in recreations more trivial perhaps than any that have yet been mentioned. The rearing of card-houses and the catching of balls in wooden cups, are examples. It is said that one of the lady favourites of the "Merry Monarch" was seldom happier than when she was engaged in the task of constructing a card-house, and that her numerous friends and admirers about the court were so kind as to indulge her harmless fancy by attending her chamber in a body, and gazing on with rapt admiration as she erected story after story of frail architecture, in which, by dint of constant practice, she had achieved very considerable skill. Ringing Whittington was another form of courtly recreation. The pleasure that was derived from this sport consisted in the fright

that was evinced by a linnet, or any other small bird, confined in a cage, the top of which was hung with bells that rang Whittington as the poor miserable little songster hopped from one perch to the other. The bird was considered emblematic of the city apprentice, Richard Whittington, who, according to the time-honoured nursery legend, was bidden in fancy's ear by the melodious chimes of Saint Mary-le-Bow, to retrace his steps to the city, to the mayoralty of which he was destined, in later days, thrice to be elected. Battledore and shuttlecock was a common pastime during the Caroline age at the English court, and in polite society. Thomas D'Urfey, in his comedy of "A Fond Husband; or, the Plotting Sisters," causes a lady and her gallant to play at battledore in order to escape being discovered flirting with one another, when the former receives news of the unexpected return of her husband.[1] A very common amusement in which gay people indulged, more especially towards the close of the revels at night, when the animal spirits were running riot, was a game of romping, which most commonly assumed the unedifying form of pelting one another with cushions. Pepys gives an account in his "Diary" of his visit to Cranbourne in Berkshire, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, in the month of February, 1665. There was a large number

[1] Act i. sc. i.

of guests present, "glad to see us," as Pepys observes, "and mighty merry to dinner." When the repast had concluded Pepys walked in the park with his host, conversing on things in general. "Then I," says he, "with the young ladies and gentlemen who played on the guittar, and mighty merry, and anon to supper; and then my lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions and other mad sports, till towards twelve at night, and then, being sleepy, I and my wife in a passage-room to sleep, and slept not very well because of noise."

Cushion Pelting.—It is clear that the throwing of cushions, of which mention is made in the foregoing passage, was a recognized form of amusement, seeing that it is mentioned by several contemporary writers. Lacy, the player, refers to cushion banging in his comedy called "Old Troop," performed in 1665, as a Puritanical pastime, in a dialogue which takes place between three Roundheads:—"Tub-text: But to the question; how far may we proceed in drink? Governor: As far as the innocent recreation of knocking one another down with cushions comes to, it is the exercise of our superior officers. Holdforth: Ha! ha! ha! I have seen our grandee [Cromwell] throw a cushion at the man with the great thumb [Hewson], and say, 'Colonel, wilt thou be a cobbler again?'" So too in Mrs. Aphra Behn's comedy called "The Roundheads; or, the Good Old Cause," performed in 1682, two characters, named Lambert and Fleetwood, are

introduced to the audience. After they engage in carousing and pelting one another with cushions, the scene concluding with a wild bacchanalian dance, during which they reel off the stage. That this cushion horse-play was popularly considered to be a relic of Puritan times, and that all sections of society agreed in foisting the origin of it on to the shoulders of the martial saints, is evident from Mrs. Behn causing one of her characters to speak of it as a pastime which had been transmitted by the Cromwellian soldiery. Lady Lambert, on being informed of the manner in which her husband and his companions have been amusing themselves, quietly observes that they have merely been indulging in their Oliverian pranks.

Drawing Valentines.—The drawing of valentines was an expensive pastime by which gentlemen were often entrapped into parting with their money, in a way of which, as the diurnal chronicle of Samuel Pepys frequently evinces, they had little dreamed. "14th (St. Valentine's Day)," wrote Pepys, under date of February 14th, 1665. "This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had come to be her Valentine—she, it seems, having drawn him, but it proved not. However, calling up him to our bedside, my wife challenged him." Under the same date two years later, he writes, "This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well

pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*, but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." A day or two afterwards Pepys attended a grand party at Lord Brounckers, and after speaking of the music that he heard, he says: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do observe first the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot, but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty." Many hours were frittered away in curious trifling over rarities, curiosities and small works of art, which had very few claims upon attention, except their aimless ingenuity in respect of mechanical contrivance. Evelyn mentions that in November, 1660, he went with some of his relatives to inspect the king's cabinet and closet of rarities. There he saw, among other curiosities, the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver, after Raphael and Titian, a large number of agates, onyxes, and intaglios, rare cabinets of pietra commessa, a landscape done in needlework, which had been presented by the Dutch to Charles I., a vast book of maps in a volume nearly four yards in length, a curious model of a ship, "and amongst the clocks, one that showed the rising and setting of the sun in the zodiac;

the sun represented by a face and rays of gold, upon an azure sky, observing the diurnal and annual motion, rising and setting behind a landscape of hills, the work of our famous Fromantil." There were what were called "brave" clocks that went with bullets. The king possessed one of these; and it is said that it was one of his most favourite amusements to watch the play of the bullets as they dropped or ran down an inclined plane, impelled by the action of the works. Evelyn mentions that in July, 1661, he dined with a friend named Palmer in Gray's Inn, "whose curiosity excelled in clocks and pendules, especially one that had innumerable motions, and played nine or ten tunes on the bells very finely, some of them set in parts which was very harmonious. It was wound up but once in a quarter." Much ingenuity was manifested in toys, particularly that known as "Jack-in-the-pulpit," which was doubtless intended, by the imitation of the action of a preacher rising and stretching his tall lank figure out of the pulpit, and swaying to and fro, to pour contempt and ridicule upon the peculiar style of preaching which had been adopted by the Puritan divines.

The Royal Society.—There can be no doubt that much of the interest which English society manifested in all curiosities, was distinctly traceable to the fondness which Charles II. had displayed for natural philosophy and to the influence of the Royal Society, which was established for the study and investigation of science in the very year of the Restoration. For nearly two decades

the country had been racked by civil contentions, and this, after the decease of Oliver Cromwell, threatened to end in complete anarchy. The Restoration was instrumental in relieving the nation from the pressure of political malice, and left it more at liberty for other pursuits.[1] One of the most dreadful political convulsions and consequent desolating wars that had ever distracted the country had terminated. Peace had been regained, and the nation had been restored to a condition of comparative tranquillity. It was a propitious epoch. The fearful contest had hitherto occupied all minds, and the subsidence of anxieties and terrors was a relief. The tragedy was over. Torrents of blood had ceased to flow. Plots and stratagems no longer perplexed and haunted every imagination. To work and work up ; to speculate on novel devices, and to invent new ways ; to plan attractive roads of learning, and to reclaim waste grounds ; to arrest attention and to provoke curiosity—became the business of the leisure of many cultivated persons. The efforts of the Royal Society were for many years circumscribed. The institution was like a little taper which cast its fitful rays in dark corners. Nevertheless its influence was potent. Natural philosophy became the rage. The residence of the Honourable Robert Boyle, the most distinguished experimental philosopher of his time, who had made chemistry his special study, and has

[1] Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, p. 58 ; see also Sorbière's *Voyage to England*, ed. 1709.

been well called the representative member of the Royal Society, was the resort of all the scientific men of the age. Foreign potentates were invited to inspect his laboratory. The Grand Duke Cosmo visited the philosopher at Lady Ranelagh's house in Pall Mall, and was shown "an ingenious pneumatic instrument invented by himself, and brought to perfection by Christian Hygene, of Zuylichem; many beautiful experiments to discover the effect of the rarefaction and compression of air upon bodies, by observing what took place with animals when exposed to it." Cosmo III. also examined "amongst other curiosities, certain lenses of a single glass, worked facetwise, which multiplied objects; a globe of the moon of a peculiar construction, and several other things worthy of attention." This interest in natural science soon spread through English society. Tuneful bards and sober historians united in lauding the wonderful discoveries that the Fellows of the Royal Society were constantly making, and delighting in making. Abraham Cowley penned a fervid eulogium of these enthusiastic and disinterested inquirers. His "Epistle to the Royal Society" expressed the high expectations of the results that would attend the unwearying researches of the members in the pursuit of truth.

> "From you, great champions, we expect to get
> Those spacious countries but discover'd yet;
> Countries where yet, instead of Nature, we
> Her image and her idols worshipp'd see:

> These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
> The learning has whole armies at command,
> Quarter'd about in every land,
> A better troup she ne'er together drew."

Dryden went even further than Cowley, expecting far greater things, as the following stanza from his "Annus Mirabilis" will show:—

> "Then we upon the globe's last verge shall go,
> And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry."

Sir Matthew Hale and Lord Keeper Guilford found time, even when busily engaged with legal business, to discuss on paper minute points in hydrostatics, and Roger North asserts that it was under the immediate directions of his brother that the first barometers which were ever sold in the metropolis were constructed. Soon the fair sex caught the infection for what was curious. Even duchesses condescended to watch experiments of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and liquors, and broke forth into loud exclamations of admiration at seeing "two clear waters on being poured into one another becoming red, and by the addition of another red becoming clear again," or on beholding "an instrument which shows of itself the changes of the air which take place in the twenty-four hours of wind, rain, cold and heat, by means of a watch, a thermometer, a mariner's

compass, and a small sail like that of a windmill which sets an hand in motion, that makes marks with a pencil as it goes round." Fooleries of this kind soon became so glaring that the comic poets and dramatists endeavoured to turn the laugh against the natural philosophers. Butler, the author of "Hudibras," satirized some of the proceedings of the Royal Society very cleverly in his poem "The Elephant in the Moon." Shadwell satirized other vagaries with equal cleverness in his comedy of his "Virtuoso," which is conceived much in the spirit of Peter Pindar, when he represents Sir Joseph Banks as boiling insects of the order aphaniptera to ascertain whether they turn like lobsters from black to red. The "Virtuoso," Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, is placed in a very absurd plight by being first introduced as learning to swim upon a table by the aid of a frog for an example, and a swimming master to instruct him in the theory. "I doubt not, sir," he observes to his instructor, "in a very little time to become amphibious; a man by art may appropriate any element to himself. You know a great many virtuosos that can fly; but I am so much advanced in the art of flying, that I can already outfly that pondrous animal called a bustard; nor should any greyhound in England catch me in the calmest day before I got upon wing; nay, I doubt not but in a little time to improve the art so far, 'twill be as common to buy a pair of wings to fly to the world in the moon, as to buy a pair of wax boots to ride into Sussex with."

Legerdemain. — Mountebanks, fortune-tellers, conjurors, and showmen, were constantly afforded opportunities by the gay, careless, credulous townspeople of London in that age for bringing their versatile talents and abilities to the test. Evelyn, while dining with his friend, Lady Sunderland, in March, 1676, says that he saw a fellow swallow a knife encased in a sheath of horn, and a number of great pebbles, the rattling of which, one against the other, he declares was distinctly audible. Lady Sunderland, it seems, was a most liberal patroness of all the conjurors of any ability in the town, repeatedly inviting them to perform before her and her guests. In the year 1672, a famous fire-eater, named Richardson, startled the town by "divers prodigious feats" that he performed. Lady Sunderland hearing of him, invited him to attend one day after dinner at her residence in Leicester House, a handsome brick building which stood on the north side of Leicester Square. Evelyn, who was present, states what took place. First, the conjurer devoured brimstone on glowing coals before the company, chewing and melting them. Next, he melted a beer-glass and devoured it, while in a state of fusion. Then, having placed a live coal on his tongue, and having placed on it a raw oyster, the coal was blown with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, continuing in this way until the oyster gaped and had been thoroughly cooked. Having prepared a mixture of melted pitch and wax with sulphur, and having allowed it to burn in his mouth for some minutes, in

the full view of the company, Richardson swallowed it as it flamed. Next, taking up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses used to put in their smoothing boxes, he made it red hot, and held it between his teeth, in his hands, and threw it about like a stone. Richardson concluded his performance by standing on a small pot, bending his body, and taking a glowing red hot iron with his mouth from between his feet, without ever touching either the pot or the floor with his hands. From these feats some notion of the way in which ladies of rank beguiled the tedium of after dinner time in the post-Restoration era may be gathered. All feats of this description, all sorcery, magic, and legerdemain were popular. It was solely in consequence of such attractions that fashionable folk then resorted to the fairs. Evelyn mentions that on the 13th of August, 1660, he visited a famous fair on the Surrey side of the water. "I saw in Southwark," he says, "at St. Margaret's fair, monkeys and apes dance, and do other feats of activity, on the high rope; they were gallantly clad à la mode, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hats; they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dancing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands, and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water without spilling a drop. I saw also an Italian wench dance, and perform all the tricks on the high rope, with admiration; all the Court

went to see her. Likewise there was a man who took up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lb. weight with the hair of his head only." The tight-rope dancing of Jacob Hall, a famous rope-dancer, at Bartholomew Fair, excited great curiosity. Pepys states that he saw at the fair on the 7th of September, 1664, the best dancing on the ropes that he had ever seen in his life. Visiting the same fair in August, 1667, Pepys found Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play, "Patient Grizill," and the street full of people awaiting her departure. "I confess I did wonder," he says, "at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but the silly people do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away, without any trouble at all."

Under the Protectorate dancing and music had been rigorously proscribed. The return of the king was the means of bringing both of these diversions once more into favour, and, indeed, of giving them a greater popularity than perhaps they had ever enjoyed. The king gave frequent balls to his favourites at Whitehall, and his example was soon followed by his subjects. Repeated references to songs and dances after supper are scattered through the pages of Pepys' Diary, showing what a hold these amusements took of the people. Pepys was invited to most of the court balls, and has described some of them with great minuteness. On the 31st of December, 1662, he attended a grand ball at Whitehall. The room in which the ball was

held, we are told, was "crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the court." The king opened the ball with the Duchess of York, and the dancing began with the "bransle," a dance in which a number of persons held their hands together, sometimes in a ring, and sometimes in a line. Then followed the coranto, with its arch feints and decoys, which in turn gave place to the boisterous country dances, "the king leading the first which he called for; which was, "says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England." Pepys adds that of all the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, Lady Castlemaine, and one of the daughters of Sir Henry de Vic, were the best. Charles had a passionate fondness for dancing, and excelled in it; so much so, that whenever he danced it was customary for all the ladies in the room, inclusive of the queen, to rise and to watch his movements.

The Court Balls.—A splendid ball was given at Court on the 15th of November, 1666, in honour of the Queen's birthday. The proceedings began with the "bransles"; the coranto followed, and subsequently "many French dances, specially one the king called the new dance, which was very pretty." Pepys mentions that he took lessons in the coranto himself, in May, 1663, and two years later he had a dispute with Captain Taylor, respecting the best way in which it could be danced. During the early years of the reign of Charles, Pepys's innate Puritanical views caused him to view dancing with slight disfavour, but, in process of time, he came to cherish

fondness for the diversion. On the 6th of January, 1668, Pepys gave a party to some of his friends after they had visited the play. "And so," he says, "with much pleasure we went into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary musick, two viollins, and a base viollin, and theorbo four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's musick, the best in towne, lent me by Greeling, and there we set in to dancing. By-and-by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good musick playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake cost me near 20*s*., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of young Goodyer and some others of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing; and anon comes in Mrs. Turner, the mother, and brings with her Mrs. Boltworthy, which pleased me mightily. And so to dancing again, and singing with extraordinary great pleasure, till about twelve in the morning, and then broke up." While the Grand Duke Cosmo stayed in London in 1669, he was taken to one of the principal dancing schools of the metropolis. This school was frequented both by married and unmarried ladies, who received instruction from the principal, and practised various dances with much gracefulness and agility. "Dancing," wrote the Grand Duke's secretary, "is a very common and favourite amusement of the ladies in this country; every evening

there are entertainments at different places in the city, at which many ladies and citizens' wives are present, they going to them alone, as they do to the rooms of the dancing-master's, at which there are frequently upwards of forty or fifty ladies." Count Megallotti adds that the Grand Duke had an opportunity of seeing several dances performed in the English style, and that each was "exceedingly well regulated, and executed in the smartest and genteelest manner by very young ladies, whose beauty and gracefulness were shown off to perfection by this exercise."

The Coffee-Houses.—The London coffee-houses of the Restoration age held a position of which the London citizens of the present age can form but a very faint conception. They were not merely places of refreshment and of public resort, but to large influential classes they were what the clubs, the literary and the scientific institutions of the West End of London are at the present day, besides being the sole existing substitutes for all these, and containing within them the germs of all such associations. The effect that these institutions had upon the manners and the morals of the time was exceedingly great.

In common with the berry with which the beverage that it dispensed was flavoured, the coffee-house was an importation from the East. Long before they were so much as thought of in the English capital, the dusky denizens of the great cities of Turkey, of Syria, and of Egypt had been wont to assemble in their coffee-rooms.

Such resorts were, however, not introduced into the metropolis of the world until about ten years before the Restoration. About the year 1656, it is supposed, a Turkey merchant, named Daniel Edwards, introduced coffee as a novelty into the city.[1] Wearied of the constant intrusion upon his privacy by the hosts of people who called upon him for the purpose of tasting and of passing judgment upon the new beverage, Edwards deputed his attendant, a man named Pasque Roset, to sell the coffee to all such as might feel disposed to pay for it. Roset established a coffee-room in George Yard, Lombard Street, and suspended a portrait of himself over the door as a sign. He had as an apprentice Jonathan Paynter, who afterwards established a famous coffee-house known as Jonathan's, which was long the resort of the stock-jobbers. In 1657, a barber named James Farr opened a coffee-room in the "Rainbow" in Fleet Street. Great as was the talent for enterprise, great as was the energy that Farr displayed, he encountered much opposition, and at one time was prevented from selling what his enemies, the highest of Saint Dunstan's-in-the-West, styled "a sort of liquor called coffee," which they further stigmatized as "a nuisance and a prejudice to the neighbourhood." The opposition, however, was by no means confined to Farr. There are good grounds for thinking that the resistance proceeded primarily at the instigation of the vintners and the

[1] Anderson's *History of Commerce*, ii. p. 566; see also Aubrey's *Lives*, ii. 244.

brewers, who, as can be readily understood, viewed the rise and progress of the drinking of coffee by the citizens of London with feelings of anything but satisfaction. The public, however, was by no means unfavourable to the coffee-houses. The result was a marked increase in their number. From Bishopsgate to Charing Cross, and from Southwark to the Barbican, coffee-houses soon reared their heads in all directions. Between the Restoration and the Revolution many hundreds of coffee-houses were opened both in the city and the outskirts of London, and teemed with customers from the time that the doors were opened in the morning until the time when they were closed again at night. No sooner, however, did they find favour in the eyes of one section of the public, than they were viewed unfavourably by another. The years rolled by. The gathering disfavour grew to a head. The coffee-houses, and those by whom they were kept and frequented, formed the topic around which a furious paper warfare began rapidly to rage. All the pamphleteers, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, were set together by the ears. Pamphlet after pamphlet, tract after tract poured forth from the press: The party of opposition contended that they were "lay conventicles," that they were agencies which tended to the subversion of the glorious constitution of the realm, both in Church and in State; that they were seditious gatherings in disguise, and that they augured danger to the State from the facilities which they afforded for the popular discussion of questions

affecting the Throne, inasmuch as those by whom they were frequented did not meet "for the encouragement of native drunkenness," but for the purpose of criticizing the measures of the Government. All these allegations were met with a flat denial by those who defended the coffee-houses. The celebrated Wiltshire antiquary, John Aubrey, warmly espoused their cause, and among others bore public testimony to the advantages which he had derived from his frequent attendances at them. It was urged in defence of the coffee-houses that it was in them alone that honest men were able to drink the liquor that made them sober and which kept them sober; that it was in such "citizens' academies" that men learned more wit in the space of a week than they learned otherwise in the course of a year; and that the civil and intelligent society which was there to be met could not fail to soften the manners, to enlarge the understanding, and to remove that clownish bashfulness which is incident even to the very best of natures.[1] But arguments such as these carried no weight with the legislative assembly. The coffee-houses had encouraged free discussion, consequently it was expedient that they should be repressed by Act of Parliament. An instructive history might be written of the disastrous evils which have inevitably arisen from legislative interference in England, that is to say in matters that lie entirely outside the province of governmental cognizance, during the last three or four centuries. To

[1] *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. viii.

the crass ignorance and the blind folly of English legislators evils untold are distinctly traceable. To regulate every department of industry, and to encourage or prohibit exports and imports; to determine how much should be given as wages and how much should be received as capital; to nip growing industries in the bud by excessive taxation; to compel the people to purchase dear food for the benefit of the landowners; and finally to discover after all that has been said and done, that a nation is never in so prosperous a condition as when its industries are allowed to take care of themselves, under the guidance of natural laws—these are some of the blunders into which the legislative assembly of England has repeatedly fallen during the course of the last centuries, and which, if it continues at the present rate of progress, will threaten the very existence of popular liberty.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the legislative interference with the coffee-houses, in the reign of Charles II., soon proved, as legislation of a similar character always does prove, utterly nugatory, and supplied additional proof of the evils of such action. The Government saw fit to meddle in the debate of which they had formed the subject, and with the very worst effects. At the close of the year 1675, a proclamation was issued revoking the licences which had been granted to all the coffee-house keepers of London, on the ground that they were the resorts of idle and of disaffected persons, and that divers false, mischievous, and scandalous reports were spread about in them, to the defamation

of his Majesty's Government, and to the disturbance of the peace of the kingdom. The publication of this ill-judged document, and the illegal arbitrary measures that were adopted by the court to check the expression of public opinion, threw the entire city of London into commotion. The king was instantly deluged with petitions, intimating in language by no means guarded that the proclamation was illegal, and threatening to bring the subject under the consideration of the legislative assembly. The judges were divided in opinion on the question of the legality of the proclamation. The Attorney-General, Sir William Jones, declared himself against it. In the meantime, not a single coffee-house keeper even so much as pretended to obey the obnoxious order. The consequence was, that within fourteen days after the proclamation had been made, the court became so sensible of its impolicy and illegality as to cause it to be publicly rescinded.[1]

The effect which was produced by this great legislative blunder was exactly that which might have been anticipated. The coffee-houses increased and multiplied in greater numbers than ever, so much so, indeed, that within ten years after the Revolution the city and the suburbs contained nearly three thousand of them. This number, duly considering that the population of the metropolis at that epoch was scarcely one-fifth of what it now is, was something enormous. The cause of this

[1] North's *Examen*, pt. i. pp. 138–139; *Life of Lord Guilford*, ed. 1826, i. pp. 317–318.

increase in the coffee-houses is far from difficult to assign. They were not accessible to all persons indiscriminately. They were patronized by distinct classes. There was the physicians' coffee-house, where members resorted, not only for the sake of each other's company, but for the purpose of seeing patients and of holding consultations. There was the lawyers' coffee-house, whither gentlemen of the long robe bent their steps to recruit their exhausted energies after the labours of the day had concluded. There was the Puritans' coffee-house, where the fifth monarchy men assembled to bewail in sackcloth and ashes the unregenerate character of the age, and to discuss the new birth and the operations of grace. It was easy to know by many infallible proofs in such a place one who was sure of election. If he displayed the whites of his eyes and frequently gave vent to heavy groans, if he placed his neck upon one side to draw in the tones of his voice, and wore a cloak of a sombre hue, if his hair was cut shorter than his brow, and his ruff was stiff with starch, if, with heavy cough and hollow cheek, he was much in prayer, and garnished his expressions with a little Hebrew, and if "yea" and "nay" escaped his lips at frequent intervals—that one had secured a place among the saints in light. There was the Quakers' coffee-house, where no healths were drunk, no oaths were heard, no idle babblers were admitted, where nothing but circumspect behaviour and strict regard to propriety and decorum were observed. In brief, all classes and professions had their coffee-houses, by no means the least

of which was the apprentices' coffee-house, that was kept by a deaf widow in Islington, near to Sadler's music-room. There it was that the London apprentices, who had played a loyal part in the Restoration of Monarchy, were accustomed to meet after they had put up the shutters and closed the shops, to discuss their affairs, to cement the spirit of unity in which lay the secret of their influence, and on certain occasions to return hearty thanks to the king for the venison with which he had graciously furnished their festive board.

That coffee was the sole beverage which was vended at all these numerous houses is not to be supposed. On the contrary, liquors of every kind, real and imaginary, were brewed, mixed and flavoured to tempt the palates of the customers. There was scarcely a single coffee-house that did not, or at least that could not, produce if need there was, abundant supplies of spirit of clary, of usquebaugh, and of brandy, or of such questionable beverages as "mum," "aromatic," "red streak," "jelly broth," "black cordial," spiced ale, betony, rosade, liqueurs, and liquid confections. Every coffee-house was illuminated both within and without; without by a handsome glass lantern, within by a fair damsel, "so light and splendid," as Tom Brown said, "that she might have been seen through without the help of a perspective." Thither people came to seat themselves at the same table unknown to each other, and soon found themselves talking as familiarly to each other as if they had been acquainted for

years. They had scarcely looked about them, before the coffee, black as soot, was handed to them, and as they sipped it they were moved to talk and to prattle together of everything and of everybody. One awed the company by tales of moving accidents by flood and field, and of hairbreadth escapes in which he had himself borne the chief part. Another discoursed eloquently upon his conquests over the hearts of the ladies. A third elicited peals of laughter by the merry jests that he poured forth from the apparently inexhaustible treasures of his memory. In one box a noisy group of politicians discussed all forms of government, monarchical, aristocratical, and democratic. In another box the choice of mayors, of sheriffs, and of aldermen formed the theme of conversation. The virtues of vinegar, pepper and mustard were debated in a third. Here a poet might have been seen snoring heavily on a bench. There a shopkeeper making love to the beautiful Phyllis or Delia at the bar. A little further on a Hector girding himself with strength, preparatory to signalizing his valour in scouring the streets. But with all this, however, the London coffee-houses of the Restoration age exhibited neither rioting nor excess, and they were, in general, remarkable for the sobriety of demeanour and for the decorous behaviour which characterized the company by whom they were frequented. Swearing in a coffee-house was punished by the fine of one shilling. All quarrelling was instantly repressed.

Gambling of every kind was strictly forbidden. A considerable number of the London coffee-houses of the second half of the seventeenth century secured an almost European reputation. Chief among these was that which was kept by Thomas Garraway in 'Change Alley, Cornhill. Garraway's was the first house in London in which tea was dispensed to the customers, and was much frequented by professional men, by wealthy citizens and by people of rank whose business necessitated their attendance in the city.[1]

The biographer of the celebrated physician, Dr. John Radcliffe, mentions that after he had achieved eminence in his profession, he was generally to be found about the time that the merchants went on 'Change seated at a table in Garraway's coffee-house with apothecaries and surgeons flocking round him.[2]

Miles's coffee-house in the New Palace Yard, Westminster, was well known as the meeting-place of the Rota Club, which had been founded in 1659 by James Harrington, the author of "Oceana," for the dissemination of republican opinions, and had been organized with the view of effecting a change in the system of Parliamentary representation, so that members of the legislative assembly should take their seats annually in rotation.[3]

[1] Ellis's *Letters*, 2nd series, iv. p. 28.

[2] *Life*, published by Curll, 1715, p. 37; see also Tom Brown's *Works*, iv. p. 7.

[3] Aubrey's *Lives*, iii. p. 371.

Wills's coffee-house, which was situated at the corner of Russell Street on the western side of Bow Street, was opened by William Urwin, in 1660, and of all the London coffee-houses of that period possessed the greatest reputation by reason of the poet Dryden having made it his constant resort. There it was that Pepys, who had been acquainted with the poet at Cambridge, saw him seated in the midst of an admiring throng, comprising all the wits of the town, on the 3rd of February, 1663. The room in which the company assembled, and had "very witty and pleasant discourse," was situated upstairs on the first floor, and there Dryden had his special chair placed for him by the fireside in the winter, and on the balcony in the summer. The possession of the privilege of even entering that room was one that was eagerly coveted by literary aspirants. Yet they who had won no renown for themselves in the paths of literature had scanty hopes for an introduction to the greatest lion in the world of letters which that age could boast. Several amusing anecdotes have been preserved of the crushing and the crowding at Wills's to secure a glimpse of "the glorious John," and of the repeated failures and discomfitures which were experienced by those who endeavoured to secure an introduction to him on the strength of having composed an epigram or a sonnet, a madrigal or a woful ballad made to their mistress's eyebrow. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Bossuet's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privi-

lege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. Prior and Halifax, in that clever joint production of their Muse, "The Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," which was written to ridicule Dryden's poem of the "Hind and the Panther," have given a lively description of Wills's coffee-house in his days, which is worthy of quotation :—

"As I remember, said the sober Mouse,
I've heard much talk of the Wits' coffee-house.
Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go and see
Priests sipping coffee, Sparks and Poets tea ;
Here rugged frieze, there quality well drest,
These baffling the Grand Seigneur, those the Test.
And hear shrewd guesses made, and reasons given,
That humane laws were never made in Heaven.
But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy eyeballs with a vast delight ;
Is the poetic judge of sacred wit,
Who do's i' th' darkness of his glory sit.
And as the moon who first receives the light
With which she makes these nether regions bright,
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
The rayes he borrow'd from a better star :
For rules which from Corneille and Rapin flow,
Admired by all the scribling herd below.
From French tradition while he does dispence,
Unerring truths, 'tis schism, a damn'd offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense."[1]

[1] Prior's *Hind and Panther Transversed* to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse, pp. 20-21 ; see also Malone's Dryden, iii. p. 191 ; Ward's *London Spy*, x.

Equally exclusive as Wills's, though from other reasons, was Man's coffee-house, which was established by Alexander Man, in the rear of Charing Cross, near Scotland Yard. Man's was the special haunt of the young cavaliers and fashionable beaux of the Restoration age.[1] Most difficult was it for a stranger, not having an introduction from one of the regular customers, to secure admission into the coffee-room of Man's. Access to that room was obtainable only through a gloomy vestibule, lined with the footmen and the lacqueys of the members, who scrutinized all comers, and soon shifted and shouldered them off without any ceremony, if they deemed their presence undesirable. He who went thither in search of place, of patronage, or of official appointment, might as well have undertaken a voyage to the moon, if he were not able liberally to bribe the liveried Cerberuses with a fee. As Man's coffee-house was the common resort of courtiers, whether in or out of office, of place-hunters, of paymasters, of persons possessed of broad acres, of great property, of great constituencies, and sometimes of greater debts, men elevated high in office were generally careful to secure a certain amount of influence among its members, and this they experienced no difficulty in obtaining by the judicious distribution of a little court favour, or of a little condescending familiarity. The fops passed their time chiefly in retailing the court news, the novelties in

[1] Tom Brown's *Works*, iii. p. 40.

fashionable attire, and the most piquant of the slanders which chanced to be current. Recruits were never courted. All new comers were regarded as rivals. Strangers were saluted with shafts of delicate irony. No mercy was shown to them if they were found to be lacking in celerity, repartee, or if they took offence at any jokes, practical or otherwise, that were cracked at their expense. Sneers and jeers, banter and derision, soon cowed them effectually, and left them no alternative but to withdraw covered with shame and confusion, and mad with indignation.

Dick's coffee-house, so called from the name of its proprietor, situated in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, and the Grecian coffee-house, which stood in Devereux Court in the Strand, and was kept by a Greek named Constantine, were two popular coffee-houses after the Restoration, the latter being a special resort of Dr. Sloane, Dr. Halley, and Sir Isaac Newton.[1] A coffee-house which enjoyed a somewhat equivocal reputation, partly serious, partly comic, after the Restoration, was that opened by one Salter, a servant of Sir Hans Sloane, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in 1695. Salter was an enterprising barber, who, through having accompanied Sloane on his travels, had acquired a smattering of scientific knowledge. It is said that he possessed a perfect mania for monstrosities of every description, and that he had also an innate love of music. He played

[1] *Intelligencer*, Jan. 23, 1664-5.

the fiddle with very great skill, and converted his coffee-house into a music-house, which he stuffed with all the odd freaks of nature which he could manage to accumulate. The collection of curiosities, which were principally the gift of his former master, being the duplicates of his various curious collections, combined with his eccentricities, caused him to become acquainted with people of all ranks, who came in multitudes from London to converse and be entertained by him, and by his imperturbable good-nature secured him their good will. Men of repute were not ashamed to patronize his establishment. Vice-Admiral Munden, on his return from the coast of Spain, brought him a cargo of rarities, a circumstance which led to his subsequently being dubbed Don Saltero. Among other remarkable curios in his possession was a nightcap, which the donor affirmed had been worn by the grandmother of the wife of Pontius Pilate. The curiosities of the collection were deposited in glass cases, and consisted of a great variety of petrifactions, corals, crystals, ores, shells, animals preserved in spirits, stuffed creatures from various parts of the world, idols, curious Chinese manuscripts, missals, birds, snakes, butterflies, medals, models, firearms, fishes, portraits and prints. One of the regular visitors to Salter's establishment was Richard Cromwell, son of the Lord Protector, who, in common with other benefactors of the barber, had contributed a donation to the museum in the form of "lignified hog," or rather the portion of a

root of a tree grown on his estate, that had assumed the shape of that animal.[1]

The Tavern.—Similar as in many respects they were, the taverns of London in the second half of the seventeenth century were in marked contrast to the coffee-houses. Within the walls of the latter there was always much noise, much clatter, much bustle, but decency was never outraged. The case was different in the taverns. They were daily the scenes of uproarious behaviour and hilarity, and were remarkable for their Protean variety and their wonderful adaptation to the circumstances of the times. Their locality was everywhere, in all the highways and byways, the innermost centres and outermost circumference of the far-reaching metropolis. Though the mass of the taverns had no specialty attached to them, many of them in certain districts became, from some cause or other, the centres and gathering places, more or less exclusive, of peculiar races, trades, and professions, which in course of time monopolized and appropriated them to themselves. Pepys, it is clear from his "Diary," rarely allowed a day to pass by without resorting to a certain tavern, either for a morning dram, or to drink a pint of wine after dinner. His pages teem with reference to the "Star," the "Half Moon," the "Harp and Ball," the "Swan," the "Bull's Head," the "Plough," the "Lion," the "Cock," the "Greyhound," the "Globe," the "Mitre," the "Cardinal's Cap," the "King's Head," the "Hercules

[1] Faulkner's *Chelsea*, i. 378–383.

Pillars," these being the signs borne by noted London taverns of that age. Pepys records in his Diary, under the date of March the 6th, 1659-1660, a visit to the "Bell" in Westminster. "While we were drinking," he says, "in comes Mr. Day, a carpenter in Westminster, to tell me that it was Shrove Tuesday, and that I must go with him to their yearly club upon this day, which, I confess, I had quite forgot. So I went to the "Bell," where were Mr. Eglin, Veezy, Vincent, a butcher, one more, and Mr. Tanner, with whom I played upon a viall and viallin after dinner, and were very merry with a special good dinner, a leg of veal and bacon, two capons and fritters, with abundance of wine." On January 10th, 1660, Pepys "drank a pint of wine at the 'Star,' in Cheapside," and on the 24th of May, 1662, he mentions that he quaffed a "morning draft" in the same establishment. On December 6th, 1660, he, in company with his friend Mr. Moore, visited the "Leg Tavern" in King Street, Westminster, and there "dined together on a neat's tongue and udder." And again, on April 6th, 1661, he mentions that he dined at the same hostelry in company with his friends Moore and Creed. Sometimes he went to the "Dolphin," and there drank "a great quantity of sack." On April 25th, 1661, he "went to an ordinary at the 'King's Head' in Tower Street, and there had a dirty dinner." "This morning," he wrote, under date of June 21st of the same year, "going to my father's, I met him, and so he and I went and drank our morning draft at the 'Samson'

in Paul's Churchyard." On the 9th of October he went, after visiting the play, "to the 'Fleece Tavern' in Covent Garden, where Luellin and Blurton, and my old friend Frank Bagge, was to meet me, and there staid till late, very merry." The "Green Dragon" on Lambeth Hill, the "Golden Lion," and the "Old Three Tuns" near Charing Cross, the "Pope's Head" in Chancery Lane, and the "Rhenish Wine-house" in the Steel Yard, Upper Thames Street, were taverns in which fine gentlemen were wont to assemble and to take counsel of one another. Pepys it seems possessed a remarkable catholicity of taste in regard to drinks, quaffing anything that was put before him, from the finest foreign wines to the popular beverage called "mum," a kind of strong beer which was brewed from wheat, and retailed at establishments known as "mum-houses." To such centres of reunion, devoted to refreshment, recreations, and conversations, everyone of importance repaired. The Very Reverend Rowland Davies, Dean of Cork, who visited London a short time before the Revolution, has entered numerous accounts of his visits to the taverns in the pages of his "Diary." He refers, for example, to the "Crown Tavern" in Bishopsgate on one page, to the "Duke's Head" in Panton Street on another, to the "Eagle" in Bishopsgate on a third. The "Green Dragon" in Bishopsgate Street, the "Gun Tavern" within Temple Bar, the "Nag's Head" in Cheapside, the "Rose Tavern" in Pall Mall, "Locket's Ordinary," the "Rose

and Crown" in St. Paul's Churchyard, the "Shop" and the "Royal Oak" in Essex Street, the "Rummer" at Charing Cross, are repeatedly mentioned. Writing under date of the 24th of February, 1690, he said: "I met my brother in the Park, and went with him to the 'Blue Posts,' where we dined with Sir Walter Plunkett, Mr. May, Mr. Rider, and Mr. Hartstange for two shillings and eightpence." Under date of the 27th of February, he records: "To the 'Young Devil Tavern' to the expense of one shilling."—28th, "to the 'King's Head,' near Temple Bar to the expense of eighteen pence."—March the 1st, "I dined at the 'Blue Posts' for two shillings." There was a celebrated French eating-house called "Pontacks," which was situated in Abchurch Lane. Dean Davies went there on two occasions. Under the date of March 20th, 1690, his "Journal" contains the following record: "I went with my brother to the Exchange, where we met the Earl of Ossery, S. Morris, Jasper Morris, C. Old and J. Hasset, and we went and dined at 'Pontacks,' at my expense of five shillings."[1] And again under date of April 11th, 1690, he says: "I went about ten o'clock to the Park, and so to Westminster, where meeting my brother, John Hassett, and Sam Morris, they invited me to dine at 'Pontacks,' where they treated me at the three shilling ordinary, after which I gave them a bottle at my expense of one shilling and sixpence."[2]

[1] *Journal*, ed. Caulfield, for Camden Society, 1857, p. 91.

[2] Ibid. p. 101.

The hard drinking which went on among the upper classes of society was very great, was almost imposed by the social code of the age, was most marked among all statesmen, and was countenanced to a very extreme degree by the king himself. The practice of constantly resorting to taverns was, in a very great measure, the cause of half the intemperance that made itself perceptible. Pepys mentions that, being slightly more sober than Sir William Penn, he undertook the duty of conducting his friend home through the streets, and at another time gravely entered in his "Diary" a pious resolve to refrain from partaking of strong drink, a resolve which was very quickly broken though. It is amusing to note here and there through the "Diary" the casuistry with which Pepys endeavours to fulfil his vow in the letter, while breaking it in the spirit. Writing beneath the date of 29th of October, 1663, he says: "Went into the Buttery and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again; and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras (a drink composed of red or white wine with the addition of sugar and spices), which do not break my vow, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not."

Every district in London abounded in alehouses, mum-houses, and wine-houses, and no inconsiderable amount of money was annually spent within them. That the prices were by no means low is evident from an

entry in Pepys's "Diary," in which he says that when the officers of the navy dined with the Commissioners of the Ordnance at the "Dolphin Tavern," in March, 1667, the charges of each person amounted to thirty-four shillings. Hard drinking was quite the fashion. Even members of Parliament found it difficult to keep sober. Pepys says that when he delivered his great speech at the bar of the House of Commons in March, 1668, it extended to such a length that many of the members retired to dine, and returned to their places half intoxicated. Many beverages were then in common use which have since been abandoned. Such were mum, an ale distilled from wheat, buttered ale, a mixture of beer, sugar, cinnamon and butter, and lamb's wool, a mixture of ale, sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples. Much Rhine wine was consumed in the capital ; and certain establishments, known as Rhenish wine-houses, retailed nothing else. Muscadel, Malaga sack, raspberry sack, and sack posset, were also extensively drunk. Sugar, it seems, was then mixed with wine, seeing that Pepys says that on the 10th of June, 1663, he went with three friends to the "Half Moon Tavern," there to buy some sugar to mix with the wine.

The Clubs.—It was very soon after the Restoration that the social gatherings, commonly designated clubs, became general in London. One of the very earliest of these associations was composed, not of roystering cavaliers, but of sober Puritans, and was known as the Rota," or, as Pepys terms it, the "Coffee Club," the

members of which met in New Palace Yard, "where they take water, the next house to the staires, at one Miles's, where was made purposely a large ovall table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee." [1] Aubrey asserts that it was around this table "in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed," that Milton and Marvel, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends sat discussing abstract political questions, much in the same way that the ardent youth of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge now do at the Union. Thither, in the month of January, 1660, the very same month in which Monk marched across the Tweed in defiance of the Rump, went Pepys, who relates that he "heard very good discourse in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government; and so it was no wonder the balance of prosperity was in one hand and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war: but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government. So to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in one hand and the government in another." Between the Restoration and the Revolution many clubs came into existence in the capital, but they were all tinged with a political hue.

[1] Aubrey's *Lives*, iii. p. 371.

In addition to the Rota there was the Old Royalist Club, called "The Sealed Knot," which, in the year before the return of Charles II., had organized a general insurrection in his favour. Unfortunately there lurked among them a spy, in the person of Sir Richard Willis, who had long received pay from the Protector for his services as a private "intelligencer," and it was upon information privately communicated by him that the leaders were arrested and thrown into prison. The Jacobites formed Rump Clubs, and the Whigs on the other hand formed Calf's Head Clubs. One society, which bore the last mentioned designation, became very famous. The members possessed no regular meeting-house, and shifted their quarters as they deemed convenient. In 1695 the Calf's Head Club assembled at a house in an alley in Moorfields, and there, on the 30th of January in that year, the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., Jerry White, Cromwell's old chaplain, said grace after the anniversary dinner. The cloth having been removed, the skull of a calf, filled with wine, was placed on the table, and an "anthem" was sung by the guests, while a brimmer was circulated to the pious memory of him who slew "the man of sin." The laureate of the club was Benjamin Bridgewater, and he it was who was responsible for the composition of the anthems which the members sang. Some specimens of these have been preserved, and slender indeed are their literary merits. In the best of them, alluding

to the observance of the 30th of January by loyal cavaliers as a solemn fast, Bridgewater sings :—

"They and we this day observing,
Differ only in one thing :
They are canting, whining, starving;
We, rejoicing, drink and sing.
Advance the emblem of the action,
Set the calf's head full of wine;
Drinking ne'er was counted faction,
Men and gods adore the vine."

As long as the old party hatred continued to rage, as long as a sanguinary retaliation was an object of fear, according as Whigs or Tories gained the ascendency, so long political clubs continued to flourish. Freedom of speech and discussion in mixed assemblies were still attended with danger. The Protector had introduced the practice of employing paid spies, and a most detestable practice it was. During the reign of Charles II. spies continued to be employed, but it is extremely doubtful whether they ever received any remuneration for their services. The history of the Popish plots and the dastardly executions of Sydney and of Russell prove conclusively how very little protection the law then afforded to English subjects. Nor did matters mend under the reign of James II. For what were eminent judges dismissed, exemplary prelates deprived of their sees, and committed to the Tower, Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge colleges expelled from their offices, colonels and captains dismissed the service, and

men of letters imprisoned and pilloried, but for the unpardonable sin of daring to give expression by word and deed to opinions that were unfavourable to absolute power? Who can forget the atrocious crimes that were perpetrated by Judge Jeffreys? Who can forget the horrors of the Bloody Assize? William III., happily, was opposed to the shedding of blood. No lives, save those of the men who participated in the plot for his assassination, were forfeited for political offences during his reign. The non-renewal of the Licensing Act in 1694 released the press from the last restraint of censorship. Freedom both of opinion and of expression increased. The game of politics grew a smaller and a less dangerous one than it had formerly been, and the influence of political clubs on the destinies of the nation soon began to decline.

The Love of Pageantry.—One of the great features of the streets of London in the second half of the seventeenth century was the frequent festivals of the twelve great companies to and from the halls which were situated in Cheapside, the Poultry, and Throgmorton Street. All those halls were remarkable for open timber roofs, decorated with tapestry of the most costly description, and for rich stores of plate that had been bequeathed by pious donors, particularly the loving cup in which the Master and the Wardens were accustomed to drink the health of the company at the sound of the trumpet and drum. Women were admitted to the Company feasts.

Every new member was crowned with a garland, and occasionally pageants were performed in honour of the event. If the day was calm and bright the brethren donned their gorgeous liveries, and were rowed down the silvery Thames in their gilded barges, bearing the banners of their craft or profession, and accompanied by their alms-people.

Scarcely a day elapsed in that age without the quaint old London streets being enlivened by stately processions and imposing pageants. Indeed, after the return of Charles II. there was a never-ending succession of them. On the 22nd day of April, 1660, the day before his coronation, King Charles II., according to ancient custom, rode through the city from the Tower to Westminster. "The cavalcade," we are told, "was performed with such an extreme magnificence, that the riches, glory, and splendour thereof greatly astonished all the spectators, insomuch that the great number of curious strangers then present could not help declaring that for glory, grandeur and magnificence it excelled everything they had ever seen. Nay, even the French quality were forced to acknowledge that the late nuptial ceremonies at their king and queen's public entry into Paris were far inferior to the pomp of this. The citizens on this occasion not only embellished and adorned their persons and houses in the most rich and glorious manner, but likewise erected four costly and magnificent triumphal arches." The Lord Mayor's

show was, however, the especial occasion for such spectacles. Such were the pageants of 1681, which were witnessed by their Majesties from a balcony. The king and queen had been invited by the Recorder of London and two sheriffs at Whitehall some time previously, and, attended by all the great officers of the household, and a guard of two hundred gentlemen completely armed, they departed from Whitehall about the same time that the Lord Mayor entered his barge at Westminster. About twelve o'clock their Majesties entered the city and repaired to a house in Cheapside, opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. On their way they were addressed in a speech by one of the scholars of Christ's Hospital, at a convenient place fixed for the purpose near the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, and further on they were addressed in English and Latin verse by one of the scholars of St. Paul's School. Subsequently the Lords of the Privy Council, the foreign ambassadors, and the judges of the superior courts made their entrance into the city, taking up the respective positions which had been assigned to them. Last of all came the Lord Mayor, Sir John Moore, accompanied by the aldermen, the recorder, and the sheriffs, who, in their scarlet gowns of office, and mounted on horseback, proceeded from Blackfriars stairs to Guildhall. As they passed through Cheapside they received the gracious salutation of the king. Thereupon the sheriffs alighted and informed his

Majesty that they were to accompany him to the Guildhall, which they accordingly did, riding bare-headed on each side of the coach. As they entered the Guildhall the assembled multitudes shouted for joy, and the company having taken their places, a grand banquet was immediately served. The foreign ministers, the lords of the council, the judges, and the great ministers of state, took their places at the several tables which had been provided for the purpose, and were all served and attended according to their rank. The Lord Mayor and the aldermen were seated at the lower end of the Hall, where his lordship drank their Majesties' healths ; and the king, in response, drank the health of the Lord Mayor and all his subjects, which was greeted with loud acclamations. In the meanwhile the grooms of the guard were entertained at the expense of the city at the "Axe Inn" in Aldermanbury. The gentlemen of the horse and foot guards were entertained at the "Blossoms" and other inns. At seven o'clock in the evening the king and queen took their departure from the Guildhall amid the deafening cheers of an enthusiastic crowd, who, to testify their loyalty, concluded the day by illuminating the streets with torches, flambeaux and bonfires from the Tower to Temple Bar.

Most extensive were the preparations which the great civic companies made whenever the sovereign honoured them with his presence. The following citation from the warden's account-book of the Barber Surgeons' Company

which has reference to "the Kinge and Queenes cominge by water to London," from Hampton Court to Whitehall, in the month of August, 1662, will show what little regard was in that age manifested for economy where royalty was concerned :—

	£	s.	d.
Spent lookinge after a barge . .	0	1	6
The bargemans bill	8	0	0
To the Trompeters	3	0	0
For 74 yards of white and greene ribbon att 6*d.* p. yard . . .	1	17	0
The Vintners Bill at the 3 Tunnes at Breakfast	3	16	0
Butlers Bill that day . . .	2	1	2
Beadles Bill that day for expenses .	0	12	1
Cookes Bill that day . . .	4	8	7
Vintenery Bill at the Sun that day .	3	3	8
For 4 dozen Bottles of Ale that day	0	14	10
To the Clerke at Garlickhithe Church that day	0	2	6[1]

The anniversaries of the birthdays of the king and the queen invariably occasioned great festivities and rejoicings in all quarters of the English capital. "The 15th of November being her Majestys birthday," wrote Luttrell in his "Diary" for 1684, "was kept at Whitehall, and in the evening were very fine fireworks on the

[1] Young's *Hist. of the Barber Surgeons*, pp. 410–411.

water before Whitehall, which lasted for about two hours; and at night was a great ball at Whitehall, where the Court appeared in much splendor and bravery." Writing again under date of Saturday, the 5th of November, 1692, he said: "Yesterday the Kings birthday, the shops were shutt, the guns at Tower discharged, ringing of bells, illuminaries and bonfires, and their Majesties dined openly at Whitehall, and the Knights of the Garter in their collars and the court were very fine, and at night a great ball at Whitehall." City funerals in the second half of the seventeenth century occasionally bore very closely upon pageants, considering the abundance of banners, the torches, the tapers, and the escutcheons, the armour, and pennons that were then displayed, and the numerous servants in their heavy gowns, and members of the guilds to which the deceased had belonged when in the flesh, who followed in their livery and hoods. "This night," says Luttrell in his "Diary," beneath the date of November 24th, 1692, "Sir Thomas Fowle, late alderman of this citty, was interr'd at his parish church of St. Dunstans in the West, brought from Stationers Hall, where he lay in state; the lord mayor and court of aldermen accompanying the corpse, with 120 mourners and 700 other persons: about 1000 rings were given away of 10*s*. apiece, 100 of 20*s*. each; the bishop of London and some of the nobility walkt on foot; the dean of Pauls preached his sermon."

The Penal Code.—The Penal Code of England, in the second half of the seventeenth century, was written in letters of blood, and was very little better than the patched-up relic of a barbarous age. The whole fabric of our juridical system, the entire adminstration of justice, civil and criminal, including the form of procedure and the court, was a disgrace to a civilized land. There were very few offences of which death did not constitute the punishment, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for eighteen or twenty persons publicly to be hanged in the course of one day in the capital alone. On the 15th of July, 1689, according to Luttrell, eighteen persons, sixteen men and two women, who but a short time before had been condemned at the Old Bailey, were executed at Tyburn. Some of these, in accordance with the custom of the times, were hung in chains on the outskirts of the capital, such as Mile End and Stamford Hill. Executions generally took place at Tyburn or at Execution Dock, just below Wapping New Stairs, but on certain occasions in important thoroughfares, such as Holborn and Fleet Street. The gallows was erected in all districts of London, and on many of them corpses were allowed to rot. Pepys says, that on the 11th of April, 1661, in company with a lady friend, "rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it is to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones." The brutalizing effects of all public executions in that age were enhanced by the law

enacting that, after decapitation and quartering, the heads and quarters of offenders should be fixed up on the City Gates, on Temple Bar, Westminster Hall, and other prominent public buildings, where they often remained for years, until in many cases they were hurled from their elevated position by the force of the elements. The head of a traitor was once found by Pepys embedded in the top of one of the turrets of Westminster Abbey. Writing under the date of the 23rd of October, 1685, Luttrell says :—" Henry Cornish, according to the sentence past upon him for high treason, was executed in Cheapside over against King Street, to which place he was drawn in a sledge from Newgate ; he was very earnest at the place of execution denying the crime and protesting his innocence. The same day also a soldier was executed on Tower Hill for running away from his colours." Women, who were guilty of high or petit treason or coining, were publicly burnt alive. A woman named Elizabeth Gaunt was burnt for high treason at Tyburn on the 23rd of October, 1685, and another was burnt in Smithfield for clipping the king's coin on the 2nd of June in the following year.[1]

The Pillory.—Minor offences were punished by public whippings and exposure to the brute force of the mob in the pillory. On July 5th, 1682, two men named Thompson and Farewell, according to their sentence,

[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, i. pp. 361 and 378.

stood in the pillory in the Palace Yard at Westminster from eleven till twelve, and were severely pelted with stones and refuse by the rabble, of which there was a large concourse. A wretched and deluded fanatic, named Lodowick Muggleton, who called himself a prophet, was ordered by Judge Jeffreys on the 17th of January, 1676, to stand in the pillory in three of the most prominent places in the city of London; one day in Cornhill near the Exchange, another day in Fleet Street near the end of Chancery Lane, and the third day, which was the market day, to stand in West Smithfield from the hours of eleven in the forenoon until one in the afternoon. The sentence was duly carried out. The miserable offender, for no other crime than that of having written a religious work, which its judges considered to be blasphemous, was placed bareheaded in the pillory, as a mark for every maliciously disposed person to cast a stone. "Myself was offered up," wrote he in "the Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit," "as a sacrifice three times to the rude multitude: for the people came from the four winds, or from the four quarters of the citty and subburbs round about; they were for multitude without number. I was maul'd by the people, some cast dirt and mudd out of the kennel at me; others rotten eggs and turnips, and others cast stones at me, some stones weighed a pound, and out of the windows at the Exchange, they cast down firebrands (pieces of billits with fire upon them) at my head, which

if they had lighted upon me, would have done the work as they desired. I was bruised and battered, and my innocent blood was shed."[1] Every London parish was supplied with a pair of stocks for the correction of vagrants and drunkards. In 1663, the parish of St. Olaves, Hart Street, was furnished with a "very handsome" new pair of stocks, and one Sunday, a poor wretched boy, who had been discovered tipsy by the constable, was led off by him "to hand set them."

Public Flagellations.—Offenders, such as cheats and pickpockets, were constantly whipped in public by being tied to the tail of a cart and driven through the streets, where they received a hearty lash from the executioner's whip at every kennel against which the near wheel of the cart, to which they were fastened, was heard to grate. In the month of June, 1685, Thomas Dangerfield, who had been convicted of writing a libel, was whipped on a Thursday from Aldgate to Newgate, and on the following Saturday from Newgate to Tyburn. In London loose women were whipped at Bridewell while breaking hemp, and of this disgusting spectacle which spectators went to enjoy, a very vivid description, far too graphic for citation in these pages, is given by Edward Ward in his "London Spy."

Unjust Character of English Legislation.—Although according to the letter of the law all men were

[1] *Acts*, ed. 1699, pp. 168–169.

equal, in reality it was simply impossible for a poor man to obtain justice. Poverty was a crime for which, while Members of Parliament were openly setting themselves to sale, while paymasters were embezzling the public money, while directors of charitable societies were robbing the poor with perfect impunity, the poverty-stricken peasant was treated as a convicted malefactor, and before he could obtain relief was bound to show that he had been whipped. If unjustly accused of felony, and if formally acquitted by the jury, instead of receiving amends for his guiltless suffering, he might be sent back to prison through sheer inability to pay the gaoler's fees, which became due solely in consequence of his unjust incarceration. The criminal law of England in that age was, in short, the inexorable scourge of the lower orders, cartloads of whom were carried off every month to the gallows. In nine cases out of ten the judges were corrupt and ignorant, capricious and brutal, while the law that they administered was a maze of absurd technical forms, rules and language, to which they clung with interested tenacity. Men were hanged for crimes which would now be liable only to a comparatively light punishment. The law of evidence was contrived only for the exclusion of the truth. Women, as we have seen, who forged a shilling were burnt alive. Accused persons, if they refused to plead, were pressed to death. Prisoners for debt were murdered at the will of the gaoler. The forms of pleading in civil

and criminal cases were of so intricate a nature, that unless the case was a very simple one, a decision on the merits of a question was rendered simply hopeless. Jurors who acquitted a prisoner were entertained at his expense, and if they decided in favour of the crown in revenue cases, they were paid double the sum that they were paid if they decided in favour of the defendant. The law of landed property was a mass of absurdities, so incoherent and so perplexing, as to surpass anything that could be imagined by the wit of the satirist. It would be difficult to find in the history of the most despotic countries, even in what are commonly called the dark ages, proofs of more stupid and revolting injustice than were to be found in the penal code of a great and free country, as England incontestably was in the second half of the seventeenth century.

Final Remarks.—Such is an imperfect and, however tedious it may have appeared to the reader, a very rapid outline of the social condition of England from the Restoration to the Revolution. The picture is necessarily varied and extensive, and its features, however unskilfully delineated, have been presented with sufficient accuracy to show that they are striking and worthy of more minute examination. The age was essentially one that was characterized by a spirit of free and liberal inquiry. Few periods in the history of England are so well entitled to that character. It was

then that men dared to avow that the earth is globular in form, and to discuss the plainest and most fundamental principles of philosophy, of government, and of religion. It was then that the human mind began to be unshackled in its inquiries. It was then that men learned in a greater degree than ever to make light of precedent, and to emancipate themselves from the authority of distinguished names. It was then that they learned, with a readiness altogether novel, to discard those old opinions which laziness and consent had made current in vulgar conversation, to overturn systems which, it was fondly supposed, rested on impregnable foundations, and to push their inquiries to the utmost extent, awed by no sanctions, and restrained by no prescriptions. So great a revolution in the human mind was attended with many advantages and with many evils. Such a spirit of inquiry led to the discovery of much truth. It contributed greatly to enlarge the fields of literature, of science and of general improvement. It opened the way to a free communication of all discoveries, real or supposed. It removed various obstacles which had long retarded the progress of knowledge. But this spirit of inquiry, like everything else in the hands of man, was perverted and abused. It was carried to the extreme of licentiousness. In too many instances the love of novelty, and the impatience of all restraint of either prescription or antiquity, triumphed over truth and wisdom ; and in the midst of

zeal for demolishing old errors the most sacred principles of virtue and happiness were forgotten.

In these days it is usual to hear the former times extolled at the expense of the present. They who will compare the present age with the period under review, have indeed reason to congratulate themselves as a highly favoured generation. While they may have been concerned at the sight of many degrading retrogressions in human knowledge, while they may have been almost stunned with the noisy pretensions of a false and mischievous philosophy, it has been their privilege at the same time to witness many improvements in science, which their forefathers in the second half of the seventeenth century would have regarded with astonishment, or would have pronounced absolutely impossible. They have seen a larger portion of human society enlightened, polished, and refined, the accession of honours to science, of which no former period could boast, and a degree of usefulness reflected from science to economy and art, no less conspicuous and unrivalled.

Incontestably true as all this is, it would be the greatest folly to suppose that sorrow and darkness are about to be banished from the world, and that human nature is rapidly hastening onwards more and more to the day of perfection. "When the philosophers of the seventeenth century," says Dr. Johnson, "were first congregated into the Royal Society, we are told that great

expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts. The time was supposed to be near when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest. But that time never came. The society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful; the ground that was not ploughed brought forth no harvest; and neither oranges nor grapes could grow upon the hawthorn." The same result, it may be confidently predicted, will appear at the close of the present century, and at the close of the twentieth. They who talk of the supremacy of reason and of the perfectibility of man, will at every successive retrospect of human affairs find themselves refuted and put to confusion. Though science, slowly advancing amidst the opposing hosts of prejudice, mistaken facts and false theories, cannot but reach far beyond even its present limits, it will always fall short of those extravagant expectations, which, founded in utter ignorance of human nature, and in studious disregard of the lessons of experience, can proceed only in error, and end only in disappointment.

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